











WOODEN CHURCH AT MARGEL.

Painted by the painter & Walton

N O R W A Y

IN

1848 AND 1849:

CONTAINING

RAMBLES AMONG THE FJELDS AND FJORDS

OF

THE CENTRAL AND WESTERN DISTRICTS;

AND INCLUDING

REMARKS ON ITS POLITICAL, MILITARY, ECCLESIASTICAL,
AND SOCIAL ORGANISATION.

BY THOMAS FORESTER, ESQ.

WITH

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS OF LIEUT. M. S. BIDDULPH,
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P R E F A C E.

LEAVING the beaten tracks of Continental travel which, for nearly the third part of a century, have been trodden bare by hosts of tourists in almost uninterrupted succession, till every point of interest in central and southern Europe has become as familiar as household names, the author and his friend, having a few weeks' leisure at their disposal in the summer of 1848, resolved on turning their steps to some fresh and less-frequented field. Though the coast of Norway lies within a few hours' sail of the northern shores of Britain, that country is less generally known than many which are divided from it by the broad ocean; and yet, viewed under the various aspects of its magnificent natural features, its old historical recollections, its peculiar institutions, and social condition, it presents no ordinary claims to an attentive survey.

Induced by these attractions, they were led to make Norway the scene of their adventures; and, having formed this design, were fortunate enough in the course of their preliminary inquiries to obtain information which satisfied them of the practicability — if it did not suggest the plan (which was the

bent of their own inclination) — of making their tour, for the most part, pedestrian. They learnt that they might rely on the resources of the country, slender and simple as they are in the districts proposed to be visited, and on the kindness and hospitality of the inhabitants, for the substantial aids necessary to the prosecution of their design, and that at least they need

“fear no evils
But ‘*hunger*’ and rough weather.”

in the wildest parts of their intended rambles. Against these, such precautions were taken as will be detailed in an early Chapter for the benefit of future tourists of their own class; and they determined to throw themselves on some part of the southern coast, and landing “in light marching order,” at once to make for the central districts of the kingdom, without any very defined plan for their future progress, except the intention of reaching, as best they might, certain known points of particular interest.

The free enjoyment of the scenery of this romantic country was the primary object in the proposed excursion; but in the course of the author’s rambles, it was impossible not to be desirous of gleaning some occasional notices of the social and political state of a people so little known and possessing such peculiar institutions. In this remote corner of the civilised world there is found, on the one hand, the law of an equal distribution of inherited property, established for centuries — with what results it was a matter of

some importance to ascertain ; on the other, we have the democratic principle entering largely into a constitution of the newest frame, the present working and future prospects of which it was no less curious to contemplate.

Such inquiries, at all times interesting, assumed additional importance at a period when the rest of Europe was convulsed by the keen agitation of questions on constitutional rights, class interests, and the union or independence of races, which seemed to be here set at rest. For of all the states of Christendom, this northern kingdom appeared almost the only one exempt from the desire or the apprehension of change. Had the great wave which, heaving and swelling with portentous fury, rolled over the whole breadth of the continent of Europe, spent itself innocuously against the barrier of its remote and rocky shores ? Had the Northmen, the adventurous founders of so many ancient dynasties, and to whom we owe more of our own national character and institutions than is generally known, after having for many centuries succumbed to a foreign and absolute rule, succeeded in these latter days in establishing their liberty and modelling their internal economy on principles so sound, so suited to the genius and conducive to the welfare of the people, as to afford no scope for discontent, and to serve as landmarks for other nations struggling for the attainment of similar objects ?

To the solution of these questions something, per-

haps, may be incidentally contributed in the following pages. They have been discussed by others, who had fuller means than the author, of acquiring information; but he carefully embraced such opportunities as offered, for satisfying himself as to the justness of their representations and the correctness of their views. To such writers* he would refer the reader who may be desirous of pursuing the inquiry. The works alluded to are not of very recent date; and after great normal changes, time is required to ascertain whether they realise the anticipations of their authors, and merit the encomiums of their admirers. The lapse of years either tends to consolidate the system and give confidence in its fixity, or sooner or later, betray its weakness. At all events, the question, as regards the political institutions of Norway, so far as the author's observations extended, is brought up to the present time — and that a most trying and important crisis in the general affairs of Europe.

The author had originally designed to arrange his materials in the form of a regular itinerary, giving precise distances, and other minute particulars which might be serviceable to tourists, from the foreign maps and road-books which he had collected, adding the result of his own and his fellow-traveller's observations, and of the information they had been able to obtain. But

* "Journal of a Residence in Norway," by Samuel Laing, Esq. 1834 to 1836. Second edition, 1837.

"Norway and the Norwegians," by R. G. Latham, Esq. 2 vols. 1840.

shortly after his return, he found that Mr. Murray had just published a new edition of his *Handbook for the North of Europe* (which was out of print when the present tour was commenced), comprising all such details, so well arranged, and with such accuracy, as far as the author is able to judge of the section which relates to Norway, as to leave nothing to be desired. He determined, therefore, to confine his own details to such notices as he thought might be interesting to the general reader, except in particular instances with regard to the wilder and less frequented districts, where more precise accounts might be useful to future travellers. There are tracts yet unexplored in the geography of Norway, which would, doubtless, reward the toils of the adventurer with fresh discoveries of scenes as interesting as any of those which have been already described; untrodden fjelds of surpassing grandeur, and secluded valleys where, himself a wonder, he may find all the simplicity of ancient manners amidst natural beauties of the highest order. The rambles sketched in the following pages, had much of this charm of novelty. Unprepared with guide- and road-books, the travellers had to make their way through a country, of the general features of which they had but a very indistinct idea; so that even its most striking objects took them by surprise; and their want of previous knowledge of the habits of the people and of all the little details of the road, rendered its gradual acquisition a never-failing source of interest.

Should their accounts of what they saw, and of the incidents which attended their progress, appear excessively minute in some of the details, it will perhaps be allowed that, it is almost inseparable from the style of a narrative of rambles such as theirs; and they may be permitted to tell their story in their own way, if only it conveys, familiar ideas of the scenery and state of manners they have to describe.

It remains to be mentioned that the author's companion of the rambles of 1848, made a second excursion in Norway during the summer of the succeeding year, some of the results of which are presented to the reader in the following pages, which, (with his fellow-traveller's previous contributions, and the Observations on the fjeld sports of Norway, which appear in the Postscript,) will probably be considered not the least interesting parts of the work.

To him the author is also indebted for the drawings, which have furnished the accompanying Illustrations. They are selected from the portfolio of sketches made during the rambles, with a view to afford some idea of the peculiar character of Norwegian scenery. The map has been prepared with considerable care. As far as the scale adopted for the reader's convenience allowed, it presents an accurate delineation of the singular plan of the country; the coasts deeply indented by fjords, and the central area overspread by a network of rivers and fresh-water lakes, which have their sources in the mountain ranges of the fjelds bounding the greater

part of its circumference. The shaded contour lines traced on the map describe a level of about 3500 feet above the sea, the average height at which the growth of birch-wood ceases in Norway, but considerably below that of perpetual snow. An inspection of the map, pursuing these lines will exhibit the vast proportion of high land there is in Norway, of great extent and breadth; but as the central chain only is embraced, it must not be supposed that, because there are no indications of high ground on the eastern side, this part of the country is flat. The effect of the contour line may be better understood, if it be described as that which would be the line of sea-coast, supposing the country were submerged 3500 feet under the present level of the ocean. It will serve also to give some idea of the great depth of the valleys of the fjords, when it is observed how closely the line approaches their shores, to which the fjelds in a great variety of instances fall precipitously. It has been constructed from the personal observations of Lieut. Biddulph; the general outline being constructed from "*Munch's Kart over Norgé*," which will be found invaluable to all travellers in Norway, whose plans lead them to trace minutely the orography of the country; though "*Wergeland and Waligorski's*" is generally recommended, and is perhaps preferable, as a map of the post-roads, for the use of the ordinary tourist.

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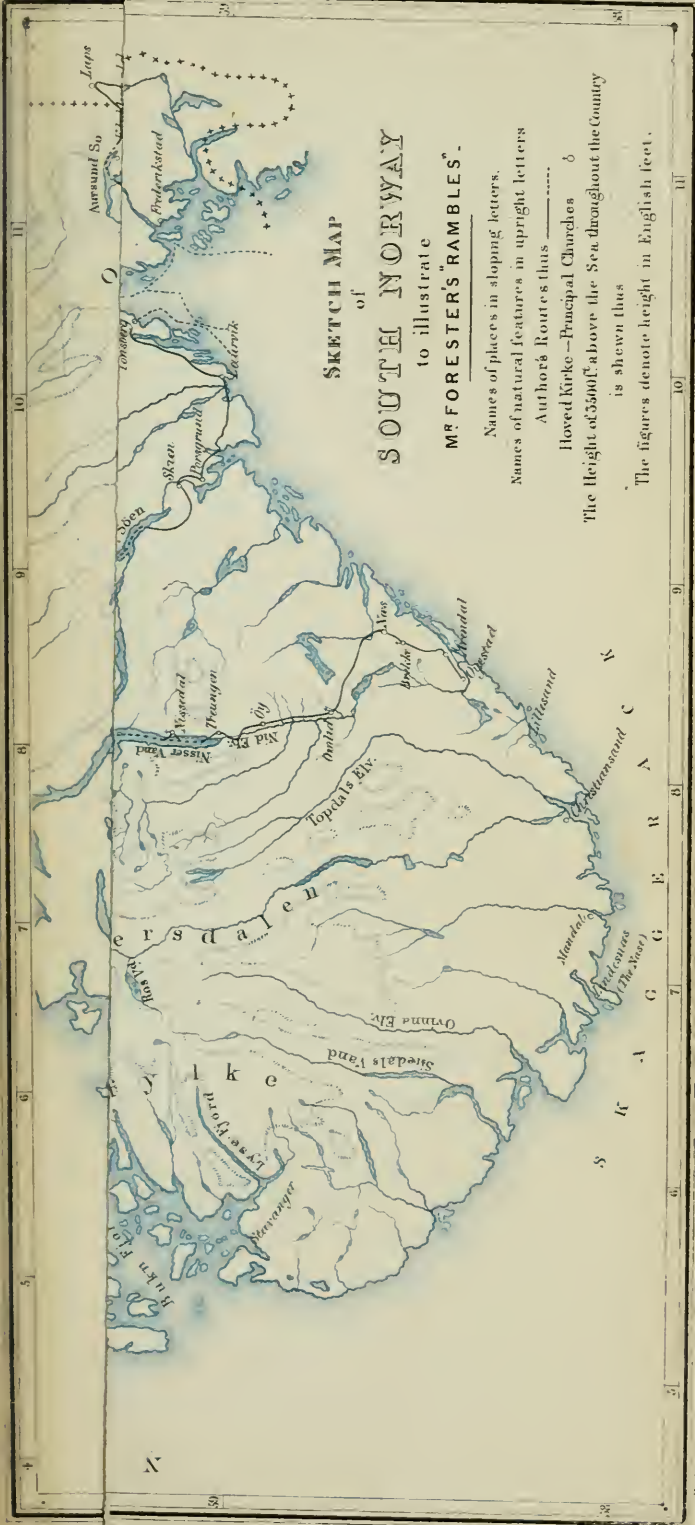
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SKETCH MAP
of
SOUTHERN NORWAY

to illustrate

MR FORESTER'S "RAMBLES".

Names of places in sloping letters.

Names of natural features in upright letters

Author's Routes thus -----

Hoved Kirke — Principal Churches δ

The Height of 5500^{ft} above the Sea throughout the Country

is shown thus

The figures denote height in English feet.



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RAMBLES IN NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE NORTH SEA AND THE SKAGGERACK. — SEAPORT OF ARENDAL.
— SHIPPING INTEREST OF NORWAY. — IRON-WORKS OF NÆS. —
EQUIPMENTS FOR A PEDESTRIAN TOUR. — FOREST SCENERY. —
BANKS OF THE NID.

EIGHT days in the North Sea, beating against foul winds, — or, which was still worse, becalmed amongst fleets of Dutch fishing-boats, and ending in a regular gale of wind, which was worst of all, — prepared us to hail the sight of land, and that the coast of Norway, the object of many cherished thoughts and hopes, with perhaps as much satisfaction as either my companion or myself had felt on the termination of far longer voyages.

But if our impatience was heightened by the reflection that every day added to the passage was subtracted from the limited period allowed for our travels, — if our accommodations of every kind were scanty and narrow, — the little Norwegian schooner, in which we had embarked at Gravesend, was a good

boat, and was admirably handled; the captain was an excellent fellow; and we wore away the time, when the weather permitted, in learning from him Norsk phrases, and putting our fishing-tackle and our traps in order for an immediate start.

When the gale abated, the coast of Norway lay right a-head. We gradually got on sail; and running under it,—our little vessel rising and falling on the long swells into which the wild fury of the storm had now subsided, — as the evening fell we closed in with the land. Delightful were our feelings as we leant over the taffrail, tracing the dusky outline of the cliffs, and inhaling the land breeze which breathed fresh off shore. Our watch was long and late. The night was fair; and in that latitude it was quite light at 11 P. M. The stars were scarcely visible, and the light at Christiansand faintly twinkled some fifteen miles off on the larboard bow. At length we turned in, weary with the fatigues of the day, and full of hopes for the morrow.

Nor were we disappointed, though it found us again becalmed fifteen or sixteen miles from the land. At 10 A. M. a light air sprang up; presently it freshened; studding sails were set, and we made our course up the Skaggerack with a favourable breeze. The coast presented no remarkable features, the mountain ranges being far inland; but the cliffs were boldly escarped, and the slopes and folds of the hills were clothed with dense forests. As we ranged along the shore, we distinguished, from time to time, hamlets of

red cottages, each above its little harbour; and here and there the white spire of a church, peeping out of the pine-woods behind. Boats were out fishing for mackerel, sharp at stem and stern, like whale-boats, and carrying sprit and jib sails. We hail them as they dash across our course, dancing in the lively sea. But our eyes are all for the shore. Now we discover windmills perched on little green knolls; and old grey towers, (beacons, we understood,) prominent on some projecting point of the undercliff. Groups of low islands were clustered off the shore:—covered with stunted pines, with their intersecting channels, they reminded my companion of the cedar-clothed scenery of Bermuda.

The breeze holds on; it even freshens; we open point after point. But can we depend upon its continuing favourable? It may fail, and the evening find us again becalmed. We will not trust any longer an element we have found so treacherous. Our vessel was bound to Christiania; but the master was under engagement to put us ashore at any practicable point we might choose for landing on the south coast. It had been our intention to run up as far as Laurvig; but it was not very material to our main objects from what part of that coast we should start on our progress inland. Maps were consulted. The little seaport of Arendal was under our lee. It stands at the embouchure of a fine river, the Nid, the valley of which appeared to open up the communication with a chain of lakes, which would favour our plans of

penetrating to the interior. We determined to make good our landing while wind and weather permitted. A pilot-boat was standing on and off, on the look-out; we hailed her, hauling up the tack of the driver and backing our topsails, and, as she sheered alongside pitching and tossing in the heavy swell, about 4 P.M. we jumped on her deck; our light traps were handed after us, and in a few minutes, passing between two light-houses, on opposite points, we were in smooth water, running up the harbour.

It is formed by the island of Tromöo, stretching along the coast, and branches into creeks and channels reminding us, though on a smaller scale, of Milford Haven. In these, numberless vessels of all sizes were moored, their tall spars tapering amongst the pines which clothed the slopes of the hills to the water's edge; mingled with which, wharfs and building-yards, stores, and neat houses bordered the shores. At the head of the principal branch lay the town of Arendal, built on two sides of the inlet. Timber-framed houses clustered in the hollows and straggled up the declivities of the surrounding heights, one of which was crowned by a picturesque church. Long ranges of white buildings, the dwellings of the merchants, lined the quays, and moored alongside them was a goodly show of shipping. The harbour was enlivened by the number of boats, many of them rowed by women, which were passing to and fro. It was a picturesque and busy scene. We landed at the custom-house. The precaution which we had taken,

of furnishing ourselves with a passport from the ambassador of his Norwegian and Swedish Majesty in London, was needless. The officers, touching their caps, declined to inspect it, and, with great civility, sent a messenger to conduct us to our quarters. England and Norway may boast of being the only countries where the passport system, with all its vexations, is unknown. Our baggage was not submitted to the slightest examination. The *Giest-giver* did the honour of our reception in a sort of undress military uniform, with sword by his side; one might have fancied oneself in the state of New York, only that colonels of militia do not in Norway keep hotels. Probably our host belonged to the burgher-guard. We were ushered into a lofty and spacious apartment, decorated with choice plants. The zest with which we enjoyed our entertainment, after being on a short and sorry allowance of space and fare for more than a week, may be easily conceived.

Arendal is a place of considerable trade, possessing nearly two hundred sea-going ships, many of large tonnage; but most of them were now laid up and dismantled. We heard great complaints of the stagnation of trade. Our still heavy timber-duties is one grievance; they are perhaps a necessary concession to colonial privileges, but a great evil, inflicting on ourselves the too general use of a most worthless and perishable material, in place of the hardy growth of the forests of the north of Europe, and excluding these good people from the exchange of their principal ex-

port for our manufactures. Till recently the Norwegian merchants shipped deals in large quantities to the ports of France; but at this moment the disastrous state of affairs in that country had interrupted the trade, and deprived them of another most important customer. In addition came the hostilities, the war, or the *quasi* state of war, in the Baltic. We were reminded, during our voyage in the Norwegian schooner, of the belligerent influences now afloat throughout Europe. Her cargo was of the "villanous saltpetre;" and we were near anticipating the destructive power into which it was probably destined to be manufactured: for while this main ingredient in war's fatal chemistry was stowed in the hold, a number of carboys (huge glass jars) of nitric, or some other such powerful acid, were lashed on the gratings above. During the gale of wind, the fastenings gave way. The smash roused me from an uneasy slumber in the bread-locker, which formed my birth, and, rushing on deck, I found the crew dashing buckets of water on the deck, which was hissing with the outpouring of the contents of the bottles. What might have been the consequences of the mixture between the two combustibles I could not be certain, but it struck me they were shipped in rather perilous propinquity.

We found at our hotel the captains of three Prussian ships, detained in the harbour from apprehension of the Danish cruisers. The mercantile classes are naturally opposed to the part taken by the government of Sweden and Norway in that question. They ask,

“What have we to do with it?” Their influence however in the national councils is less than might be supposed; and I found reason afterwards to think that the war was by no means unpopular among the mass of the people. Just before our leaving London, I had seen advertised in the *Times* newspaper a loan of 250,000 spec. dollars, authorised to be raised by the Storthing of Norway, which was now sitting; and had concluded that it was intended to supply the sinews of the war, in which they were becoming involved as an auxiliary power. I found, however, that the loan was destined to relieve the mercantile interest in the present stagnation of commerce, and ultimately the proprietors of forests, by advances to enable them to hold the large stocks of timber in hand till better times.

Talking on these subjects with a very intelligent gentleman, who resides in the neighbourhood of Arendal, and is connected with shipping, I said, in reply to his enumeration of the various hindrances to which the trade of Norway is now subject: “Well, there is a new field of enterprise opening, in the benefits of which your people ought largely to partake. I left our Parliament debating on the expediency of repealing our navigation laws, there is every probability of the measure being passed; and it will be hard if, with your advantages, you do not obtain a considerable share of the carrying trade which will thus be thrown open.”

“We have not capital,” he replied; “we are a poor

nation; the means are wanting to us to enter into competition with you, who have been long in possession of such abundant resources. A few years ago, we tried the southern whale-fishery. I made two voyages in it myself, but our returns were only 2*l.* per cent., besides our expenses; so it was given up."

"In that speculation," I rejoined, "we have not fared much better; the Americans at present have it all to themselves. But, speaking generally, in enterprise and industry you resemble us more than any people I have ever met with. We are of the same or a kindred race: I have seen it remarked that, even now, Norway has, in proportion to her population, more shipping than any other country in Europe, except England. And with these noble harbours all round your shores, and these stout ships which I see laid up, and of which I understand the other ports are equally full,—with inexhaustible supplies of the finest timber to build more, and with the best iron in the world,—labour cheap, and the hardy population of your long line of coast inured to employment on what seems to be their natural element,—you have, it appears to me, the most essential materials for success in the coming struggle; you can build cheaper than it can be done on the Thames or the Clyde?"

"In some points," was the reply, "you are under a misapprehension. All our chains, canvass, and mostly all our copper and rope, are imported,—and chiefly from England. Besides that, we import great

quantities of oak timber: some of which, especially large pieces for keels, &c., have of late been imported from England."

The subject was interesting, particularly at the present juncture; and I made some further inquiries as to the cost of building.

"The expenses of shipbuilding," was the answer, "are very different, depending entirely on what trade the vessel is intended for. Vessels intended for the timber trade only may be built of pine, and iron-fast, for about 7*l.* sterling per ton, ready for sea; while oak-built vessels, intended for the foreign freight trade, must be copper-fastened and sheathed, and will cost nearly double the amount."

"But, at least," I observed, "you have the advantage of us in the economy of manning and provisioning your ships. The officers of your mercantile marine are of a superior class, well educated, and having to win their way, step by step, after severe examinations, before they arrive at command: and for your men, I myself have had an opportunity of observing them in our merchants' service; and for hardihood, seamanship, and general good conduct, they were the best of the crew."

"The wages on board a merchant vessel," observed my friend, "are, in general, for masters from 4*l.* 10*s.* to 5*l.* a month, with 5*l.* per cent. of the gross amount of freight made out; for mates, from 2*l.* to 2*l.* 10*s.*; carpenters, 1*l.* 10*s.* to 2*l.*; sailors, 1*l.* to 1*l.* 15*s.* a month. We have no apprentices on board our vessels.

The victualling for officers and crew is usually calculated at 10*d.* a day per man.

“The Norwegian merchant fleet,” added my intelligent informant, “has in the latter years increased considerably; so much so, that, in fact, a great part of the south coast of Norway depends entirely on the freight trade. The burthen of the whole shipping, which in 1817 was about 169,150 tons register, is now above 250,000 tons, of which a great deal is employed in the foreign freight trade, especially in the timber trade from the Baltic to England, to France, and the Mediterranean. But we have now vessels trading all the world round. The general profit of the owners may be estimated at 10*l.* per cent. *ad valorem*, as a medium.

“I will give you an example to what extent the shipbuilding is carried on. In Grimstad, where I live, — a small seaport near Arendal, with 700 inhabitants, — there are in all, large and small vessels, trading to foreign places, sixty vessels, measuring about 8000 tons register. From ten to fifteen vessels of the larger class are built every year; but, of course, many are sold to other places.”

“But what,” asked my friend, “will become of your mercantile and naval pre-eminence, in the teeth of this successful rivalry you seem to anticipate?”

“We must take our chance, I suppose,” I said in conclusion, “for it seems the experiment will be tried. We have passed through many rubs, and must endeavour still to hold our own. New outlets for trade

are continually opening, and the world is wide enough for all to have a share."

We were anxious to proceed on our way, and a few hours sufficed for the despatch of affairs at Arendal. They principally consisted in making some trifling additions to our outfit, and the exchange of English money for the currency of the country. We were provided with a letter of credit on a Norwegian firm, but the house had no correspondent in Arendal, and our landing there was an after-thought. Bank of England notes were not duly appreciated; but some sovereigns, which we happened to have retained, were readily accepted through the kindness of M. Dodecamp, the English consul, — from whose family we received a very agreeable reception, — at the current rate of exchange of $4\frac{1}{2}$ specie dollars for the pound sterling. Of course it varies a little, but the specie dollar may be taken to be worth 4s. 6d. English money. There are five "marks" or "orts" in a dollar, and 120 skillings, worth of course something less than a halfpenny each. The needful supply was furnished, as is absolutely requisite for travelling in the interior of Norway, in a bag of small coins of the old Danish currency, as diminutive in size as the value they expressed; a pile of ragged dollar and half-dollar notes; and some silver in marks or orts, with their halves. The coinage of these is modern and well executed.

It had been our intention to follow the course of the Nid, from its embouchure to the point at which it issues from the Nysser Vand; not unmindful of the

“bonnie banks and braes” of its sister stream, sung by the Scottish poet. But we found that the river takes a wide sweep to the westward before it discharges itself into the sea; and that its channel is obstructed by frequent rapids, and the banks are equally impracticable. After ascending it therefore in a boat, for about three miles, and making some fruitless casts for a salmon, we landed, and, procuring a light carriage, struck into the post-road in the great line of communication along the south coast from Christian-sand to Brevig and Drammen. It led through a very broken country, for the most part covered by forest, but interspersed with flowery meads, amongst which broad patches of the pale-blue heart’s-ease were distinguishable. There were numberless small lakes in the hollows of the hills, which were of no great elevation. The entire novelty of the scenery and of the mode of travelling,—the fragrance that exhaled from the pine woods,—the freshness and freedom in which we expatiated after the close confinement of the ship,—all combined to put us in the highest spirits. As, late in the evening, we descended through the woods into the vale of Næs,—a basin of the greenest verdure, surrounded by hills folded in graceful outline, and richly tufted with every variety of foliage; clusters of log-framed cottages,—of that rich and mellow hue which the timber acquires by time and exposure,—perched on the clearings of the slopes; and a lively stream tumbling and foaming down the valley,—I thought I had never seen anything more charming. One draw-

back there was from our satisfaction, in the shape of a very disagreeable controversy with our conductor. I mention it for the purpose of recording that it was the only one of any importance which occurred during a journey of many hundred miles. The Norwegians have been represented as tricky and exacting in their dealings with strangers. I can only say that my own impression of their general character is very different. We found them simple, hospitable, and easily satisfied. I believe that, in most cases, the impositions complained of have been induced by the temptation held out by the improvidence of our countrymen; and there is (as may be supposed) a marked difference in this respect between the more frequented lines of route and the less accessible districts. We were relieved from our dilemma by the kind intervention of an Englishman, of whom we heard as employed in the great iron-works in the valley. He succeeded in compromising matters, but not without our having to pay nearly double what would have been a just demand. Having expressed our disgust at the conduct of our conductor in no measured terms, we were greatly amused by the cool effrontery with which, after being convicted of a glaring imposition, he proposed that, of the two beds in our sleeping apartment, we should share one, and allow him the use of the other, — a proposal which we begged to decline. There is, however, a sturdy sense of independence and feeling of equality in the bearing of a Norwegian, which, though not often offensively manifested, is not to be mistaken;

and, probably, at a later period of our rambles we should have been less surprised at the overture of our peasant guide.

The windows of the cottage in which we had taken up our quarters commanded charming views of the valley beneath; and our fare and accommodations were all that we could wish. Coffee and eggs were despatched at an early hour on the following morning, and before six we shouldered our packs, and fairly started on our march. Our equipments were of the simplest kind. Knapsacks contained, in the smallest compass, a change of linen and socks, an extra pair of shoes, and a few other indispensables. We added some packets of needles and scissors, and a few bright-coloured silk kerchiefs — a pedlary which had more than its marketable value in the eyes of the good *moders* and fair *jomfrues* at the mountain farms, when offered as tokens of remembrance and acknowledgments for kindness and hospitality bestowed on the wayfarers. On the knapsacks were rolled light waterproof overcoats. The weight of the whole, when we had reduced it to walking-trim by getting rid of every thing extra, was 14 lb.

But the commissariat was not altogether to be neglected, in providing for penetrating into districts destitute in most instances of everything but the rudest and most meagre fare. The concentrated essence of beef is invaluable to travellers in such regions. It may not be generally known that the substance of thirty or forty lbs. weight of meat is reduced to a

single pound of gelatine. Compressed into a sausage, it is very portable, and a few shavings will make a rich soup; a most comfortable and sustaining mess during, or after, a long day's march. Our haversacks contained rolls of this preparation, with some packets of tea and chocolate, rice, sugar, and biscuits: a canteen, in oil-skin case, was buckled in true military style on the back of the knapsack. Pocket compasses, maps*, and sketching-books, were so disposed as to be always ready for use. A flask of corn brandy for urgent occasions was not forgotten. The fishing-rod formed a walking staff for the one; the landing-gaff for the other.†

* Maps are very liable to be soiled and damaged by constant use. The traveller who has to explore his way, or at any rate seeks to make himself minutely familiar with the natural features of the country he is groping through, must frequently have recourse to his map under circumstances of exposure almost ruinous. I have often felt this difficulty in former Rambles in various parts of the world. The interstices between the sections of a folding map are also apt to interfere with calculations of distance. My fellow-traveller obviated these difficulties, in his second tour in Norway, by using a map laid on canvass, attached to a roller, and well varnished and inclosed in a water-proof case. It was thus very portable, easily unfolded, and recourse could be had to it in the forest, on mountain-top, or in the filthiest hut, under all circumstances of weather, without risk of injury. Specimens of travelling-maps so mounted and fitted may be seen at Mr. Saunders's, mapseller, of No. 6. Charing Cross. The best maps for the traveller in Norway have been mentioned in the Preface.

† I am led to enter into these details for the sake of those who may be induced to follow our example in adopting the most agreeable and satisfactory mode (to such as possess strength to encounter the fatigue) of exploring a mountainous and broken

Thus accoutred, we bid adieu to our good hostess, and stepped briskly down the valley,—in which the grounds surrounding the residence of M. Aal, the proprietor, have much of the character of a well-kept English place; a rare occurrence in Norway, where there is no class answering to our country gentlemen, or to the seigneurs and provincial noblesse of other states. Here, with rare exceptions, the most affluent landed proprietor is but a peasant. Many are his virtues; he is independent, frank, hospitable, courteous, patriotic;—probably he is a member of the legislature;—yet in education, enlargement of mind, influence, and general standing in society, he is little elevated above the rest of his class. A link, which we are in the habit of thinking most important, in the social system, is wanting. How it is in part supplied, we shall have occasion to observe in the sequel.

Iron-master Aal, as he is called, was a leading member of the convention of the representatives of the nation which established the Norwegian constitution: he is, moreover, a great sportsman. Many were the bears which, we were told, had fallen by his own hand. At the entrance of the works we found our friend the overseer waiting to put us forward on our way. They are on a large scale, consisting of several furnaces, and rolling- and cutting-mills worked

country. Books are heavy, and must be dispensed with. We even tore off the covers, and sacrificed all but the most essential sheets, of our guide-book and vocabulary.

by steam, all on the most improved principles, and the machinery, I understood, of English manufacture. There are two hundred men employed in the works. Charcoal is the only fuel used in any of the Norwegian founderies, no coal having been found in the country: the metal is consequently, like the Swedish iron, of the most superior kind; but the produce is necessarily limited. I believe there is a law regulating the quantity of charcoal to be consumed yearly; a limitation which has for its object the preservation of the forests. The weight of the iron smelted in all the furnaces of Norway does not exceed 30,000 tons per annum.

Our friendly guide led us up the banks of the stream, to the point at which it issued from a small lake; entertaining us by the way with his intelligent conversation, in which, however, he felt some difficulty in expressing himself. He had almost lost the use of his native tongue, for many years had passed since he left England; and it was very rarely, he said, that a countryman of his own dropped upon him. He procured us a boat, and we parted with mutual good wishes when he had seen us embark. We lay at our ease in the boat, on a fragrant bed of young spruce-tops, rejoicing in the prospect of the change and relief which such a mode of prosecuting our journey would occasionally give, and marking the bold outlines of the cliffs as they cast their shadows on the surface of the unruffled waters. Midway, the boatman held water, while my friend hastily sketched

the folds of the hills as, in the receding distance, they swept down to the level of the water towards the head of the lake ; on reaching which we leapt ashore on a little pebbly beach, and again resumed our march.

To regain the valley of the Nid, we had to cross a tract of country of the wildest character. It was for the most part densely covered with the primæval forest. In many places the tall spruce towered to the height of from 100 (as I calculated) to 150 feet, and were of unusual girth ; and the great bulk of the giants of a former generation, which lay mouldering in slow decay, told that no hand of man had been there, as in districts more accessible, to appropriate the stateliest of the products of the wilderness. Nature reigned in all her solitary majesty : her operations were uncontrolled. Every age was there ; from those lofty piles standing erect in the ripe fulness of their majestic forms, to the young growth that, springing up in every clearance over which the tempest had swept, told of their direct descent from the patriarch of a hundred years, whose crumbling ruins they shrouded with a graceful shrubbery. We count the races of man :— who shall say how many generations have here successively germinated and sprung up in youthful vigour and beauty, — in a maturer age have hung out from their feathering boughs those pendent tassels of cones, the seedpods from which to perpetuate their species ; — have ripened, decayed, and gone to dust, — since the epoch of the great catastrophe which

moulded these wild regions into their present form, and left their bared surface to the gentle and uniform operations with which vegetation,—following in the track of ruin,—effaces its hardest features, and renews the face of the earth? Touching images have from the earliest times been drawn from the fall of the leaf, as in successive years the short-lived progeny of a single season are thrown off from their parent stems.* How much more striking the contemplation of the processes of nature in growth, decay, and reproduction, on the scale on which it is presented in the depths of a primæval forest!

The general character of the country was irregular, with no leading valleys, and few levels of any extent. We mounted ridges of the steepest acclivity, where the stunted pines told of the elevation at which we had arrived, to plunge on the other side far down into the depths of dark ravines, through which poured impetuous torrents, chafing against the smooth cliffs through which they had worn their channels, and eddying round the detached masses which obstructed their course. Clearings, signs of cultivation, and habitations of men, were, as may be supposed, of rare occurrence. The track we pursued could hardly be

* Οἷη πὲρ φύλλων γενεῖ, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν, κ. τ. λ.

Il. ζ.

“ Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground :
Another race the following spring supplies ;
They fall successive, and successive rise.”

Virgè's Homer.

called a road; but trains of light, yet hardy, horses, heavily laden with packs, scrambling up the passes or browsing on the rough herbage, while the rude drivers were seated under the pines, smoking their short pipes, or taking their repasts from the huge leathern pouches which form the invariable equipment of the Norwegian, whether travelling by land or embarked on his lakes or Fjords,—these groups indicated that such roads were the only means of communication between the interior and the towns and ports on the sea-board.

But even these wilds are to be opened up. About noon we fell in with a large party of labourers employed in the construction of a post-road, which the government has undertaken for the purpose of facilitating the communications. We struck the line continually at intervals during our journey. The crash of falling trees, and the shouts of the workmen, wakening new echoes in those wild solitudes, added to the interest of the scenery. The deep cuttings of the rocky heights, the well-framed timbers with which the bridge was to span the torrent, and the causeway of massive stones crossing the morass, presented us a specimen of Norwegian engineering,—and we afterwards saw many splendid examples of similar works, — which satisfied us that the execution was as solid as the design, of forming a road at all through such a country, was bold. It is to be completed from Arendal to the foot of the Nisser-Vand; thus opening up a direct communication from the coast to the

north-west ; and is, we understood, further to be prosecuted in that direction. Soon, then, the silence of those untrodden forests will be broken by the ringing stroke of the woodman's axe ; and those passes, through which we toiled with so much difficulty, will be rapidly threaded by the light carriole. But if future tourists should find their progress through scenes which must always be eminently attractive thus facilitated, we, their pioneers, may perhaps rejoice in having drawn attention to them, and shall ourselves assuredly long retain the vivid impressions which our rambles in these wild districts, and our intercourse with the inhabitants, in their unfrequented and primitive state, are calculated to make.

The nature of the country precluded our having extended views. Once only, as we were rapidly descending towards a lake, which presented in the foreground a wider sheet of water than any we had yet seen, all glowing in the noontide sun, we caught sight of a fine range of hills — I must not call them mountains, though their elevation was considerable, and the outline bold and clearly defined, — stretching away to the north-west, at the distance of some thirty or forty miles. Just before, we had met with the first bed of lilies of the valley in their native habitat, nestling in the shade of an alder copse ; and, not a furlong beyond, we fell in with a small herd of those delicate-looking cows, diminutive in size, almost deer-shaped, dun-coloured, and docile in their habits, with which we afterwards became familiar, and which form

the staple of the wealth of those pastoral districts towards which we were making progress. Every new object was hailed with fresh bursts of delight.

But even the feeling excited by such scenery as that we were traversing will not altogether allay the sense of fatigue. We had already accomplished a distance of between twenty and thirty miles over very broken ground; and great was our disappointment when, late in the afternoon, we reached a station at which we hoped to find horses to assist us in accomplishing the remainder of our day's journey, at finding that none could be procured. We held council with a good-natured farmer, who set before us flad-bröd (barley-cakes) and milk, *en attendant* a guide who would conduct us by a short cut to a station where he thought our object might be obtained. The promised guide shortly appeared, in the shape of a buxom lass of eighteen, who had employed the interval in arraying herself in her best attire to do honour to the strangers. It consisted of a very short jacket of dark cloth, brilliantly braided, and fastened at the bosom with a broad silver brooch; and a petticoat of the same material, of seemly length, but most ungracefully drawn across the swell of the bosom, having no gathering or cincture at the waist, and hanging loosely like a chemise. She struck into the woods immediately above the house, directly ascending the ridge, which rose almost perpendicularly from the level of the fields. We followed in Indian file, but not with equal agility, although I am not ashamed

to confess I had been ungallant enough to accept her offer of burthening herself with my knapsack. Bare-footed, and gathering up her long robe as she brushed through the rank and dewy heather, at a pace which soon threw us panting in the rear, I envied her a pair of legs that, in muscular proportions, and perhaps in hue, might have been mistaken for those of a young heifer. After ascending for some time, she stood for a moment, radiant with exercise, and good-humouredly laughing at our distress.

We renewed our efforts, and, gaining the summit, where we put up a black cock, accomplished the descent at a rapid pace, and by a course equally direct and precipitous. Below us flowed the Nid-Elv, here a noble river, wider than the Thames at Maidenhead. On its bank, surrounded by an open area of some thirty or forty acres of pasture and cornfields, scooped out of the forest, stood the farm which was the point of our destination. A cluster of timber-framed buildings, each mounted on a base of logs and rough stones, was perched on a green knoll, slightly elevated above the river bank. The stream, which flowed in full sheet calmly to the southward, glowing like molten silver with the light of the declining sun, about a mile above swept boldly to the right, and was lost under the base of a lofty chain of cliffs, whose bold and almost perpendicular escarpment was yet feathered to the summit by a growth of dwarf pine and birch, inserted in every fissure and jutting ledge that could give footing to their roots.

So charming was the scene, that we reconciled ourselves, without much regret, to the prospect of here finding shelter for the night, as it appeared probable that, again, no horses could be procured. My friend established himself, with his portfolio, at the edge of the wood; but, however picturesque the foreground which the group of gabled buildings,



grotesquely carved, presented for his sketch, an examination of the interior of the dwelling-house satisfied me that, without being very fastidious, it could be no place of rest to us. We were prepared, on occasion, even to bivouack in the woods,—no great hardship in fine weather, and in a latitude where, at this season, there was hardly any night.

When, therefore, on further search, I discovered a detached shanty, in which was deposited a quantity of sweet hay, all difficulty was ended. Here were shelter and a soft couch. We might go further and fare worse. We would take our evening meal on the broad flagstone beside the entrance of our rude tenement; perhaps stroll by the river-side, and throw our line in the ripple where the stream gurgled round the point of yonder green meadow; and resign ourselves to repose under the influence of that calm and delicious feeling which all around was calculated to inspire.

CHAPTER II.

FOREST SCENERY CONTINUED.—NIGHT SCENE.—FALLS OF THE NID.—GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.—CENTRAL DISTRICTS CONTAIN THE FINEST SCENERY.—HISTORICAL REFERENCES, AND GENERAL PLAN OF THE JOURNEY.

WE were well disposed, on the banks of the Nid, and in our present mood, to echo the feeling of Burns for the Scottish stream—its synonyme—he “loved sae dear:” —

“ The Thames flows proudly to the sea
Where royal cities stately stand ;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me.”

There were, however, certain very pressing and prosaic cares which claimed our first attention.

The contents of our haversacks were outspread ; the good people of the farm, all in wonder at our proceedings, but all kindness and hospitality, bestirred themselves to supply our wants. Fresh water was brought from the river for our cookery and ablutions ; our soiled and sodden foot-gear was consigned to their care ; and a savoury mess of portable soup, to which a handful of wild sorrel, culled from the woods, gave an additional gusto, was bubbling on the embers, — when the tramp of horses, late and unexpectedly procured, gave another turn to

our thoughts. Not without reluctance we yielded to the desire of getting on, and the expediency of using the means while they were in our power. Such vicissitudes are among the charms of an expedition of the roving character of that on which we were embarked. The bowls of hot soup were hastily drained; we saddled up in quick time, our traps being collected and buckled on. Brief words of thanks, already learnt, with other familiar terms and phrases from our vocabulary, and the smallest of silver coins, expressed our acknowledgments to the group which gathered round us. Receiving their hearty good wishes in return, we cantered off, little knowing or caring whither.

Crossing the cultivated grounds, we immediately entered a forest, the features of which were of an entirely different character from those of the tract of country we had passed in the earlier part of the day. The surface was nearly level for the whole space we traversed that evening and the early stage of the morrow, a distance of eighteen or twenty miles. It lay along the left bank of the Nid, which on its other shore washed the base of that long range of perpendicular cliffs which we had marked from our last station. There was no undergrowth, except where we occasionally crossed water-courses which discharged themselves into the river. The banks of these were profusely hung with alder and birch. The boles of the tall pines were also clear of boughs to the height of fifty or sixty feet. Upwards, their

tapering stems and spreading branches were of a bright resinous hue, to which the rays of the setting sun gave additional lustre, in singular contrast with the hoary cast of the scaly trunks below, to which the shades of evening already imparted a deeper tint. The trees appeared as regularly set out as if they had been artificially planted and thinned. No doubt the timber, standing so near a fine river, would have a high marketable value. One looked in vain for those giants of the forest which had before attracted our notice. No prostrate masses, mouldering in gradual decay, told the tale which had before led us to moralise on the processes of nature and the revolutions of time. The rocky steeps, the rough and tangled brake, all which before had given that air of savage wildness to the forest, were here wanting. But, still, the sandy plains which we were now traversing had a character of magnificence peculiarly their own. The wide extent of the same unbroken level, canopied above by that dark mass of spreading foliage; those countless columns which, far as the eye could reach in every direction, mile after mile, stood tall, erect, defined,—supporting that living roof; those long-drawn vistas, through the receding arches of which one sought in vain to penetrate the depths of that vast solitude; the deepening gloom, still chequered by the rays which the setting sun shot athwart the trees; the silence, unbroken save by the roar of the river, our constant, though for the most part unseen, companion, as it hurried down the

frequent rapids ;—all this gave a new and solemn phase to our thoughts. The road was level, the sandy materials being formed into a compact mass ; and our spirited little steeds,—of the true Norwegian breed, cream-coloured, with black mane and tail, high crest, and compact full barrel,—bounded over the smooth surface with that springy action which gives no sense of fatigue, and made amends for the toilsome steps with which we had threaded the rough mazes of our morning's path.

But the sun was set before we had accomplished more than two thirds of our way, and then succeeded the long twilight of those northern regions. For hours afterwards the most minute objects would have been clearly visible in the open country. In these deep glades, the increasing gloom was softened by a sort of silvery haze, seen through the medium of which, objects presented a shadowy and indistinct appearance, which touched the senses with a solemn and mysterious feeling. We slackened our pace, and proceeded in silence under the influence of the scene and the hour.

It was near midnight, and I had imperceptibly gained on my companion some quarter of a mile, when my attention was arrested by a singular appearance in a space of open ground, which lay on the right of the road. The forest receded, and left an area of about an acre, closely belted round by the dark pines. From the centre of this rose a column of light misty vapour, which seemed to boil up from the surface,

wreathing and eddying in the most fantastic shapes, as it vanished into the air. The singularity of the scene consisted in there having been no previous appearance of mist in the forest; nor was there any in the little meadow itself, except in that particular spot from which the vapour exhaled. The whole atmosphere was clear, except as it was pervaded by that thin but transparent haze which I have before mentioned. Doubtless, what I saw was an exhalation from the swampy ground: —

“The earth has bubbles as the water has,
And these were of them:”

but the apparition was so sudden, that, predisposed by the train of thought from which it roused me, I confess I was startled; and almost expected to see the white wreaths of vapour, as they waved aside, disclose the boiling caldron, and the gaunt forms of the “weird sisters” performing their unearthly incantations. No wonder, I thought, that amid such scenes—in the depths of these forests—the religious feeling of a rude people was wrought into those gloomy and mysterious forms in which we find it embodied in the legends of the Scandinavian mythology.

From such reveries I was, not unpleasantly, roused by the tramp of horses, and the shouts of my companion and the guides. I had overshot the point at which we were to turn off to our destined station.

Putting my little mettlesome nag to his full speed, I soon retraced my steps. A by-road led into a wide clearing in the wood; we picked our way with some difficulty across a boggy meadow, leapt a deep water-course, and pulled up under the eaves of a large gloomy-looking building, which was to furnish us with quarters.

Our cries brought the owner to the door; and our appearance in the wide dusky apartment, which served all purposes for the inmates of the dwelling, roused a host of women and children from their slumbers in two spacious cribs which occupied one side of the room. Notwithstanding we had been eighteen hours *en route*, and late as it was, the claims of hunger were the first to be satisfied. Billets of pine-wood thrown on the embers soon blazed up, betraying all the uncouth garniture of that dreary apartment. The women brought us bowls of milk and piles of barley-cake. A packet of "Assam" was opened, and our canteen soon bubbled with a brewing of the fragrant herb. Handfuls of rice were thrown into a cauldron of milk; and a huge table wheeled round, and stools set, close to the blazing hearth. The natives, young and old, gathered round. We won the hearts of the women by inserting lumps of sugar into the mouths of the gaping children; and they recovered from any annoyance they may have felt from our unseasonable intrusion; as we did from our sense of fatigue, while we cowered over the glowing hearth, interchanging a bald discourse with our hosts,

to whom we and our appointments were as great a source of wonder as if we had dropped among the natives of an island of the Pacific.

In our present line of route I feel sure no foreign travellers, probably few native ones, had preceded us. "*Er min Herr Fransk?*" said our host, at our first appearance on his threshold. "*Nei,*" I replied. "*Er De Tydsker?*" (German). "*Nei; vi er Engelsk*" (English). It was a passport to his best sympathies. "*Com ind,*" he exclaimed with hearty good will. "*Tak skal De have*" (thanks shall you have), I rejoined, as we collected our traps and followed him into the house. Questions and answers succeeded, in which we made the best of our store of language, and when at a loss, received intelligent assistance. It was by pursuing this system from day to day, that we acquired confidence, gratified our entertainers, and, before we had accomplished half our journey, were able to make our way with facility, and hold long conversations with our guides and entertainers. So many words resemble our own, and Norsk is so much easier and more euphonous than any of the Celtic or Teutonic dialects, at least to my apprehension, that no one with ordinary pains, and a good vocabulary, need feel any apprehension in trusting himself to the chapter of accidents in such a country as Norway.

Our fishing-rod, tackle, and flies were constantly objects of great curiosity. The Norwegians of the interior are but indifferent fishermen, though almost

every Elv and Vand abounds with salmon and trout. Angling is almost unknown, and their tackle is of the most clumsy description. They take their fish with nets, sometimes ingeniously made of the fibre of the birch bark, with floats of the same material. The country people, in the districts we crossed during the earlier parts of our rambles, were so unused to strangers, and it was so far from their conception that we could be travelling for amusement, that our anxious inquiries after "fiske" led them more than once to imagine that our expedition was connected with traffic in the finny tribes. Considering that the coast of Norway is only about 100 leagues from the mainland of Scotland, such a speculation may not be impracticable, when the salmon fisheries of the North and of Ireland are exhausted; and thus another item be added to the already important branch of Norwegian commerce in herrings, stock-fish, and lobsters.

But it was time to seek such rest as the place could offer; and we were shown into a small chamber opening from the common hall, the sole furniture of which was a couch spread with skins and rugs, of so very questionable an appearance, that we would willingly have exchanged our present *gîte* for the bed of sweet hay on which we had before counted. However, there was no help for it; and, stretching ourselves as we were, carefully wrapped in our oiled overcoats, the best protection against the attacks

we apprehended, we were soon lost in profound slumber.

I had slept about two hours, when I started up, the covering of sheep-skins beginning to give signs of life beneath. Opening the door of the hall, I saw that the bright sun had already touched the pine-tops which crowned the summit of the ridge bounding the bit of open moorland we had crossed in the night; but a heavy fog now overspread the valley. The air felt chilly, and, regaining my couch without disturbing my companion or the household, I again slept. Soon after five we were all astir. The embers were again roused; and coffee, such as the *artistes* of no club in London could produce, with the adjuncts of sugar-candy and the most delicious cream, were set before us. Then, shouldering our packs, we again took our course through the forest. The masses of dark foliage drooped heavily with the load of dew, which hung in bright drops on the grass. The sun, though long risen, was yet at a low angle, producing such effects of light and shade as the reader may well imagine.

It is not my intention to lead him, step by step, through each successive stage of our rambles.* To ourselves, indeed, the scenery presented so much variety,

* The design at one time entertained of arranging my materials in the form of a regular itinerary was abandoned, for the reason stated in the Preface; so that, except in particular instances, the narrative is not encumbered with details of distances and other minutiae, valuable only to the actual traveller.

continually changing from hour to hour, and from day to day, that the interest never flagged; and the incidents inseparable from our mode of travelling were a never-failing source of amusement, and furnished a rich fund of information on the habits and characteristics of the primitive people on whose kindness and hospitality we had thrown ourselves. But a chronicle of these in too great detail might be wearisome.

Before, however, we take leave of the Valley of the Nid, I must endeavour to give a brief sketch of its most striking scene. On the skirts of the forest we again struck the river, flowing silently, deep and glassy, with a strong current to the southward. But we could just perceive, and our ears received distinct intimation, that its character was about to change. Having crossed a ferry just below some rapids, over which it was tumbling in angry confusion, the wild roar of the waters increased. About a mile above, the whole body of the river is projected over a ledge of rocks, forty or fifty yards in width, which dams up the breadth of the channel. As yet, however, only the upper edge of the fall was visible. Seen at a distance, above a screen of firs, the long white sheets of foaming water, stretching from bank to bank, appeared like folds of linen extended on the racks of a bleaching-ground. There are three successive falls, of which the principal and most precipitous, where the river confined in deep clefts turns a sharp angle, may not exceed fifty or sixty feet in height. But though that

is insignificant compared with many others which we afterwards saw, the depth of the fall itself is not the only ingredient in the grandeur of such a scene. The broad sheet, and comparatively small elevation, of this put me somewhat in mind of the falls of Schaffhausen. But its most singular feature was the immense quantity of timber which, having floated from the upper country, was here carried down the current. The enormous logs, first whirled, fearfully booming, against the rocks that narrowed the channel, were then hurled over, and plunged in the boiling foam below. At the foot of each fall, a perfect barrier of pines was formed, to which many were added while we stood witnessing the struggle. Some, eddying in the whirlpools, seemed destined never to get free; one almost wondered how any escaped: numbers were broken up, and some never recovered. The whole shore below the falls was strewed with the giant bulk *disjectaque membra* of these spoils of the forest, thus arrested in their progress to the sea.

Felled and sledged to the nearest stream during the winter, no sooner is its frozen channel set free by the returning spring, and swelled by the influx from the dissolving snow, than the timber, thus left to its fate, begins its long journey. Borne down by the foaming torrents which lash the base of its native hills, far in the interior; hurried over rapids; taking its onward course along the shores of winding lakes, or slowly dropping down in the quiet current of broad rivers; the accumulated mass is brought up at last by a



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strong boom placed across the stream, where it discharges itself into navigable waters. It is then sorted, appropriated by the merchants to whom it is consigned, and shipped for foreign ports. One would wonder how it ever reached the place of its destination, or how, of the numerous owners, each could recognise his own. But I was given to understand that the logs are branded with the owner's mark before they are committed to the stream; and I observed that, during their passage down the lakes, they are collected into immense rafts, curiously framed and pinned together; but so unwieldy and unmanageable are the masses, that but little can be done in the way of navigation, beyond fending them off the shores and rocks, and keeping them in the current. Some of the timber is said to be two years in finding its way to the coast.

We had again fallen in with a gang of labourers, engaged in the construction of the new road, in our passage through the last forest, where their task in the sandy level was of the easiest. At the falls we met with another party busily employed, under the superintendence of an engineer with whom we had some conversation, in making a causeway along the edge of the torrent, and carrying the line over the broken ground to the level above; operations on a great scale, and of considerable difficulty. The blasting of rocks, and the rolling down of great masses of stone, mingled with the roar of the falls

and the avalanche of timber, made a wild and animated scene.

About two miles above the falls of the Nid, the river, after running between banks of rough tangled forest, receives in full streams the waters of the Nisser-Vand, of which it is the drain. Here we were to embark on the lake, and commence the navigation of those inland waters which give so peculiar a character to the country; and the importance of which to its internal communications may be estimated from the circumstance, that of fifteen or sixteen hundred miles which we travelled, from our landing at Arendal to our bidding adieu to the shores of Norway at the mouth of the Christiania-Fjord, nearly one third was accomplished in boats.

But, before we proceed, a hasty view of its general features, and of our line of route — introductory to such sketches and notices as may best interest the reader in following our progress — may not be out of place.

The kingdom of Norway, as he may probably recollect, forms an irregular parallelogram, broad at the base, which is washed by the Skaggerack, and gradually diminishing for about two thirds of its length northward, till it forms a narrow slip between the shores of the Northern Ocean and the mountain ridge which divides it from Swedish and Russian Lapland. It ranges from the Naze in 58° to the North Cape, through thirteen degrees of latitude; the coast winding rapidly to the north-east from about 62° or

62° 30'. A line drawn through that point from east to west would not unaptly divide the kingdom into two regions, considerably differing in their natural features and the character of the population. *That* was the highest latitude we reached; and of the upper portion of the kingdom, comprising the provinces of Drontheim, Nordland, and Finmark, I have no knowledge but from the reports of others. It was beyond the limits which we had assigned to our expedition. In the first rough scheme of our excursion, — forgetting, as people are apt to do, the extreme length of the Scandinavian peninsula, stretching northwards for nearly a thousand miles, so that the North Cape is as distant from Christiania as London or Paris, — and overlooking the difficulties which oppose the progress in such a country, — we had vague ideas of being able to penetrate within the arctic circle, and of seeing the sun above the horizon at midnight. But if the latitude of Bodoë in the Nordland was unattainable, we might at least reach districts bordering on the line which we ultimately fixed as the extreme limit of our expedition, and of great interest as connected with the heroic age of Norway, with our own, and with European history. Drontheim, the ancient capital of the kingdom, might have been easily reached, and offered a great temptation, if only for the sake of a visit to the old cathedral of St. Olaf. Christiania, Bergen, and Drontheim, are the usual points in the grand tour of Norway. An enterprising traveller a few years since went the round,

returning to England in a month, and published an interesting account of his excursion.* But our time was limited, and we wished to view things somewhat more in detail than a hasty passage through the country, confined to the post-roads and the great towns, would allow: besides, the finest scenery is to be found in the districts to which we determined exclusively to devote our attention.

The southern portion of the kingdom from the point already defined, 62° or $62^{\circ} 30'$, may be described as forming an area of four and a half degrees of latitude by seven of longitude. That again is subdivided by the long and almost continuous chain of mountain fjelds, which commences with the Dovre-Fjeld, near the Swedish frontier, and ranges westward, dividing the province of Aggershuus (of which Christiania is the capital) from that of Drontheim. It then sweeps round to the south-west, and, running parallel with the coast line (under the names of the Lang-Fjeld, the Sogne-Fjeld, the Fille-Fjeld, the Hardanger-Fjeld, the Bykle and Jokle Fjelds, and some others of lesser note), approaches the sea not far from the Naze. The highest points in these mountain ranges are Sneehattan, in the Dovre-Fjeld, rising to 7513 feet †, and the Skagtolds-Tind, in the

* "Excursions in the North of Europe, 1830—1833, by John Barrow, Jun."

† The elevations are throughout stated from Forsell's large Map of Norway, published at Stockholm; but, for the convenience of the reader, they have been reduced from the Swedish measure to English feet.

Sogne-Fjeld, to 7672 feet above the level of the sea ; the general height of the range being from five to six thousand feet. It is traversed by numerous passes, of which that by Jerkin, in the Dovre-Fjeld, forming the great post-road to the north, and that of the Fille-Fjeld, into the Bergenstift, are the principal. The narrow strip of country west of the mountains, and lying between them and the sea (the continuation of which to the northward we have already mentioned), is intersected by some of the most magnificent fjords, which run far up into the country, and, extending their branches in every direction, form, with the straits between the innumerable islands that stud that rocky coast, safe and sheltered channels of communication, by which all the traffic west of the range is carried on. The principal towns in the district to the west of the fjelds are Bergen and Stavanger.

Returning now to the central area of the kingdom, circumscribed within the limits of the ranges of the fjelds on the north and west, the frontiers of Sweden on the east, and the shores of the Skaggerack on the south, we find it overspread by a network of lakes and rivers, fed by streams which have their sources high up in the fjelds. The coast on the south is also indented by fjords, of which that which runs up to Drammen and Christiania, for seventy miles, is the most considerable. The lakes of the interior, here called indiscriminately *soe* and *vand*, are noble sheets of water ; those of the largest class, from thirty to

upwards of seventy miles in length, but disproportionately narrow, seldom exceeding from two to five miles in breadth. Most of them are deep-set in a framework of bold rock or shaggy forest, frequently towering to a thousand or 1500 feet above the level of the water, with occasional openings into lateral valleys of most luxuriant fertility. These waters, like the streams and rivers in general, have their course from north-west to south-east.

We had planned our route so as to take advantage of the communications offered by some of the finest of these; thus, at the same time, affording us the convenience of varying and relieving our mode of travelling, and opening to us their noble scenery. Ascending the NISSER-VAND, and then crossing to the TIND-SOE by the fertile dals of Hjerdal and Hitterdal, we should reach the MIÖS-VAND by the wilder valley of the Maan. Over this dal towers the snowy peak of the Gousta-Fjeld, 5540 feet high; and in the immediate neighbourhood, is the Rjukan-Foss, with one exception the most magnificent Fall in Norway. Thus we have, in the very heart of that central area I have already described, perhaps taken together, the very finest scenery — the Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald — of Norway. The whole is included in a circle of fifty or sixty miles round Gousta-Fjeld, taken as the centre of the group, and it is easily approached by way of Christiania and Drammen; and to any one wishing to embrace in a short tour some of the most interesting points of

Norwegian scenery, I would strongly recommend the excursion.

The historical interest attached to the districts lying immediately to the north of the Dovre-Fjeld and the Sogne-Fjord, to which I have already incidentally adverted — as well as many fine natural features, particularly the valleys of Justedal and Romsdal — must be a source of attraction to such travellers as have leisure at command. From the fjords on that part of the western coast, issued those hardy adventurers whose enterprise had no limits but the shores which they successively visited, ravaged, and subdued. Iceland colonised — Greenland, and even America, discovered (as there is reason to believe, ages before the voyage of Columbus) — every island in the seas surrounding the coast of Britain, from Shetland to those of the English Channel, conquered or peopled; the Northmen pushing southward, for a long series of years ravaged either shore of the German Ocean and the coast of France.

Their periodical descents, in which — the terror and the scourge of civilised and Christian communities — the fierce worshippers of Odin swept whole districts with fire and sword, sparing nothing but the plunder which they carried off to their ships — were succeeded by enterprises of permanent conquest. More than half of Anglo-Saxon Britain became their own; and one of the fairest provinces of France was wrested from the descendant of Charlemagne. The Northmen gave kings to England, and dukes to

Normandy; and, in more southern lands, carved out for their leaders principalities in Sicily and Apulia.

There was intimate connection and alliance in those ages between the kingdoms of England and Norway. Hako the Good was brought up in the court of Athelstan. The great Canute united the crowns of England and Norway with that of Denmark: and, in the decay of the Saxon line, Harold of Norway, making pretensions to the throne of Canute, was defeated, but his son and successor magnanimously dismissed, by his namesake Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, shortly before the event of the battle of Hastings firmly fixed the English sceptre in the iron grasp of the descendants of Rollo. Of this intimate connection so long prevailing, this amalgamation, I may call it, of the two races through the northern and eastern districts of the Heptarchy, there are indelible traces in the language, the national character, and the civil and political institutions of our own country. There is reason to believe that all these are quite as much of Scandinavian as of Teutonic origin.

But the rude conquerors of so many provinces and kingdoms, fairer than their own, lost in a surprisingly short space of time all the features of their original nationality, except their inherent valour and their native love of freedom and independence. Such was the fine germ of character implanted in this northern race, that it only required transplanting to a kindlier

soil at once to unfold its generous qualities, and expand with its growing fortunes. In the course of two generations, the rude bearing of the piratical Viking merged in the chivalry of the Norman Baron; and the fierce worshippers of Odin became the devout sons and defenders of the Church. Their styles of architecture, both castellated and ecclesiastical, were so noble as to have commanded the admiration of all succeeding ages; and the pomp and luxury; and even refinement, which they introduced into the forms of life, contrasted strongly with the rude manners of the conquered nations, and produced results which tend to qualify our regret for the stern rule to which they were subjugated. The descendants of the Northmen soon lost all traces of their descent from the Sea-Kings of Norway; but many a peer proud of his Norman lineage, if its annals could be carried two generations beyond the Conquest, would have to admit a real though remote kindred with the independent Bonders of certain districts of Norway, who boast that the free udal tenure of their lands can be proved to have continued in unbroken succession from dates far exceeding those of the earliest charters granted to the most renowned of the adventurers who "came in" with the Conqueror, and whose names are inscribed on the roll of Battle Abbey.

These slight historical references may, it is hoped, not be thought unconnected with the sketch attempted to be given of the geographical features of Norway. "The exploits," remarks Mr. Laing, "of

the wandering heroes of Norway, who set out with a few ships, and conquered kingdoms in the finest parts of Europe for their posterity, seize on the imagination of the reader of modern history, and make him desirous to see the mother country of such men — to see their descendants — to see the places where they lived — the harbours they sailed from; and, should no works of man remain from their days, the rocks at least, and hills, and rivers which they had looked upon.” Harald Haarfager, the first king of all Norway, (whose conquests drove the petty chieftains to emigrate,) and his successors also, lived in the district north of the Dovre-Fjeld, which was then considered the most important part of the kingdom. It was from Aalesund, a small island off the coast of Romsdal, that Rolf-Ganger, or Rollo *the Walker*, embarked for the conquest of Normandy; and the coves in which his galleys were fitted out are yet shown. It was at Drontheim that all the great events of the early ages were acted; and at Sticklestad, in that neighbourhood, the great battle was fought in which Olaf, saint and king, fell — one of the most memorable of events in the Norwegian annals.

I have mentioned the reasons which led me to forego the pleasure that may be derived from visiting these districts — the old historic ground of Norway. It only remains, after this long digression, that I should point out the further plan of our proposed journey, after leaving the central district to which I have particularly drawn attention. The design was,

ascending to the head of the Miös-Vand, and following its waters to the foot of the Hardanger-Fjeld, to cross the fjeld by a new and unfrequented track; to embark on the fjords on the other side of the mountains, and make our way in as direct a line as possible to Bergen. After halting a few days, to recruit ourselves and examine that interesting place, two plans were open to us.

The one was, to ascend the Sogne-Fjord to its extreme point near Fortun, at the base of the Skagtols-Tind; and then track across the country to the north-east, in the direction of the Dovre-Fjeld, to Röraas, a town situate on the confines of the kingdom, from whence we might cross the Swedish frontier, and visit an encampment of Laplanders, who come from the north in the summer to pasture their herds of rein-deer on the mountains in that neighbourhood. From Röraas, the journey to Christiania, by the post-road, descending the valley of the Glommen, was comparatively easy. But the earlier part of the route, which crossed the whole breadth of the kingdom, a distance of 300 miles, in great part by paths and roads little frequented and almost unknown, was involved in some uncertainty, and presented serious difficulties; while it offered many points of the greatest interest.

The other plan was, to cross the Fille-Fjeld, and descend the Miosen-Vand, or the Rands-Fjord, in the way to the capital.

It will be found in the sequel that, from arrangements which were not originally contemplated, both these plans were carried into execution; and, fortunately, the survey of the districts included in our original scheme was completed to an extent exceeding our hopes and calculations.

CHAPTER III.

THE NISSER-VAND. — NAVIGATION OF THE LAKE. — NORWEGIAN HOSPITALITY. — HEAD OF THE LAKE. — PROCEED BY LAND. — BURNT FOREST. — TRAVEL IN CARS. — ARRIVE AT MIDBÖ.

WE reached the foot of the Nisser-Vand in a violent storm of rain, from which we sheltered ourselves for a while in the forest; but finding it continue, we were ferried across the Nid, which here issues from the lake, and took refuge in a miserable hut at the edge of the water.

Several boats lay tossing at the little pier of rough stones on which we landed, but so tempestuous was the weather that for some time no inducement could prevail with the boatmen to undertake the voyage of the lake. It blew hard; the rain descended in torrents; and the thunder rolled its deep echoes along the surrounding cliffs. Groups of wild-looking people filled the cottage. We amused ourselves by observing the process of preparing cakes of flad-bröd, in which the women were employed. One rolled out lumps of unleavened dough — large as a shield, and thin as a wafer — which another inserted in a huge oven; and a third stored them away in a chest: a supply for the wants of the family for many succeeding weeks. These, with abundance of milk, rye or

barley meal made into porridge, and occasionally fish, are the common food of the people. Hot and crisp from the oven, and spread with butter, as we now ate the flad-bröd, it is palatable enough, and preferable at all times to the sour and heavy rye-bread, which is also in frequent use. Wheaten bread is rarely to be seen; and is reckoned a delicacy even in the towns and at the tables of opulent farmers. The interest of this domestic manufacture served awhile to allay our impatience. But the quarters were utterly comfortless, and we took advantage of a lull in the storm to prevail on the unwilling boatmen to launch into the lake. The boats used on the lakes are light pine-built skiffs, with projecting bows; and having no keels, and drawing but little water, they skim over the short seas into which the lakes are often stirred. They have no rudders; and each rower pulls two short oars or paddles. Of course the boats are ill calculated for sails, which are seldom used, as the sudden gusts of wind which descend from the mountains would occasion danger. There being no stern-sheets, the passenger reclines abaft on a bed of birch-spray or pine-tops.

Thus covering under the low gunwale, well wrapped up in our waterproof overcoats, and with caps pulled down over our ears, we were prepared to battle with the fury of the elements. The hardy natives seem little to regard the vicissitudes of their climate. Despising the effeminacy of cloaks and overcoats, their stout homespun jackets and trowsers, and undercloth-

ing of woollen, appear almost impervious to rain ; or when saturated, like the Highlanders' plaid, they exclude cold the better. For ourselves, we rejoiced at the opportunity of seeing one of the noblest of the Norwegian lakes under circumstances so calculated to give effect to its wild and sombre features. The clouds hung low, only partially disclosing the almost perpendicular cliffs which bounded its either shore. The lurid mantle imparted additional gloom to those dark waters, of untold depth, which lashed into short billows surfed against the rocks, and broke against our quarter as the boatmen struggled at their oars.

Our progress was slow ; we were nearly two hours accomplishing a Norwegian mile, which is equal to seven English. The clouds then gradually drew up, hanging upon the dark slopes of the woods, disclosing bluff points, and wreathing about the lofty summits of the cliffs, which rose from the very edge of the lake to a great elevation. Both shores were now visible, for the Nisser-Vand, though more than thirty miles in length, is, like most of the others, very narrow in proportion, averaging I think from two to three miles in breadth. Rounding a point on the eastern shore, we suddenly opened a shallow bay, the only break we had yet seen in the massive barrier of cliffs. These, gradually shelving round, formed a spacious amphitheatre ascending from the shore, the slopes of which displayed fields of pasture and young corn of the most brilliant verdure. Near the edge of the water stood a church and parsonage ; a little

higher up to the left, the buildings of a considerable farm; others of less pretensions were scattered among the inclosures. This was the village of Nissidal. The sun had shone out, and doubly bright appeared the fair landscape amongst scenery, to the features of which, generally so stern, the storm had recently given a still wilder character.

Our boatmen had pulled fifteen miles, and we had traversed about one half of the length of the lake. It was now late in the afternoon. We had taken but slight refreshment since our very early breakfast, and were wet and benumbed with lying in the boat. It was resolved, therefore, to make Nissidal the resting-place for the night; and as the bow of the skiff was turned into the little bay, and our eyes swept round the tempting amphitheatre, speculation was rife as to the quarters and entertainment we should be able to procure.

There are states and stages in society in which the exercise of hospitality is not only a duty but a pleasure. In the infancy of civilisation, and in a thinly populated country, where the simple necessities of life are abundant, shelter and food — indispensable requisites on the one hand — are well repaid by the break in the monotony of existence which a stranger's arrival makes, and by the news, of some sort or other, which he is probably able to communicate. I have travelled from station to station among the scattered farms of a settlement in the southern hemisphere, riding up to the porch, and entering the ever-open

hall, just as I should approach a road-side inn in any other part of the world. The period is not very remote since the tourist might be passed, with slight introduction, from house to house, through the remoter districts of Scotland and Ireland; and his welcome lasted as long as his pleasure or convenience required. In the course of time, as travellers multiply, this system becomes burthensome, and houses of entertainment spring up for their accommodation.

In Norway, these are of rare occurrence, even on the main lines of road. The avocation of an inn-keeper is held in low estimation. The people have not yet generally learnt to make hospitality to strangers a marketable commodity. We soon discovered this amiable prejudice, and, in our future Rambles, were careful not to claim entertainment from the farmers upon the strength of our ability and willingness to pay for it. A slight conversation on our route and plans never failed (except in one memorable instance) to lead to an invitation to enter their houses and take rest and refreshment. On our departure, we made such offering as we thought adequate to the good wife, accompanied by thanks and expressions which gave it rather the character of a "quiddam honorarium," than the payment of a reckoning. It was not always received without some show of reluctance; and it was sometimes curious to observe a sort of struggle between the feeling of which I have been speaking, on the one hand, and the not less national, I apprehend, keenness for gain, on

the other. Long, however, may it be ere the proverb, "Point d'argent point de Suisse," can be fairly applied to the good people of this semi-Alpine country.

On the present occasion we had heard too much of the hospitality of the people of all classes to be under any great uneasiness. The choice seemed to lie between the substantial farm-house on the slope of the hill, and the parsonage, or *præste-gaard*, which stood near the water's edge. The latter had, on various accounts, the decided preference. In other countries the priest's house is often the only refuge of the forlorn traveller. Sometimes, in such cases, it is admissible to clear scores by the offering of an *honorarium*, which there are no scruples about receiving. So in the convents of the south of Europe, it is well understood that the "qualche cosa per carità" goes to defray the expenses of the hospitality which the rules enjoin, but which the revenues of the establishment are no longer adequate to support. But even there I have often found it genuine, and irrespective of the offering; and the solitaries of remote convents in the Apennines, gathered, after a frugal supper, round the pine-logs blazing on the hearth of the vaulted refectory, have been as eager for news of what was going on in the world from which they were shut out, as the tenants of a frontier stock-farm on the verge of civilisation.

We already knew enough of the position of the Norwegian clergy to be sensible that the hospitality we proposed to claim must be wholly gratuitous; and

it is so foreign to our habits and ideas to walk up to a strange gentleman's house and ask for board and lodging, that when our skiff touched the shore, it required much exhortation from my companion, who very wisely determined to stay by the boat, and a conviction of the imperative necessity of the case, to induce me to make the essay.

But my scruples were groundless. The worthy *pasteur* had seen our approach, and came forth to meet me. He was a man of middle age and pleasing manners. Finding that I was an Englishman, he regretted that he could not talk English; but, addressing me in French, he interrupted my apologies for the intrusion, and pressed me to come in. Nor was he satisfied without going down himself to the shore and extending the invitation to my fellow-traveller in person. We were shown into a very pleasant sitting-room: the windows commanded charming views of the lake, and a pianoforte and vases of flowers gave it a cheerful and habitable look. A tray with a slight refecton made its almost instant appearance. We were attended by a most respectable female domestic, under whose auspices we speedily made ourselves presentable, and, returning to the saloon, were introduced to the wife and daughter of our worthy host. We spent a very delightful evening. The præsten led us to a point from which there was a splendid view of the broad expanse of water, bounded by a noble group of mountains on the western shore of the lake: the foreground was of the green slopes of pasturage and

corn which we had seen from the boat. He afterwards conducted us to the church. It was the first time we had entered a Norwegian church, and we were struck with the appearance of the highly decorated altar, and rich embroidered vestment which hung by its side.

On our return to the præste-gaard we found an officer of the Norwegian service, who was employed in the trigonometrical survey of that part of the country. We received some valuable suggestions for our future guidance. Our host entered warmly into our plans, and drew up for us an itinerary, in which our several stages and resting-places to the foot of the Hardanger-Fjeld were pointed out. He encouraged us to think that we should find the passage of the fjeld practicable at this season. We were under some anxiety about it, as Mr. Barrow had been dissuaded from attempting it in the month of July. The ladies were kindly interested in such specimens of English workmanship as our equipments afforded. They admired the perfect finish and excellence of every article of English manufacture. The prepared waterproof cloth in which our maps and other articles were inclosed was a novelty; and a drinking-cup and air-cushion of similar material was, now as ever, an object that afforded great amusement. I had much conversation with the *pasteur* on the ecclesiastical arrangements of Norway, the result of which, confirmed by subsequent opportunities of observation and inquiry, will be found in the sequel. He was a

man of enlarged and liberal mind; and our own institutions, and the state of affairs generally in Europe, were freely discussed.

Thus the long twilight wore away till after ten o'clock, when candles were lighted, and the table was spread for supper. It was abundantly and nicely arranged. Though attended by the domestic, the ladies rose at times to do the honours in certain *petits soins*, according to a custom of the country, which, though not without a grace and kindness, was at first painful to us; and though all that is menial is on such occasions performed by the services of an attendant, and there is something kindly and even graceful in the usage, we could never altogether reconcile ourselves to it. The præsten departed from the usual habits of the natives to pledge the strangers in a bumper of Rhenish to their "bon voyage." On our part, in rising from table, we went through, pretty well for a first attempt, the national ceremony which follows every meal, of shaking hands with the master and mistress of the house and all the company round, saying to each, "*Tak för maden,*" — Thanks for the meat.

When we came down stairs in the morning, we found the floor of the hall sprinkled with small sprigs of the spruce-fir. Coffee had been served while we were in the act of dressing. A plunge in the lake from the wooded point beyond the parsonage prepared us to do justice to a plentiful breakfast. We were pressed to prolong our visit: it was quite out of

our calculations. In making our acknowledgments to the worthy *pasteur*, M. Jonnessen, and his agreeable family, we felt the pain of such pleasant associations being so transitory. On this and other similar occasions we could only express our hopes of having some opportunity of returning English for Norwegian hospitality; a wish, we trust, in some instances destined to be realised. In collecting our traps for departing, we found every thing restored to the best condition: even the needle had not been idle; and we could not have started from home, under the care of a good mother or sister, in better trim. There was genuine and unpretending kindness in attentions such as these.

The *pasteur* accompanied us to the beach, where we found a boat and two stout rowers in attendance. Pursuing our course up the Nisser-Vand, the western shore still continued to present the same bold and barren appearance; but the prospect on the other was enlivened by the frequent occurrence of hamlets and green pastures, occupying the gentler slopes of the hills. Every scrap of land, however small, that would afford footing to a goat, or space for a patch of corn or potatoes, was taken advantage of. These little clearings, surrounded by the deep forest, and intermixed with crags and thickets, had a most picturesque appearance. The marvel was, how, with their utmost industry, the few roods of soil thus reclaimed could afford even a scanty subsistence to the population, which was evidently numerous. One might have wondered how access was obtained to these in-

sulated settlements, shut in between precipitous cliffs above and the lake below; but that little piers and boat-houses under every cultivated nook indicated that its waters afforded the principal means of communication with each other and the rest of the world. The winter, when it is one unbroken sheet of ice, must be the principal season for traffic and good neighbourhood.

As we approached the head of the lake, we were delighted with the series of dioramic views which the folds of the hills stretching down in long slopes to the edge of the water successively opened. In one place the bordering hills fell back, and left an amphitheatre of two or three miles in diameter, the undulating area of which gave to view the flowing lines of smooth and rounded masses of pines with which it was densely clothed, surmounted by bare cliffs behind; and over these, at some distance, rose a group of mountains of extremely fine contour, on the sides of which rested patches of snow, at not a very considerable elevation. The lake terminates among a chain of low islets of graceful outline, some covered with young birch, feathering to the ground; others with a small clump of spruce-firs, dropping their pendulous branches; some so small that a single tree only shot up its spiral form above the tiny patch of greensward that gave it footing.

Threading our way through this bowery maze, we landed at Vraadal, and, dismissing the boatmen, began the ascent from the shores of the lake, through open

glades tufted with alder and birch. Looking backwards, the bird's-eye view of the bay of islands, now spread beneath, as on a map, with all the outline of bay and inlet and grassy promontory, and its network of intersecting channels, gleaming like silvery threads, and opening out into the last broad reach of the noble lake, was a scene of indescribable beauty. Before us, at a great distance to the north-east, stretched away the dark chain of mountains which bounds the valley of the Maan, towards which our course was tending. In about two hours, descending through a spruce-grove of particular luxuriance and very lofty growth, we caught glimpses among the trees, in the windings of the road, of a fine sheet of water below, and of an enormous mountain mass, which, rising directly from its edge, towered to the height of 4000 feet above the fjord.

A turn in the road brought us in view of a scene of desolation, on a magnificent scale. Fire had done its work of devastation, and, running up the tangled banks of a wild ravine, had penetrated far into the recesses of the forest. The jagged and charred stems of the pines, snapped asunder at various heights—the blackened and calcined rocks—the screen of shrivelled spray, that hung withered from the half-burnt trees at the line where the conflagration had stayed its devouring course—formed a spectacle among the most striking that can be conceived. The scene of wreck enabled us to form some faint idea of what it must have been when the conflagration was at the height

of its fury, passing in its conquering strength from tree to tree, spreading through the tangled branches, climbing in wreaths of flame the tall stems, till it overtopped the highest summits — amidst volumes of smoke and jets of sparks, and the crackling and roaring of the destroying element, and the crash of falling trees, as one after another came to the ground.

The fire had been apparently accidental, as the surface was too broken and rocky to lead us to suppose that it had been cleared for agricultural purposes. The effect of such clearings of the forest, preparatory to cultivation, is finely described by Shelley:—

“ As the Norway woodman quells,
 In the depth of piny dells,
 One light flame amidst the brakes,
 While the boundless forest shakes,
 And its mighty trunks are torn,
 With the fires thus lowly born ;
 The spark beneath his feet is dead—
 He starts to see the flames it fed,
 Howling through the darken'd sky,
 With a myriad tongues victoriously.”

We crossed a narrow branch of the fjord at Ivitsoe. The fjord is of great length, and, with numerous branches under several names, extends from the foot of the fjelds to Porsgrund and Brevig, where it meets the sea. It produces excellent salmon-trout, of some of which we partook, fried in an ocean of butter, while waiting for horses ; having determined, in our anxiety to make the following day one of entire rest, to push on for the residue of the evening. It is an

affair of time in Norway to procure horses, where they have not been previously engaged, as they feed far a-field. There is a degree of phlegm in the Norwegian character, which on such occasions was little moved by our impatience. To repeated inquiries when the promised *heste* would make their appearance, the constant answer was "*en tima*," answering to the "*toute à l'heure*," or "*adesso, adesso*," of other countries, and signifying an indefinite postponement of our demands, which extended from half-an-hour to one or two hours. Patience was the only remedy. While we were waiting, the Probst, or Provost, who holds an office in the Norwegian Church similar to that of Archdeacon or Rural Dean in ours, crossed the ferry in a violent storm, in his way to visit a sick parishioner in a remote part of his parish. The labours of the parochial clergy in this country are extremely severe, from the great extent of the districts, and their being intersected by waters and lofty ranges. We happened to have a letter of introduction to him, and we had a short conversation while his horse was being harnessed to his carriage.

We were supplied with two light cars, each capable of holding two persons, the traveller and the *skyd-gut*, or lad who had to bring back the horse. The seats are fixed on springs of ash, so that the jolting is very supportable. We passed through an undulating country, more inclosed than any we had yet seen, with many villages; at one of which we obtained relays. The horses were spirited little animals; and,

allowing the best of them to take the lead, we coursed each other along the slopes of the hills, and down the sharp declivities, at a rapid pace. In the excitement of this novel mode of travelling, we soon lost all apprehension of danger, and rattled merrily along over the rough roads, jumping from the low cars, the long rope-reins in hand, to walk up the steeps; and, without breaking the pace, mounting again at the crest of the descent, to dash down into the hollows, at a rate that would have been fearful, but that we had learnt to place implicit confidence in our mettlesome but sure-footed steeds.

We journeyed late. On that unfrequented road, nothing broke the silence of the long twilight but the tinkling of the bells from the collars of the post-horses as they rattled nimbly along, and the prattles of two merry lads, the *skyds-guts*, on our last stage.

It was midnight before we reached our quarters at Midbö in Lohoden.

CHAPTER IV.

CHURCH OF SILLEJORD.—DISTRICT OF TELLEMARKEN.—PEASANTS DRIVING THEIR COWS TO THE SUMMER DAIRIES ON THE FJELDS.—SAULAND IN HJERDAL.—NORWEGIAN SOLDIERS OF THE LAND-VÆRN.—CROSS THE COUNTRY TO THE FOOT OF THE TIND-SOE.—VOYAGE ON THE LAKE.—SMALL FARMS.—DIVISION OF LAND AND UDAL TENURES.—ASCEND THE VALLEY OF THE MAAN TO DAIL.

ONE must have encountered the wear and tear of a week's travel, such as ours had been, to feel the comfort which a single day of rest, interposed between its toil and our further progress, afforded. The leisurely toilet, such change of garb as our scanty kit allowed, the protracted meal, the quiet hour for bringing up our journals and making calculations for the future, the delicious feeling of repose, restorative both to mind and body—all these we fully enjoyed. Nor did we altogether omit the higher duties of the day. The hamlet of Midbö stands in an open and cultivated valley, at the head of a small lake. About a mile beyond is the church of Sillejord, approached through an avenue of very old birch-trees, terminating in an open space of smooth greensward, in part overspread with a low shrubbery of various foliage. The church itself, a cruciform building, with chancel, tower, and spire, all framed of pine-logs, stood in the midst of a

burial-yard, slightly elevated, from which the ground fell away into a deep and thickly wooded glen. A



mountain torrent took its course through the bottom, and just below had its confluence with a broader stream, the Vallor Elv, over which a picturesque wooden bridge completed the charming view. Surrounded on every side by eminences clothed with forest, the whole scene had an air of freshness, peace,

and seclusion. Not a house, an enclosure, nor any work of man, save the sacred edifice, was visible. We were disappointed at finding it closed. Being what is called *Annex-kirker*, it is served once only in three weeks by the minister of the Mother church. Of those arrangements we may have to say something hereafter. Portions of our own liturgy supplied the service in which we had wished to unite with another but a kindred form of our faith. We recited them, seated on a stone bench, under the wall of the chancel; the bright sky our canopy, and all around a fitting temple for our worship, even if we had not been within the sacred precincts. But we could not forget, that those who from time to time knelt beneath that grey roof, those whose simple memorials were around in lettered cross and tufts of blooming flowers, as well as those who, far away, were now offering the sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving in the same ritual as ourselves, were all members of that holy catholic church, of the unity and communion of which, throughout the world, our services spoke. When, on subsequent occasions, we had opportunities of attending the services of the Norwegian Church, we discovered that they were closely identical with our own; both derived from the ancient liturgy of the Western Church—the most sublime of human compositions.

The neighbourhood of Lohoden has some fine points of view. In the evening, leaving a party of peasants dancing to the sound of a fiddle in the kitchen of the *Giest-huus* — in which the recesses for

the dressers and the cribs for sleeping places were partially shrouded by a screenwork of light foliage, cleverly carved in wood,—we strolled up the steep woodland at the back of the house to a deep gorge in the mountains, through which rushed a torrent, thundering under a slight foot-bridge, with a considerable fall; it reminded me of scenery in South Wales. Our good hosts did everything in their power for our accommodation; but the fare was not equal to the other comforts our temporary sojourn afforded. A dish of salted trout was served up for our principal meal, with, I think, a few very small and bad potatoes; even those were not often to be met with at this season, and meat we tasted thrice only between Arendal and Bergen, a distance of 450 miles, which it took us nearly three weeks to accomplish. But we got accustomed to the simple diet of the country, the staple of which was milk and ryemeal, with such additions as the slender stock of our havre-sacks and my companion's fishing-rod occasionally contributed; nor did we find our health and strength at all the worse for our frugal fare.

The roads in the line of our route to the foot of the Tind-Soe being good, and horses procurable at convenient stations, we determined to proceed in cars, in order to reserve our time and energies for the prosecution of the more arduous part of our undertaking. It was a glorious morning, and, as usual, we were early astir. Despatching some excellent coffee and a dish of stirabout and cream, my com-

panion walked on to sketch the church and scene which had so much delighted us on the preceding day. I shortly followed, slowly retracing the road along the old avenue, rattling down the steep descent under the church-yard mound, over the bridge, where my friend joined me; and, turning sharp to the left, pursued the road up the course of the stream. Then it coasted a small lake; on the opposite shore of which a conical mass, with snow lying in patches on the slopes, towered above the surrounding cliffs. The head of the lake was shut in by an insulated mountain of peculiar shape, the summit being cleft into pinnacles, distinct and clearly defined, yet beautifully grouped, presenting the appearance of a cluster of hexangular crystals. The formation was, like that prevailing through the greatest part of Norway, decidedly primitive; and we had found masses of quartz in the immediate neighbourhood. Here, having changed horses, we left the road which proceeds up Fladdal to Amotsdal; and, turning to the right, mounted by a steep and rugged ascent the pass which, crossing the intervening ridge, leads into Hjerdal. The descent was long and easy, by a good road, through a wood of alders. The upper part of the Dal, an amphitheatre of green turf, resembled the higher valleys at the foot of some of the passes of the Alps. Presently we came to meadows and corn-fields; substantial farm-houses appeared, with their numerous out-buildings; attached to each was a small hop-yard, and enclosures of fruit trees, cherries, and

apples. Now we began to meet frequently parties passing between the several hamlets; farmers and their wives in their singular and picturesque costume; and carts laden with sacks of meal. We were in Tellemarcken; and everything we saw indicated the improved character of the district, — one of the best in Norway. The peasants wear a short jacket, of something of a military cut, ornamented with silver lace and rows of small bright buttons; breeches of a dark colour, seamed with red, and woollen stockings, the clocks of which are brilliantly worked; with a red cap. The vest of the women is either of a bright colour, or gaudily braided. The petticoat is dark, the hem gaily trimmed with a worsted lace of red or yellow. Their head-dress is a coloured kerchief, the ends of which hang down the back. Both sexes wear large brooches and shoe-buckles of silver. The dress of the men reminded me of the costume of the Tyrolese.

We drew up to the side of the narrow road, to suffer one of the parties we were continually meeting to pass. It interested us exceedingly. In straggling succession, first came dairy-maids, with milk-pails on their shoulders, ever and anon turning to a herd of those beautiful little cows which were loitering behind, and calling them on in wild and not unmusical cadence; sheep and goats followed; the men brought up the rear, with cars loaded with meal-bags, butter and cheese tubs, and, over all, the great black iron pot in which the milk is boiled in the

processes of the dairy. They were on their way to the distant fjelds, in which the cows are pastured during the summer. On those vast uplands all the farms have their respective sæters, or *chalets*; rude huts, in which the cheese and butter are manufactured and stored during the long summer months, till the season when the approach of severe weather warns the attendants to drive their herds back again to the cover of the homesteads, and the pasture and the fodder which the sheltered valleys only can then afford. We met five or six of these parties in the course of the morning, coming from various parts of Tellemarken, it being in the first days of July that they annually flit for the mountain pastures. The distance that many of them had to go was six or seven Norsk (equal to fifty English) miles. We were delighted with this first glimpse of the pastoral habits of the people, with which we had shortly abundant opportunities of becoming familiar; and as we caught the air with which the dairy-maids summoned their straggling charge, *Roome Ufveie, Roome Ufveie*; the simple melody of the refrain "cam-avai, cam-avai," seemed to merit a place beside that of the *Ranz des Vâches*.

We passed a small lake, from which the river fell in several rapids; the valley narrowed, and we had two or three miles of wild and broken country. Then it again spread out, and the approach to Sauland, at which the church of Hjerdal was a distinguished object, through a broad level covered with most

luxuriant crops, was very beautiful. As we neared the village, we met parties of soldiers whom we supposed to be on their march to join the contingent which, with the Swedish army, was to support the Danish forces in their struggle with the German powers. We afterwards found that they belonged to the Landværn, who at this time of the year are called out for training in their several districts. Sauland is a station for this purpose. We were treated with great civility by the officers in command of the detachment, and hospitably entertained by a merchant who has a large store at this place, and at whose house the officers were quartered. We took the opportunity of replenishing our supplies of biscuit and other small luxuries, as there was no chance of our doing so again for the next 150 or 200 miles of our route. The evening parade of the detachment was held in a large field on the banks of the river, a short distance from the village. The men appeared to be smart fellows, and were steady under arms; the serjeants however accompanying their instructions with much more of energy of phrase and gesticulation than the stiff forms of our own service admit. They went through the manual and platoon exercises, which did not materially differ from ours. There was however a bayonet drill, which struck us as very serviceable. At the words "high thrust," "low thrust," "parry high," and "parry low," with others, a series of movements is

made, forming a complete system of attack and defence with that formidable weapon in hand-to-hand fight. The men seemed to enter into it with great spirit, and I understand the Norwegian army pride themselves on their proficiency in it; so much so, that the troops now at Malmö had petitioned their officers to take every opportunity of bringing them to close quarters with the Prussians, feeling great confidence in their practised use of that effective arm. It would appear that troops so drilled must, in close conflict, have a decided advantage over such as are unpractised in any regular and scientific mode of using it. It may be supposed that its introduction into our service has not been thought necessary, from the circumstance that British troops have not hitherto met an enemy disposed to cross bayonets with them, and withstand that single movement at the charge which has decided the fate of so many fields. The squads, of which there were three of eighteen or twenty file each, afterwards formed into line, and made some excellent charges across the meadow, accompanying the change of pace to double quick time with wild hurrahs.

While the parade was concluding, I strolled along the river-bank gathering wild strawberries, which abound in every part of the country, and are much larger than our wood strawberry, and of delicious flavour. My friend fished up the stream; but the trout were small, and did not rise well. The afternoon was cold, and heavy rain succeeded, of which

we had more or less daily, with few exceptions, during our rambles in this country.

The drums which beat the *réveillé* through the village at five o'clock, for the morning parade, roused us from our slumbers, and as the men fell in we were again on the march. It had rained heavily during the night, and the clouds still hung about the slopes of the hills which bordered the valley. We descended it for some time, crossing and re-crossing the stream by bridges of timber, which the Norwegian workmen are expert at framing, and are very picturesque in their appearance. The road leads into Hitterdal, the *lower*, as Hjerdal signifies the *upper*. We did not pursue it, but my companion, who visited it in 1849, represents it as presenting a similar aspect to that of Hjerdal. The most striking object is the church of Hitterdal, which is of great antiquity, and built of pine logs, in that singular and picturesque style of architecture which is peculiarly Norwegian, and on which we shall have occasion to remark in the sequel. We now turned out of the high road, and plunged once more into the forest. It spread about ten miles in the direction we took, and was one of the finest we had seen. In one part it was a sandy level, with tall pines, clear of underwood, from 70 to 100 feet in height, and of girth as large as I could span with extended arms. In others the surface was irregular, and the spruce, in the full vigour of their growth, shot out spreading boughs feathering to the ground — pyramids of

verdure. In a few places there were recent clearings. The rough shanty, the half-finished log-house; trees felled and lying in all directions, some just divested of their bark, and looking fresh and bright; half-burnt stumps, patches of barley or oats of a sickly green; some meagre drills of potatoes; a straggling cow driven by one urchin, and a goat dragged along by another, were signs and tokens of the processes by which the first settlers in the wilderness work out their well-earned independence. Considering how vast a proportion of this country is still covered by forest, and that many sections of it consist of reclaimable soil; and, again, that the population is redundant, annually seeking relief by emigration, I was surprised to find, in the course of our journey, so little done in bringing new land into cultivation.

But our rambles among forest scenery were at an end for the present. We were approaching districts in which the pine gives way to the birch; and shortly afterwards should reach elevations in which the latter also, in its most dwarfed and stunted form, would cease to appear. The Tind-Soe extends in a direct line, somewhat to the west of north, about thirty miles in length by from two to four in breadth, to the very foot of the highlands of the Tind-Fjeld and Tessun-Fjeld. Its character is still more sombre, and its enclosing ranges are loftier, than those of the Nisser-Vand. It seemed to be our fate to navigate these inland waters in storm and tempest, for it

rained heavily when we reached the little haven at the bottom of the lake, at which we embarked. But the rowers were willing and vigorous; and though it was bitterly cold, ensconced beneath the ample covering afforded by a spare sail, we suffered but little inconvenience. We hugged the left or western bank of the lake, on which, while the other presented an almost unbroken line of precipitous cliffs, there were many openings—green spots among the dark woods—which disclosed the same appearances of careful appropriation and minute culture which we had observed on the shores of the Nisser-Vand.

The question which had then suggested itself, as to the possibility of such diminutive farms affording subsistence to the inhabitants, had received some solution by our little adventure of the preceding day with the convoy in progress to the mountains. The command of a wide extent of pasture enables the Norwegian farmer to maintain a stock of cattle quite disproportioned to the size of his homestead. Soon after midsummer, as I have already observed, the cows are driven to the Fjelds, and there remain till the approach of winter. The abundance and sweetness of the herbage in those elevated regions, bring the animals into high condition, and cause a large return in the produce of the dairy, the principal source of wealth in these districts. In the mean time, every rood of greensward about home is as closely shorn as the smoothest lawn; hay is also gathered from the smallest patches of open glade on the skirts of the woods. On

the borders of the lakes and fjords, every sunny nook and platform on the ledges of the cliffs contributes its share; boat-loads of the tender sprigs of the young birch are added to the store and the whole is carefully secured. While the cattle are on the Fjeld, the after-grass of the enclosures about the homestead and the runs in the woods, has time to grow; and on these the stock is maintained till the ground is covered with snow, and the careful farmer is compelled to have recourse to the stores of fodder he has so industriously collected. His tillage land also partakes of the benefits which the means of maintaining so large a stock of cattle afford. The great quantity of manure, which he is thus enabled to collect during the winter months, secures the most luxuriant crops of rye, barley, and potatoes; and slopes which, under another system, would have barely subsisted a few half-starved cows, or afforded a scanty harvest, teemed with the richest verdure, and gave promise of abundant returns. Thus the summer pasturage of the Fjelds is of the utmost importance to the Norwegian farmer of every class. In the case of the small holder, his very existence is dependent upon it; for meagre indeed would be the pittance which the circumscribed limits of his immediate homestead would supply for his wants.

The necessity of storing his fodder and sheltering his cattle from the inclemency of a long and severe winter, and the custom of having distinct buildings for the various requirements of the farm and house-

hold (the kitchen, the bake-house, the dairy, and the store being all under separate roofs), occasion that singular aggregation of buildings,—log-houses covered with shingles, which every where appeared. The forest is at hand, and every one here is his own carpenter and builder. A single farm presented the appearance of a hamlet; and the effect of these clusters of rude tenements grouped about the homestead, their bright or mellow tone of colour contrasting with the vivid green of the enclosures, and the deeper shades of the surrounding woods, was cheerful and picturesque.

These small holdings range in extent from five to thirty or forty acres. In the broader valleys and more fertile districts, there are still estates of considerable size, notwithstanding the long period during which the principle of the partition of property among all the children of a family has prevailed. The reader is probably aware that the feudal tenure, with its right of primogeniture, and all its burdensome incidents, was never introduced into Norway. Under the Udal law, which has here existed from the earliest ages, the immediate possessor of the soil holds of no superior. He is absolute owner, subject to no rent or duties, or vexatious interference of any description. Of the effects of that system, so different from that which has prevailed, and, in some shape or measure, still subsists, throughout the greatest part of Europe, it is needless to enlarge. They are visible in the character, habits, and institutions,—the sturdy, yet quiet, feeling

of independence, — the self-possessed, but mannerly, demeanour that distinguish this primitive people.

But the other incident of the Udal tenure, which partitions the inheritance amongst all the children of a deceased proprietor, merits some passing notice. The subject is of special interest at a time when theories of a more equal distribution of property are eagerly canvassed, and the experiment is in the course of trial in a neighbouring kingdom, where the love and the frequency of change in her institutions have hitherto been more conspicuous than the benefits she has derived from it. In Norway, the division and subdivision of the land has been going on, under the law referred to, for successive generations. What have been the results as affecting the condition of her own people, — and how far can inferences be drawn from them applicable to the circumstances of other nations? Any light that can be reflected on the question, from experience of so long standing, must be valuable. A traveller is too apt, indeed, to take things as they appear on the surface, and much reliance may not be placed on his casual observations; but if he use his opportunities well, and correct his erroneous impressions by the aid of those who are able to afford him sound information, the chances are that his conclusions will be found correct.

The first and obvious remark which would occur to any one at all conversant with the present state of things in the country is, that *there* the system has, on the whole, worked well for the social condition of the

community. Certainly it has not produced that infinitesimal parcelling out of the soil, with its consequences in a wretched cultivation, an indiscriminate and hopeless mediocrity and general pauperism, which it may appear to threaten. Whether, as to political institutions, it may not have tended too far to evolve the democratic principle, is not the present question; other opportunities may occur of making some remarks on that part of the subject. But so far as concerns the internal economy, the comfort and well-being of families, and the social bearing of the different classes of society towards each other, the division of property, so far as it has taken place (and it has not gone by any means the length which might have been anticipated), appears to have worked satisfactorily. What have been the checks to the natural consequences of the operation of the principle of equal distribution,—what has been the corrective power, the compensation balance, that has preserved, in some degree, an equilibrium in the progressive movement,—I have not been fortunate enough to find sufficiently explained. The provision of the Udal law, which makes it competent to any of the kindred of the proprietor in possession to redeem the land which he has sold or alienated, may have some effect in keeping together the family inheritance. The effect of this Odelsbaarn ret, as it is called, is evidently to entail, in a certain degree, the land upon the kindred of the Udalman. Of late, the exercise of this right of redemption has been limited

to five years from the period of sale; and the value of all improvements, as well as the original price paid for the purchase, must be repaid.

It has been said also, that the consolidation of properties by marriage, in a considerable degree, makes amends for the dispersion to which it is liable. But the main corrective to the evil tendency of the system, I am inclined to think, is to be found in the independent character of the Norwegian peasant. If his portion of the family estate be not sufficient to support him, as a separate farm, he neither will, nor can, perhaps, consistently with the prevailing feeling *, sink lower in the scale; and he sells his share to his

* This feeling appears to pervade all classes. "Agricultural labour also, especially on the simple footing on which it stands in Norway, carries with itself a preventive check on the excess of population, which labour applied to other branches of industry has not. The labour in husbandry is carried on principally by *housemen*. These have a house and land, generally held on lease for the life of the houseman and his wife, for which they pay a rent, principally in working so many days upon the main farm. These attached holdings have generally enclosed lands to raise corn and potatoes, which, with the pasturage of a couple of cows and some sheep or goats, suffices for the maintenance of the labourer's family. But their standard of living is comparatively so high, and the minimum of accommodation for a working man's family, according to the notions and customs of the country, is so considerable, that the unmarried must wait, as house-servants, until a houseman's place falls vacant, before they can marry."—*Laing*.

I met but one beggar during the whole of my rambles in Norway. Paupers are maintained by being attached to the farms; one or more, in proportion to the extent of the land, being employed in cutting fire-wood, and other light work, in return for their subsistence.

co-inheritor, and shifts for himself. Hence there is a continual stream of emigration to the United States. But it occurred to me, that the vast ranges of the fjelds, which intersect, and are accessible from almost all districts of, this country, have an important influence on its general, as well as its rural economy. Not that, like the waste lands in other regions, they afford settlements for a redundant population; for three-fourths of the year they are sealed up with frost and covered with, for that period, perpetual snow. But those immense, and seemingly inexhaustible fields of pasturage are supplementary to the enclosed and cultivated farms in the valleys; so that the smallest of these, or a fraction of ten or a dozen acres severed from a larger estate, which would not of themselves afford the means of decent existence to a family, are with this appurtenance sufficient for that purpose.

However that may be, it is abundantly evident that there are, so to speak, centripetal forces in action in this country, which counteract the tendency to split into fragments indefinitely more and more minute, which the main principle of Norwegian policy with regard to its territorial arrangements would appear to involve.

But although the effects of this peculiar distribution of property may not have been injurious in this particular instance, it does not follow that its adoption in other countries differently circumstanced, would be attended with equal success. It is said: " See its

effects, after being in operation from the earliest ages upon the condition of society in this remote corner of the civilised world!" — "It exhibits what France and America will be a thousand years hence." Now, it may be allowed that some of the causes which tend to check the too great subdivision of property under this system, are of universal application. The case also of America is peculiar; a new country, with half a continent in store to meet the wants of those of its citizens who from whatever cause are led to migrate from their original seats. That of a densely populated and highly civilised European nation is surely very different. It is because the state of things one sees in Norway *has been* the growth of a thousand years, that it works so harmoniously and has produced so little inconvenience. For a long period, while the population was scanty, there was room enough and to spare, either in a divided inheritance or in fresh fields for industry. There have been no privileged classes to be stripped of their rights, or sink by slow degrees under the operation of the law to the common level. The national character and local circumstances have contributed to the preservation of a safe equilibrium; and as the land is not held together in large masses, so there are few portions so reduced as to be below the means of supporting a family in comfort, according to the ideas and habits of the country. The disruption of the old frame of a society differently constituted, in order to bring about an equalisation of property, cannot be likely to be

attended by similar results. Neither the peasant of Auvergne, starving in the empty pride of ownership on his *hectaire* of vineyard, nor the cottier of Connaught, indolently extracting a wretched subsistence from a few roods of conacre, can be assimilated to the independent yeoman of Norway; and, to my apprehension, little encouragement is afforded to the prosecution of agrarian theories by her example, if all the circumstances of the case be duly considered.

I am, perhaps, exceeding a traveller's privilege while dwelling on the reflections to which the little farms, scattered in the hollows of the shores of the Tind-Soe, gave rise; bright spots in its rugged scenery, on which the eye rested with delight, and to which the contemplation of the comparatively happy lot of their favoured tenants — thrice happy if they know it — lent a deeper interest!

But the sky clears: we land about midcourse on the pebbly beach of a jutting point in the lake. We are glad to stretch our limbs, cramped by the cold and by our constrained position in the narrow boat. Our stores furnish a lump of gannel-ost; a dry cheese, somewhat of the flavour of Parmesan; and a bottle of London stout, from the cellars of Herr Holst at Sauland, which serves to relish and wash down the husky flad-bröd. The boatmen put aside their flasks of buttermilk, and make a first acquaintance with XX. They pronounce it excellent, and pledge us in the toast of "Gamlé Norgé." We embark again: our usual luck pursues us; the rain descends in

torrents; the scenery becomes more and more wild and stern. The mountains close in towards the head of the lake; lumpy masses of the fjeld, broadly streaked with snow, seen dimly through mist and cloud. At length we open a deep inlet on the western shore: a few hearty strokes, and we sheer alongside a rough pier. The boatmen drop their oars; their task is done. Twenty-four miles in such weather, over rough water and against frequent currents, had tried their mettle. They have the long channel to retrace; and weary and late they will moor their little skiff at Tindoset, the haven at the foot of the lake.

Clambering up the steep and slippery bank, we find a house on the summit, the abode of a blacksmith: he possesses a boat, but is in no hurry to set us forward on our way. After some delay, we prevail on him to pull us up the inlet, some two miles, to Moel, where the river Maan debouches into the Tind-Soe. We find here a little church and some houses; but the appearance of every thing is most dreary. We shoulder our knapsacks and ascend the left bank of the stream. This lower part of the valley of the Maan, or as it is called the Westfiordalen, presents features of the wildest, combined with some of the softest character. The enclosing mountains are of great elevation, folding in at intervals and appearing to interdict any further progress. In front frowns the enormous mass of Gousta-Fjeld, its base only visible, for two-thirds of its height are lost in the

clouds. It still poured in torrents. The river ran rapid and full through a narrow margin of meadow of the most delicate green, shut in by the almost perpendicular ranges, and divided by the outstretching folds of the mountains. The channel was broken by fairy islands of level green sward, tufted with dwarf birch, a spiral spruce here and there cutting the softer outline. Through this charming scenery we ascend the valley for about six miles; we pass a wood of old gnarled birch-trees; we turn a point, and see just beyond the little hamlet or village of Däl, among the scattered buildings of which the church and giesthuus, painted a deep red, were easily distinguished.

CHAPTER V.

VALLEY OF THE MAAN. — GOUSTA-FJELD. — NORWEGIAN STUDENTS.
 — PREPARATIONS FOR CROSSING THE HARDANGER-FJELD. —
 RJUKAN-FOSS.

FROM Däl we were to visit the Rjukan-Foss. It was the base of our operations for crossing the Hardanger-Fjeld: there we had planned to pass the following day. It was our point of departure for a line of country little frequented, and we had to arrange the steps of our further progress. Speculations as to what awaited us, such as often occupy the traveller when feeling his way through unknown tracts, had been rife, as, wet and weary, we plodded our way up the valley of the Maan in a deluge of rain, which did not damp our enthusiasm at its wild and beautiful scenery. We were not disappointed: in that unpretending giest-huus we found not merely shelter and rest and warmth, but the most anxious care for our smallest wants and wishes, and unexpectedly good company in the persons of some students from Christiania, who, with the habits common to their class on the Continent, were spending their vacation in a pedestrian excursion. Stripped of our sodden garments, and our immediate behests supplied, one of these was added to our councils. Our travelling

maps were compared, the difficulties of the enterprise canvassed, and the line of our march chalked out from the best lights we could obtain, though these were but doubtful and imperfect. It had been our original design to cross from the valley of the Maan to the Miös-Vand, and to follow its shores to the highest point at which it approached the foot of the mountains, where we thought it probable that we should be able to procure the assistance of some of the peasants, to whom the passes were known, in crossing the Hardanger-Fjeld to Kinservig or Ullensvang, villages on the other side, from which the route might easily be continued in the direction of Bergen. This appeared the most direct line; and, as far as we could then judge from the course of the streams traced on our maps, it seemed practicable. The only account we could meet with of the passage of this Fjeld by any former traveller was that of Mr. Elliott*, who, with two companions, in July, 1830, crossed it from Tessundal to Kinservig. They were four days in making the passage, lost their way in the snow, and had nearly perished. The highest point of their route was about 4000 feet above the level of the sea. This account was somewhat disheartening; but the same line had been traced for us by our kind host, the pasteur of Nissidal; and we were prepared to follow it on such authority, notwithstanding the difficulties, and though it involved

* "Letters from the North of Europe." London, 1832.

the retracing our steps, after visiting the Rjukan-Foss, down the Westfiordalen to the head of the Tind-Soe, and the journey from thence to Tessundal, a circuit of sixty miles, which would not bring us nearer to the foot of the fjeld than our present position. Our satisfaction therefore was great at finding from the result of our present inquiries, that the scheme we had originally projected in my fellow-traveller's drawing-room at — was actually practicable; that we should not have to retrace our steps, but could reach the shores of the Miös-Vand, visiting the Rjukan-Foss in our way, in an easy day's journey; and there, at the house of a farmer to whom our host would furnish us with an introduction, should procure all the aids necessary for the prosecution of our adventure.

This affair adjusted, we were prepared to abandon ourselves to the quiet enjoyment which a day's sojourn amidst the scenery of this romantic valley promised. At an early hour my friend was busy with his rod on the bank of the river, which ran eddying round the green plot of two or three acres on which the church and giest-huus stood. The morning was bright. While dressing, I watched from my chamber windows the lights and shadows as they flitted over the broad flank of Gousta-Fjeld. Clouds still hung about it; but descending to the little green, I could thence perceive its summit, which from this point of view presented the appearance of a truncated cone. It was surrounded by a bold escarpment of cliff's fur-

rowed into channels filled with snow, between the white streaks of which the bare ridges of rock projected at seemingly regular intervals, forming a wreathed diadem, fitting the giant monarch that towered over a vast extent of the surrounding country. The fjelds of Norway bear no comparison with those extended ranges of sharp-defined outline and with elevated peaks which, seen at a vast distance, form such magnificent features in other Alpine scenery. Gousta-Fjeld, though its height is only 5540 feet, is perhaps the most insulated of the Norwegian mountains. From the base of the cliffs which crown its summit the slopes fall away in one bold sweep to the level of the valley of the Maan, its lower region being clothed with woods. The eye embraced its noble proportions at one view.

From this magnificent spectacle I was summoned to breakfast. The collegians were our guests: we were able to give them trout from the river, fresh eggs, English chocolate, and a bowl of wild strawberries which were just coming into season here, in addition to the preparations of meal and the milk and cream, the staple of a Norwegian repast. We were *bons camarades*, as associates of the fraternity of wayfarers with scrip and staff; and there was an *esprit du corps* between us as university men. From the present specimens, and from others whose acquaintance I had subsequently the good fortune to make, I am ready to think that Oxford has no reason to disdain one of the youngest of her sisters. The university

of Christiania was founded in 1811, by Frederic VI., king of Denmark and Norway. The system is that which is universal on the Continent, of lectures by professors, and frequent examinations to test the proficiency of the student at successive stages. Freshmen bring with them a certificate from the rector of the high school at which they have been educated, and are besides subjected to a pretty severe examination, the *examinatio artium*. After a time they go out in the faculty of the profession for which they are intended, as *Theologus*, *Jurist*, *Medicus*. The professors are very able men, and hold a distinguished rank in society. The university is endowed with considerable revenues in land, and receives liberal support from votes of the Storthing. Though the students reside in private lodgings in the town, and out of the halls of lecture the authorities exercise little or no supervision, they are well conducted, have nothing of the vulgar swagger of the *Burschen* of Germany, do not glorify themselves in drunken brawls, and are by no means likely to take the lead in the construction of barricades. I have good reason to think that their average acquirements are considerably above the level of those of the *οἱ πολλοί* with us; though for depth and refinement in classical reading, and for mathematical acumen, I should consider that the class-men of our universities are decidedly superior. Our young friend, who had assisted at our councils of the preceding evening, was intelligent and inquiring; he was designed for the church. Upon

obtaining his certificate in Theology, he would acquire the title of *Candidatus*: he would then be a candidate for his turn to a vacant living. Succession by seniority is the general rule, but a good *testamur* will shorten the period of probation. In the mean time the *candidatus* obtains employment as schoolmaster or tutor, and sometimes as assistant to the incumbents of the larger parishes. The expenses of a university course are not great; as there are few or no fees; and the humble student can procure his board and lodging at Christiania, for ten or twelve dollars per month.

It is the custom in Norway for educated persons to acquire some one modern language, either French, English, or German. Our friend had learnt a little English in the intervals of his other studies. He was kind enough to add to our vocabulary of words and phrases in the vernacular, and to give us a lesson on pronunciation in the popular idiom, of which we found the benefit. Part of the morning was also consumed in elaborating the letter of introduction from our host of Däl to his friend on the Miös-Vand, which the student translated for us. Being a curiosity of its kind, I subjoin the English version for the amusement of the reader:—

“GOOD GUNNUF,

“Hereby are sent you two Englishmen, in the intention, if you yourself, together with two horses to ride on, are entreated, to show them the way over

the mountain, the straightest way to Ullensvang, or if there be no such straight way to that place, then the well known way to Eifjord is to be taken. If you should not have time (be at leisure) to execute this journey, and to procure for the aforesaid Englishmen two riding-horses, please then to set a righteous man in your place; and let all be done in such a manner that we both may be known (acknowledged) to be serviceable, just (trustworthy), and not extravagant men, and that we, by doing so, may acquire the honour of being able to direct other men to you in the same intention.

“OLE TORGENSEN.

“Däl, the 28th July, 1848.

“*To the worthy Gunnuf Svensen at Vaagen.*”

The good Olaf had, it will have appeared, a shrewd eye for business, as well as a proper sense of what was necessary for maintaining the national character in the eye of strangers; but it is only just to say, that his anticipations were fully realised; and that future tourists may rely with confidence on the good offices and fair dealing, not only of these individuals, but, as I have abundant reason to believe, of most others of their class, wherever they may be disposed to direct their steps in rambles through this romantic country.

Thus passed some hours of the morning. The rest of the day was spent on the banks of the river,

and in rambling through the woods, and climbing the slopes of Gousta-Fjeld*, in a happy state of quiet enjoyment to which past toils, and the anticipation of the still severer labours on which we were about

* We did not make the ascent of Gousta-Fjeld. My fellow-traveller with the two companions of his second journey accomplished it in the summer of 1849. They crossed the fjeld in approaching Däl by a different route from that which we pursued in the preceding year. After leaving Sauland, instead of crossing the forest to the foot of the Tind-Soe, they took at once a northerly course to the little mountain lake of the Tudal-vand, by the shore of which they passed the night in a log-cabin. On the following morning they continued up the glen for about four miles, passing another lake. They then struck up the side of the mountain, a tremendous ascent of 2000 feet, to the level of the fjeld. There was a wild lake at the foot of the cone of Gousta, on the bank of which was an untenanted sæter, where they they left their knapsacks. Continuing the ascent, they soon reached the first snow. It lay in large patches, which they crossed to the borders of a half-frozen lake, surrounded by lofty precipices; one of the wildest scenes imaginable. The ascent of the cone was difficult and fatiguing. For about a thousand feet they slowly toiled up a deep hollow filled with snow, at the top of which there was a zone of bare and rugged rocks. Surmounting this, they at last gained the summit; a long ridge covered with new and unsullied snow, the edge of which was so narrow that "one may sit astride the top, each leg hanging over a descent of upwards of 5000 feet." During the whole of the ascent the party had been involved in a dense fog, and the cold on the summit was intense. They were, however, compelled to rest a while after their fatigue. In descending, the downward leaps from crag to crag over the zone of rocks were tedious and difficult; but they slid down the slope of snow in a few minutes, which it had cost them an hour to ascend, and they ultimately debouched into the valley of the Maan at Däl, through the noble forest which clothes the base of the mountain.

to enter, gave additional zest. What an air of pure serenity pervaded that high and secluded Däl! How charming were the sunny glades which wound among the tangled thickets, carpeted with a profusion of wild-flowers, and overspread with beds of the delicate wood strawberry! And how magnificent was the forest that clothed the base of the mountain! Like others I have mentioned, too remote to have been invaded by man, time and tempest were the only agencies which brought its honours low; and it presented the grand and touching features which distinguish the primeval forest: the great bulk of single trees which had withstood the storms of more than a hundred winters; the picturesque appearance of others which, uprooted, hung suspended athwart the upright stems of a younger generation, whose united strength seemed to totter under the weight of the enormous mass—image of youth supporting age; and, most striking of all, those hoary giants of the forest which lay prostrate in every stage of decay. We had here an opportunity of correcting our estimate of the height to which the pine rears itself in favoured situations. We had not miscalculated; it required sixty of our paces to measure the length of some of these recumbent piles. We planted our foot on the trunk of one which still preserved its rounded proportions; the sapless fibre gave way beneath the puny impulse, and the foot was plunged into the heart of what, wrought into the timbers of a gallant ship, would have proudly shaken off the surges of a hurri-

cane. Thus all that is lofty, all that is strong, all that is mighty, must at last come to dust!*

* The striking points of the scenery of this neighbourhood were so little known a quarter of a century ago, even to the natives of the neighbouring districts, that the author of "Derwent Conway's Narrative," who had heard some tradition of the existence of a great waterfall somewhere in the ranges at the head of the Miös-Vand, after attempting its discovery in vain, gave up the search. In looking over the *Dagbog* at Däl, which in Norway is an official document, the first names of English visitors discovered were in 1824. None afterwards appeared till 1827, when those of Lords Lothian, Clanwilliam and H. Kerr occurred in one party. The following year there were three visitors. Then came, in 1829, the Marquis of Hastings; and, in 1830, eight English names are inscribed, including those of Mr. Elliott, who published an account of his journey, and Mr. Shore. For fifteen succeeding years there seems to have been hardly a single visitor. In August, 1845, the Rev. M. W. Mayo was here, accompanied by the Rev. Alfred Smith, who has lately given to the world a splendid volume of drawings sketched during his tour. Since that time it appeared that we were the only English visitors, except, be it recorded to their honour, some ladies of the name of Vivian. If I were asked whether English ladies could be recommended to undertake a tour in Norway, I should be disposed to reply, that much of its most interesting scenery may be visited, not only with perfect safety, but without any particular privations or grounds of apprehension, by such as are not very fastidious on the score of accommodations, have a reasonable share of courage and enterprise, and are prepared to place implicit confidence in their conductors. Suitable carriages may be procured in the great towns; and on the post-roads there would be little difficulty in so arranging the day's journey as to secure proper resting-places for the night. The more enterprising might even reach the Rjukan-Foss, and other points diverging from the main lines of road, if provision could be made previously for securing saddle-horses from some of the nearest farms. In such case English side-saddles should, if possible, form part of the equipments for the adventure.

At half-past three on the following morning, the sun was already shining on the fluted coronal of Gousta-Fjeld, a light and almost imperceptible gray cloud floating over its summit. We hurried the preparations for departure; and taking a most cordial leave of our friendly collegians, who much regretted that they could not join our party, and were to descend the valley of the Maan to the Tind-Soe (having reached Däl by the charming vales of Ammotsdal and Flatdal), we took our way up the valley in a north-east direction. For some miles we wound through green meadows and patches of corn, with scattered homesteads, which occupied the narrow limits between the river and the inclosing mountains. Then, having passed a little hamlet, the scenery became more rugged, and we struck into a wood of dwarf birch, overhanging the stream which thundered below, its course being broken by frequent rapids. Turning back at an angle in the ascent, Gousta-Fjeld rose to our view, over the folds that shut out the lower ranges of the valley, in its full majesty; not now as seen from the village of Däl, but towering up to the entire height of its stately cone, the apex of which, tipped with snow, appeared slightly indented, broad white patches overspreading its sides. While my friend was hastily sketching the outline of this splendid scene, I sauntered on till, turning another point, my eye caught a faint cloud floating on the horizon, where the line of dark cliffs closed in the head of the valley, five or six miles distant. It was so slight and evanescent,





that whether it were of earth or of heaven, would have appeared doubtful to any one less eagerly on the watch for the first indications of our approach to the cataract. Unwilling to forestall the enjoyment of a scene from which we anticipated so much gratification, I retraced my steps, and joyously announced my discovery. Then, as we proceeded onward, and step by step the features of that glorious scene were more and more distinctly unfolded, our enthusiasm was raised to the highest pitch. As yet, but for that small pillar of cloud, we should have been uncertain from what point the cataract, of which we began to catch the distant roar, would burst upon the eye.

But independently of the Fall, the scenery towards the head of the valley was of extreme interest. The hills swept round in a wide semicircle, the chord of which was an isthmus of vivid green, which struck out from one of the lower slopes, and stretched almost across the level of the valley. Right over, but beyond this, appeared the barrier ridge of precipitous cliffs, through a chasm in which the river finds its way. Far above, on one side, were reared prodigious masses of naked rock, in bluffs of bold outline, from the bases of which fell away green slopes, which lost themselves in the valley in gentle undulations. Some bristled with the zig-zag outline of firs, and others were feathered with pendulous birch; forming, with the long isthmus of meadow, the fore-ground of the picture. On the other side, the folds of the hills were clothed to their summit with pine forest. In

the back ground towered over all the rounded mass of one of the Fjelds, far away to the south-west, in the direction of the Miös-Vand. On our right, the top of the pass by which the upland country is gained from the valley of the Maan was just perceptible, as it rounded one of the bold summits through a chasm in the encircling outline of hills. Such was the picture, the details of which gradually unfolded themselves, as we threaded the banks of the ravine, with the ever-varying effects of colour, and light and shade, and amidst the increasing roar of the cataract. The peculiar character of the whole, as it struck me, was graceful and harmonious; not without a certain air of majesty, but not reaching that highest point of magnificent grandeur, which rendered other and more wild and savage scenes truly sublime.

After about two miles from our first point of view, the picture which I have endeavoured to sketch was completed, by the insertion of the central object—the Fall itself; in front of which the course of the road then brought us. Among its most striking features were two masses of perpendicular rock, each at least 500 feet high, which, springing from opposite sides, stood out in bold relief, the outworks of the escarped cliff, through a chasm in which the cataract pours. These massive columns formed the entrance,—the gigantic portals,—of a vast chamber which receives the flood of waters. Their sharp angular outline contrasted strongly with the slopes and swells of the surrounding heights, and the clouds of vapour

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that curled around their summits. But who shall penetrate the depths of that dim cavern, and tell all the wonders of one of Nature's most mysterious shrines! What pen or pencil can adequately depict the ever-varying play of those clouds of spray which filled the chamber, — eddying, whirling, drifted to and fro by the slightest breeze; and which floated light as air over the boiling cauldron that foamed beneath!

Equally impossible is it to convey more than a faint idea of the body of the cataract as it was precipitated in one vast column into the depths below. Talk of body; — it was water spiritualised. Its nature seemed to have been changed in its passage down the rapids and along the tortuous channel, the course of which was marked by jets of steam, and in which it chafed above the Fall. Thus elaborated and charged with air, it broke over the precipice, not so much in a continuous sheet as in successive wreaths of white vapour, which seemed to drop from the summit, fold after fold, so light and buoyant, that the element appeared to have lost its specific gravity; and, rebounding from the dark caverns beneath, rolled up again in those fantastic shapes I have just mentioned. The discharge of each successive wave of the mighty torrent was accompanied by a hissing sound, from which the fall derives its name of Rjukan, the steaming or *reeking* foss — the hoarse breathings of the mysterious spirit which, with unwearied energy, has worked since time was in that marvellous laboratory,

and, with ceaseless throbs, will yet discharge those mingled volumes of steam and water, until that final catastrophe, when some yet mightier power of nature shall dissolve even the solid framework of those granite cliffs.

It may have been a fanciful idea, but I imagined that the depth of the Fall might be calculated from the intervals of its mighty pulsations. It has been variously estimated at from 450 to 900 feet, the latter being probably the most correct account. Its volume of water is very great; and the author of "Derwent Conway's Narrative" was under a misapprehension when, disappointed in his search, he concluded that, from the short course the rivers must necessarily have, owing to the vicinity of the Hardanger-Fjeld chain, in which they take their rise, there could be no Fall of great magnitude in this district. He appears not to have been aware that the Maan, which here discharges its waters, is the drain of the Miös-Vand, a lake thirty miles in length. Its course before it enters the Vand, during which it receives numerous streams, fed by the springs and melted snows on the fjeld, and connects a chain of lakes and tarns, — inexhaustible reservoirs, high up in the hollows of the mountain, — is upwards of fifty miles. At its junction with the Miös, the river is as broad as the Wye at Ross. It will, therefore, be easily conceived, that the volume of water from these sources would amply supply, and give full effect to, even a greater fall than that of the Rjukan. In the traditions of which

Derwent Conway speaks (and "at present," he says, "they can be called nothing better"), the height of the waterfall, supposed to exist somewhere in the Hardanger-Fjeld, was stated at 900 feet, which he thinks quite incredible. The report had probable reference to the Voring-Foss, on the other side of the fjeld, which *has* a fall of 900 feet. But the levels of the country on this side the fjeld, are quite sufficient to allow a fall of the supposed height. The Tind-Soe is 628 feet above the level of the sea; the Miös-Vand is 2844 feet;—a great rise in the course of about thirty-five miles, which accounts for the fine effects of scenery in the valley and the river of the Maan, which connects the two lakes. Indeed, the stream in the gorge of the mountains below the Fall, from the point where we entered the birch wood, for some miles is one continued rapid, the declivity being very great. Still, whatever may be the exact level at the foot of the cataract, the difference between that and the level of the Miös (which, as already stated, is about 2100 feet), would, after allowing for the fall in the course of the river between that lake and the Rjukan, admit of a waterfall of more than a thousand feet. And such would be the height of the Foss, if the river were now dammed up to the level of the ground above the present fall, instead of having worked a channel through the rocky ridge by a deep chasm, in which it precipitates itself into the valley; so that, in the supposition entertained, there was nothing impossible, either from the volume of water, or

the general range of the country. However, the Rjukan, such as it was eventually discovered to be, fully answered our utmost expectations ; and as we hoped to visit the Voring, on the other side of the chain, we should have an opportunity of satisfying ourselves whether the addition of a few hundred feet, if such were the fact, would give that increased effect to the magnificence of the scene which might be imagined, but which clearly depended upon other circumstances than the mere height of the fall.

The usual point for a near view of the Foss is from a little grassy platform which juts out from the right bank, at about two-thirds of its height. We reached this, diverging from the horse-road we had hitherto pursued, by clambering for a mile or two over a succession of woody ridges. The ascent was steep and difficult, and the heat excessive, and I was glad to throw myself panting on the grass, hanging over the precipice, where the eye could embrace all the details of the matchless scene ; while my younger and more adventurous companion plunged into the thicket, and scrambled down to the base of the cliffs. We had been told of a track by which it was possible to gain the upper country without returning to the road which leads by a circuitous route to the pass I have before mentioned. We pursued this track along the inclined planes of slippery rock, which shelved into the basin at the foot of the Fall, by fissures and ledges which barely afforded a footing ; climbing from shelf to shelf, and holding on by the stunted bushes and

projecting points of the cliffs, where either offered a precarious aid. Over-hanging rocks, rising precipitously above, and the thundering torrent a thousand feet below, — it required all our nerve, agility, and perseverance. A false step would have been fatal.*

* This track is called the *Marie-Sti* or *Marie-Stein*, Mary's path or cliff, a name connecting it with the memory of a young maiden, whose story yet lives in the traditions of the neighbouring peasants. I cannot do better than give *Miss Bremer's* version of the legend: —

“It was by this path that the beautiful Mary of Westfiordalen, strong in the courage of love, went with light fearless step to meet the friend of her childhood, Ejsteen Halfoordsen. But the avarice of her father separated them, and Mary's tears and prayers prevailed upon her lover to fly, to escape the plot formed by a treacherous rival against his life. Years passed, and Mary was firm in her constancy. Her father died; Ejsteen had, by his valour and nobleness, made his former enemy his friend; and, after their long separation, the lovers were to meet again, never more to be parted. Ejsteen hastened by the shortest way over the Marie-Stein to meet his beloved. Long had she watched for him. She saw him coming, and his name burst from her with a joyful cry. He saw her, stretched his arms eagerly towards her, as his soul rushed to meet her, and forgot that he had not wings. He fell — and the Rjukan whirled him into its foaming depths.

“For many years after this, a pale form, in whose beautiful eyes a quiet madness spoke, wandered daily on the Marie-Stein, and seemed to talk with some one in the abyss below. She ever returned from her wanderings with a mournful pleasure in her eyes, and said, ‘I have spoken with him, and he begged me to come every day and tell him that I live. It were wrong to deny him this — he is so good, and loves me so truly.’

“Thus she went till silver hair floated round her wrinkled cheeks; thus she went till a merciful voice summoned her to joy and rest in the arms of her beloved.

“So long as Gousta stands, and the Rjukan sends forth its

Midway there stood a single pine, which, planted in a crevice of the bare rock, stretched its scathed and shattered limbs towards the yawning gulph, over which it leant, blasted, tempest-torn, yet firmly rooted in the fissure. Leaning in security against its massive trunk, we rested for some instants, and then, resuming the struggle, followed the perilous track which, after about a mile of ascent, landed us on the level of the country above the Foss.

It was a tract of moorland, rough with coarse herbage, and encumbered with masses of rock. The character of the scenery was altogether changed. The pine-woods gave place to dwarf birch and willow. There was a new flora, of hues the most brilliant and enchanting; and the uplands spread far away, in undulating folds, towards the blue ranges of the distant Fjelds. Hitherto, though our track had at times been elevated in crossing from one Däl to another, it had not yet taken us above the region of the pine. Thus far we had travelled through districts which offered to our notice some of the most striking of the forest and däl scenery of Norway. What more interesting than the rich Norwegian däl! Beautiful the scenes of the Nid,—of Sillejord, Hjerdal, Tind-Soe, and, lastly, of the Maan Elv, most captivating of all,—which we had just left. But pure and exhilarating was the air of this elevated region after the sultry atmosphere

thunder-song, will the memory of Marie-Stein live, and its tales of joy and sorrow be related." — *Strife and Peace*, by Frederica Bremer, pp. 37, 38.

of the defile we had threaded at noontide; boundless was the prospect of blue moorland and snow-capped fjeld; and pleasant was the anticipation of pastoral scenes, the only token of civilised existence in those immense solitudes on which we were now entering.*

We had lingered so much about the Foss, and the exit from the valley had been so difficult and fatiguing, that it was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the summit of the pass. There was no other habitation of which we had any information within forty or fifty miles, but the "good Gunnuf's," at Vaagen, and that was yet fourteen miles distant. But the first sæters, the dairy-huts of the summer pasturage, could not be far off, and there we should obtain refreshment, of which we stood in great need. Weary seemed the almost trackless way over moorland, bog, and shingles, and the hollows of grassy basins, generally encompassing a small lake or tarn; till on the banks of one of these, surrounded by gently

* My fellow-traveller, with two other friends, again visited the Rjukan-Foss in the month of July, 1849, and made their bivouack near the foot of the Fall; as we had found in our Rambles of the preceding year the walk from Däl to the shore of the Miös (including the examination of the Foss from the various points of view above and below) too heavy a day's work. The night was cold; but with a blazing pile of pine logs, the resources of their haversacks and canteens, and a soft bed of birch spray, the travellers made themselves comfortable and slept soundly, notwithstanding their vicinity to the unceasing thunders of the Fall. They were fortunate in seeing it spanned by a rainbow of the most brilliant hues, which appeared to rest on the massive abutments that flank each side of the Foss.

sloping hills, on which herds of cows were grazing, appeared the wished-for cluster of shielings. A pig and a goat were excluded from one of these, to make room for unaccustomed visitors; and, seated on a rough log, we drained, at single draughts, the bowl of delicious milk which was hospitably proffered. It contained at least half-a-gallon. The milk of these upland dairies, though of the richest, is so light, that it never seemed to burthen the stomach. The evening's meal of milk was seething in a huge iron pot, suspended over a rude hearth, which occupied the corner beside the entrance. Shelves, pinned to the rough logs which formed the walls, were spread with bowls of milk and cream, and piles of cheese. Two fair-haired damsels conducted the ministrations. Nothing could exceed their good humour, except, perhaps, their surprise at the unwonted appearance of strangers and Englishmen. They laughed at every word we addressed to them, and pressed us to repeat our draught; and it was not without great reluctance they accepted the small coin we presented in acknowledgment of their hospitality, — a thing evidently unlooked for and unaccustomed.

Thus refreshed, "we went on our way," as John Bunyan says of his pilgrims, "rejoicing." The shades of evening came on before we reached our destination. Nothing broke the deep solitude but the tinkling bells of cows browsing on the upland pastures, and the plover's melancholy cry, as it started before our path. Occasionally appeared, on some distant ridge, the

rough figures of herdsmen, collecting their lowing charge for the nightly shelter. At length we caught sight of the dark Miös, shrouded in the deep gloom with which the lofty mountains, which rose from its western shore, overshadowed it. On its bank stood the solitary habitation which was to be our resting-place. A sharp burst from the watch-dogs announced the approach of strangers, and the "good Gunnuf," a burly highland farmer, came forth and gave us welcome.

CHAPTER VI.

MOUNTAIN FARMS.—GUIDE PROCURED FOR PASSING THE FJELD.—DIET OF MILK AND MEAL.—HABITS OF THE PEASANTS.—COAST THE MIÖS-VAND.—ITS CHARACTER OF SECLUSION.—EFFECT OF THE GREAT HEIGHT OF THE MOUNTAINS.—COMPARISON WITH SWISS SCENERY.—VALLEY ABOVE THE LAKE.—EVENING SCENES AT THE FOOT OF THE HARDANGER-FJELD.—PREPARATIONS FOR CROSSING IT.

THE house at Vaagen was a gloomy-looking but substantial structure, the rough logs of which it was framed having acquired the tint of age and exposure to the weather. Towards the lake there were some small inclosures of tillage, but the soil appeared sterile. The whole wealth of these upland farmers consists in their stocks of cattle, principally cows. Our first care regarded the means of our further progress, and the "good Gunnuf" soon set us at rest on this essential point. He could not undertake the passes to Ullensvang or Kinservig, but would be able to conduct us to Ejsfiord in three days. The passage was now practicable, and, if the weather continued fine, could be accomplished without any serious inconvenience. The first night we might rest at a lone farm near the head of the Miös, and immediately at the foot of the Hardanger-Fjeld. He

could supply us with a pack-horse for the baggage and necessary provisions, and could procure another, if it should prove needful, at the first day's resting-place. His demand for the service was ten dollars; terms so moderate as entirely to realise, in this respect also, the anticipations of his friend, Olaf Torgenson.

This matter adjusted, it only remained to make present provision for food and rest. The produce of the dairy, milk, cream, butter and ch ese, with piles of flad-br d, were abundantly supplied; but further than this, there was not even an egg or a *fisk* to be had. But, with the addition from our own stores of a porringer of hot *bouill * and some wheaten rusks, there was no lack of materials for a plentiful meal. The family sleeping berth, a large inclosed cot, was in one corner of the kitchen; but that was relinquished in compliment to the strangers, the inmates betaking themselves to some of the numerous outbuildings attached to the farm. However, it was not to be thought of as a couch for us; and our *g te* was prepared by sweeping the floor and thickly covering it with bundles of fresh juniper boughs; so far, a softer or more fragrant couch could hardly be desired. But over these they proceeded to spread prepared sheep-skins, and coverlets of woollen rugs of so suspicious an aspect, that after the family had retired, and we were left alone in the wide apartment, in the corner of which the birch

faggots still shot forth a flickering light from the hearth, we removed the most objectionable of the upper layers, and stretched ourselves in our clothes before the fire. It would have been well for us if we had altogether discarded the sheep-skins, for we passed a restless and most uncomfortable night. With the earliest dawn we were busily engaged in freeing ourselves from our unwelcome visitors; but our usual copious ablutions restored the feeling of freshness, and, notwithstanding our loss of rest, strung our muscles for renewed exertions.

It is highly expedient that travellers in such a country should be able to make a very early and substantial breakfast; for, beyond what their wallets may contain, and a chance bowl of milk by the way, there is little hope of their meeting with any refreshment till nightfall brings them to their intended place of rest. Rashers and steaks, and such relishes, we had learnt to think of as things belonging to another state of existence. But there was one never-failing dish on which we constantly relied, and than which, when it is properly prepared, a more wholesome and satisfying meal cannot be found. The materials for its composition were everywhere to be met with; it was quickly prepared, and afforded much nutriment and sustenance. It is not an exclusively Norwegian dish; they call it *Gröd*, but it is probably well known to many of my readers under the familiar names of oatmeal-porridge, or stir-about. But

those who either have not tried it, or know it only as unskilfully prepared, will have no reason to complain of my devoting a few lines to the humble task of recommending to their notice one of the most simple of culinary processes, if only they should be induced to make the experiment of giving it a trial. To the traveller it is invaluable; to the man of sedentary habits, bilious, dyspeptic, a prey to all the ills which a town life entails on the human system, its adoption will afford more relief than the best prescription of his physician. Add only a slice of rye-bread, or, if that cannot be procured, of a wheaten loaf made of flour from which no part of the bran has been extracted, and the practice will do more for his health than all the drugs of the chemist. See that hale old gentleman in the coffee-room of an hotel at Dublin or Edinburgh. While yonder effeminate loungers are indulging in buttered muffins, and all other appliances to tempt and stimulate a cloyed appetite, the waiter sets before him a plate of his national mess, without which his morning meal would be incomplete. Which, think you, best preserves his constitution unimpaired, and may hope to enjoy a vigorous old age?

But, to be palatable, our dish must be prepared with due care. Nothing can be more disgusting than a crude, sticky, or watery gruel. Will the reader, emulous of a healthy state of his digestive organs, accept a recipe which he may not find in Soyer or

Mrs. Glasse? * I learnt the secret myself from a Scotch lady, on a long sea voyage; and we had abundant practice in our present Rambles. My fellow-traveller, who was not before unacquainted with its merits, made hearty demonstrations of his coincidence with my own opinion on the subject; and we generally superintended the preparation ourselves, much to the amusement of the good Norwegian housewives, to whom, though skilled in such preparations, we seldom ventured to commit the important operation.

If the materials be good, and the manipulation accordant to the directions given, I pity any one who does not pronounce the composition excellent. Sometimes we added cream, for in the pastoral districts we made unscrupulous use of the bowls of cream with which we were every where supplied; our own

* Take two or three handfulls of oatmeal, I prefer it of mixed coarse and fine meal, in the proportion of one-third of the latter to two of the former. At Vaagen and elsewhere in our Rambles, we got Rug-meel (rye-meal), and thought it an improvement. Mingle the meal in a basin of cold water and pour it into a saucepan containing about a quart of boiling water; add a small portion of salt. Set the saucepan over the fire, and keep stirring it (I have seen some of the Norwegian dames use a light whisk), sprinkling from time to time small quantities of the meal till the composition boils, and has acquired the proper consistency. That may be known by its glutinous state as it drops from the spoon. Let it simmer for ten minutes, and then pour it, not into a deep dish, but on common dinner plates, and it will form a soft, thin, jellied cake. Spoon out portions of this and float them in new milk, adding moist sugar to your taste.

stores furnished the sugar; for, except coffee, and small portions of refined sugar or sugar-candy to sweeten it, few are the exotic luxuries which find their way into those remote regions. The produce of his own land, and the exercise of his own industry and ingenuity, furnish the Norwegian farmer with most of the comforts with which he is surrounded. His buildings, his furniture, his implements of husbandry are the work of his own hands. He is dexterous in the use of his tools, and he shapes out every article, from a spoon to a sledge, of which the woods furnish the rough material. He is an adept at carving, and many of his works are thus curiously ornamented. I have seen wooden bowls and other articles of domestic use of elaborate and delicate workmanship. The wheel and the loom provide employment for his wife and daughters, and their manufactures of flax and of wool supply the serviceable "homespun" from which the clothing and napery of the household are wrought. Nor is female ingenuity wanting in the bright embroidery of the braids which, in the trimmings of their boddices and the bordering of their skirts, give so gay an effect to the provincial costumes. Though his substance may be considerable, the farmer has small store of ready cash; for which, indeed, in his way of living there is little demand. Of the simple fare which his farm and pasturage supply there seemed no stint. This is sometimes varied by fish, but meat forms no part of the dietary of nine-tenths of the people, in summer

at least. The lower ranks use large quantities of butter (*smör*) with their flad-brôd. As far as my observation extended, I conceive that they are better fed than similar classes of any people in Europe of whom I have any information.

But leaving these details, it is time that we should again resume our march. Our course lay along the shore of the Miös Vand. The mountains approach so near to the margin of the lake as to leave no room for any road along its bank. But in coasting, as we did, the whole extent of its northern shore, we pursued as nearly as possible its exact outline, following all the sinuosities of bay and promontory which the shore presented. This mode of progress, though it gave such variety to the effects of the scenery, and diversified the points of view of the reaches of the lake and the mountain ranges on both its banks, was very fatiguing. Our track crossing the ridges, which either overhung or stretched into the lake, was a succession of ups and downs, and rugged in the extreme. Having by my exertions at the Rjukan on the preceding day renewed an old hurt in one of my ankles, which had become exceedingly swollen and painful, I was compelled to have frequent recourse to the assistance of the horse which carried our traps. But the ribs of the pack-saddle were sharp and prominent, and his action was so rough, and the animal so writhed and twisted his limbs in picking his way over the ledges and fragments of rock, that the ride was even more wearisome and painful than the march.





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1850

Edo. p. R. A. G. et. a. h.

We often crossed ridges at an angle of from forty to sixty degrees; and to preserve one's seat under those circumstances, either in ascending or descending, is no easy matter. Occasionally we had the relief of coming down on the shore and crossing some little bay at the water's edge. How beautiful were those yellow strands of pebbly or sandy beach! How gentle the ripple of the tiny waves as they broke in soft murmurs against the water line of the cliffs!

"The Miös Vand," says Derwent Conway*, "is the ideal of seclusion and repose. No house upon its banks, no boat upon its bosom, no flocks straying upon its slopes, no voice of herdsmen, no tinkling sound of bells; nothing but the small ripple, the occasional plunge of a fish, the cry of some bird of prey. The lake sleeps in the bosom of the hills, calmly mirroring their woods and pinnacles; and even the little wandering cloud, that is imaged on its depths, seems to have paused above it."

This is truly and finely said, and leaves little to be added to the description of this most interesting of the lakes of Norway. We traced its shore for nearly thirty miles on the northern, as he approached it from Bykle on the eastern bank, and our own experience fully confirmed the impressions which we had before received from the admirable sketches of that able writer.

* "Personal Narrative of a Journey through Norway, &c." By Derwent Conway, Author of "Solitary Walks through many Lands." Edinburgh, 1829.

Again he says : — “ One of the peculiarities of the Miös Vand is this, that the highest parts of the mountains are next to the lake, and their topmost summits seen from the opposite bank. The effect of this is, that the views are grander, and that the lake seems to be environed by mountains of greater altitude than they really are. It most usually happens,” he proceeds, “ that summits on summits rise backward from a lake; so that in standing upon its shore, or in a boat upon the water, we are unable to see any surrounding ridge or peak more elevated than four to five thousand feet. This peculiarity of the Miös Vand,” — which was especially striking to us, who had lately navigated the Nisser-Vand and the Tind-Soe, inland seas on the same magnificent scale as the Miös, but deep set in a framework of lofty cliffs rising almost perpendicularly from the water’s edge, which excluded for the most part any view of the distant ranges, — “ this peculiarity of the Miös Vand,” he concludes, “ puts it upon an equality with many of the Swiss lakes; and in point of picturesque form, the mountains which environ this lake cannot be exceeded.”

My own recollections entirely confirm this just estimate of the position which the Miös is intitled to hold in a comparative view of lake scenery; and I am tempted to transcribe one further passage from the pages of a writer, to whom we were indebted not only for first drawing our attention to its noble and touching features, but for having, from his own example, led us to adopt that independent mode of travelling

by which only these wild and secluded districts can be effectually explored.

“The beauty, nay, even the sublimity,” he observes, “of mountain scenery does not altogether depend upon the height of the mountains; it depends more upon their forms; and besides, it scarcely ever happens that in travelling through mountain scenery, a summit higher than six or seven thousand feet is visible, unless some particular point be chosen for a prospect. The diversities of precipice and pinnacle, the deep valley, the dark ravine, the crowning woods, the tumbling cataract, the rock-girt lake, and the natural phenomena of lights and shadows, clouds, mists, and rainbows, are all seen to as great advantage, among mountains ranging from five to six thousand feet, as among those that are twice that height.” *

* The Miös Vand, at about two-thirds of its length southwards, branches into two channels, separated by a wild tract of country about seven miles in breadth. In 1849 my fellow-traveller of the preceding year and his companions crossed both forks of the lake and this intervening tract. Their account confirms all preceding impressions, both of the grandeur and the exceeding desolation of the scenery of the Miös Vand. After crossing the moorlands from the summit level of the Rjukan-Foss, they struck the eastern branch near a farm called Holvik. Their Journal says: “On reaching a rising ground we discovered below the desolate shores of the Miös Vand, stretching away to the westward; snow lay in large patches close to the water’s edge. The lake was bounded in the distance by the snow-capped range of the Hammer-Fjeld. On descending, we found no apparent means of crossing, or continuing our journey along its shore. We despatched our guide in search of the people at Holvik, but all the inmates of the farm, save one old woman, were gone up to the sæter. In the meantime we made search

As we neared the head of the Miös, the mountain ranges increased in grandeur; the Tind-Fjeld on the

along the shore for any boat that could carry our party across. We discovered one stranded on a sand-bank, but it was so utterly unseaworthy that we could not venture the experiment. After waiting more than an hour, partially sheltered under a rock from the wind, which blew keenly across the lake from the snowy amphitheatre of the Fjelds beyond, an old man and a boy, both of most wild and uncouth appearance, presented themselves. They led the way to a cove in which lay a rudely-built boat used for carrying cattle across the lake. Into this we followed our guide, by whom and the boy we were slowly and with many meanderings pulled along the winding shore for a couple of miles, and then across, by some rocky islets, towards a farm called Hooe, where we hoped to find quarters for the night. We landed and dismissed our boat, and then, shouldering our packs, mounted a green slope, partially covered with patches of snow, to a farm house, the view from which was as desolate as can be imagined. The lake, looking cold and gloomy in the evening light, stretched far away in a long narrow channel towards distant snowy mountains. The shores were bare, except a copse of stunted birch just breaking into leaf, (now the 6th of July,) and deep drifts of frozen snow in some places formed the shore and extended into the water."

The travellers spent the night at this farm, the accommodations of which were wretched in the extreme; and in the morning, after a plunge into the lake, "the water of which being almost freezing and making one's flesh creep, and skin as red as a lobster," and having breakfasted on rye-gröd and milk, they pursued their course across the isthmus which divides the two branches of the Miös. "Under the guidance of two boys from the farm we passed over a wild moorland, on which were some cattle browsing among birch-wood. There were large tracts of peaty moss. The desolation was extreme, and to increase it, a cold misty rain came on. A seven miles' walk brought us to the southern branch of the Miös Vand. It was here a deep, gloomy, narrow channel between steep birch-clad banks. Having dismissed the boys, we crossed the arm of the lake, and then ascended through a bare





By Biddup, R. A. del. W. I. Walton. lith.

NO. 1. THE GREAT UNDER HARBOR. HAROLDIAN GEB.

Printed by Bulthangel & Walton.

eastern, and Hammer-Fjeld on the western shore, rising to five thousand feet and upwards, and the high points of the Hardanger chain which bounds the upper valley of the Maen, which we now opened, were capped with snow. The river, so rapid and tumultuous below the fall, here winds for the most part placidly through green pastures. The valley and river and mountains made a charming composition from a deserted shanty standing on a bank slightly elevated, where we halted while my friend made a sketch of the scene. We were surprised to find that it bore the name of Næthol,

mountain valley to a farm, where we hoped to get horses to continue our route to the Totak-Vand."

* * * * *

The Journal describes the scenery of the Totak-Vand, which lies about ten miles south-west of the Miös, as of the most charming description, and in striking contrast with the desolate character of the former lake. The elevation of the Totak-Vand must be considerably lower, for the Journal speaks of descending to it "through a scattered forest of large and very old pines;" and describes the shores as fringed with firs. Equally striking were the changes that bespoke a habitable region. It says:

"We halted at a most curious village, called Gaardsjord, on the hill-side overlooking the lake,—the most lovely situation imaginable. The houses, and even the barns and outbuildings, were all highly and grotesquely carved. The dwelling-houses had each an open gallery or corridor in front, into which the doors and windows opened. We crossed the lake to a farm called Kosthoeit, a comfortable specimen of a bonder farmer's residence. The buildings were clean and in good repair, and there were evident attempts at improvement in cultivation. One field was in course of being drained by a wide and deep trench cut across the flow of the springs, and filled up with the stones collected from the land."

familiar to us, for it was marked on Arrowsmith's map; and we had calculated upon it as our point of departure for the passage of the Hardanger; the last habitation on the verge of those wild solitudes on which we reckoned for obtaining the aids essential to our undertaking. We had made fruitless inquiries for it in the course of our route, and it is not inserted on the Norwegian maps, which we afterwards had an opportunity of consulting. How that now tenantless hut came to be distinguished upon a map on so small a scale as Arrowsmith's, and constructed with his usual accuracy, it is difficult to conjecture. Perhaps at some period there was a considerable homestead on the spot, to which the building in question appertained. It now appeared to be reserved for shelter to the cattle when returned from their summer pasturage on the Fjeld. It is surrounded by good meadows, which gives probability to the conjecture, and the station may have been deserted in consequence of floods, or from some other cause, for a better site. However this may be, any one who should be led to depend, as we were at one time disposed to do, on Næthol for at least a supper and a *gîte*, would be grievously disappointed.

But we had not far to go before we reached our station, which, though it has found no place on any map I have seen, will always bear a very distinguished one in the recollections of our present Rambles. Advancing about half a Norwegian mile further up the valley, the homestead of Kevenna came in view,

crowning a green knoll (a favourite site in this country), which overhung the left bank of the river. Ascending this gentle declivity, the house presented itself, surrounded by numerous detached offices; it was a long building of timber, with an open gallery at one end; the roof low pitched and covered with sods. It bristled all over with an array of the horns of the rein-deer, which formed a perfect *chevaux-de-frise* along the eaves, and lay scattered on the ground about the door. We passed through a small ante-room, which was a curious museum of various things, and was piled with stores of different kinds,—meal chests, casks, leathern thongs, tools, and implements, intermingled with skins of birds and wild animals, snow-shoes, and miniature sledges. From this repository we entered the kitchen or hall, a long low apartment, with a wide hearth in one corner, beside which stood a small iron stove of elegant workmanship, embossed with the crown, cipher, and arms of Christian of Denmark. It indicated that in those high regions something more than even a blazing hearth was required to maintain the temperature of the apartment during the long winter. Fishing-nets, with floats of bark, and a rack on which were ranged rifles, muskets, and fowling-pieces, to the number of a dozen, were suspended from the rafters. Collars for rein-deer, a formidable dagger, and several large powder-horns, were hung against the wall; shuttles and spinning-wheels were scattered about the room; which was furnished with the usual sleeping

berth, wide enough to engulf in its ample recess the parent stock, and half a dozen of the junior branches of the family;—a clock, a massive table and benches, and some low stools, with open-work backs of peculiarly neat design.

Of the occupants of this apartment, a venerable old man was sitting on one of the stools, engaged on the meshes of a long fishing net; a woman was industriously engaged in weaving a web of homespun woollen; another was rolling out flad-brôd, which a boy was baking on an iron plate over the embers on the hearth. Several young men and a bevy of damsels were coming to and fro on various errands. The establishment was large, and all seemed busily employed. There was much to interest us in the scene to which we were so unexpectedly introduced. But most of all, we were struck with the appearance and demeanour of that hale old man. Though considerably advanced in years, his carriage was erect, there was fire in his keen eye, and his sinewy well-knit frame, and stern resolute bearing, as he stood among those implements and trophies of the chase, well became the hardy hunter of the Fjeld. One thought of perils, boldly encountered and undauntedly overcome, upon those snowy wastes; of days of exposure to the storm, or the still greater dangers of fog and mist; of nights passed in the cheerless shelter of the lone Læger. Tales of such adventure must beguile many a long winter's evening. We should have liked much to have heard something of the wild sports of

the Fjeld, but his manner did not encourage familiarity. Haply he thought that there could be no feeling in common between the rough ranger of the Fjelds and such as ourselves. Perchance in that he was mistaken: still there was no lack of hospitality, and the several members of his household were profuse in their kind attention to our wants. Even with them he seemed to hold no familiar intercourse. A little incident that occurred soon after our arrival will show his vein. My friend's fishing-rod was stuck in the ground beside the door, having been left there with our traps when we first entered. It had been a source of wonder and amusement wherever we halted in our long route; the reel, the long pliable joints, the tough line and the slender fibre with which it ended, the high finish of the whole, were examined and canvassed, and many had been the questions put as to the several parts of an instrument which appeared to have been before unknown. The great wonder was, how so slight a thread could land a *lox* of thirty pounds' weight, as they were assured it would. Our old man of the mountains also was attracted by this interesting object. He took it up and carefully examined it; his keen eye ran over all its fittings and contrivances; but he asked no questions, he made no observation, though my friend was standing close at hand; but quietly replaced the rod and turned away. He may have considered it a fit plaything for cockney sportsmen, or, as we deemed more probable, if he admired and appreciated the

workmanship, disdained to exhibit any emotion he may have felt. Stern old man, thou wert the finest specimen of the old Norsk peasant we had the good fortune to meet with! If thy nature was rugged, hospitable was thy board, and kindly the shelter thy roof afforded us, when there was no other on our intended track for two days of weary travel! Veteran hunter, may the dreams of thy old age be of the brown mountain-side, and the rush of the deer, and may thy end be in peace!

It was tantalizing, that among so many tokens and implements of sport by flood and field, we could afford ourselves no opportunity of witnessing it; and that neither steak of venison, nor fin of river or lake, gave variety to our bill of fare. The meal tub and milk bowl were again in requisition, and we were content. I measured the latter, which, with old cheese, piles of bread, and a curiously carved tub of butter, loaded the board; it was thirteen inches in diameter, and how delicious the draught! But what lover of Nature, in her most admirable effects, would be fastidious about his fare, while searching them out in her most enchanting scenes! We had started betimes in the morning, and though the day's march was long and difficult, we had made such good progress that we reached our quarters at an early hour; so that we had leisure to mark the changes which the closing day wrought on the matchless scenery which offered itself to our view from the green knoll on which we stood. Looking down the valley

which we had ascended, the eye caught the course of the river, winding in so many folds that it had the appearance of a succession of diminutive lakes among green meads and islets covered with thickets of young birch. The inclosing mountains were wooded far up their sides, and their ridges swept down to the valley in successive folds. The outlines of these were bold and more or less escarped, and the eye embraced at once the whole range, from the highest summit to the level of the valley. Nor was this all: it is peculiar, I conceive, to Norwegian scenery, that the bottoms of the higher dals are, for the most part, shaped like a basin, or rather like a long trough, retaining the concave form in which they may be supposed to have been first scooped out by the retiring waters of the deluge. The effect of this is, that there is no break in the outline of the mountain chains on meeting the surface of the valley, but the eye carries it on till it meets the ascending line on the opposite side. It thus ranges in one unbroken and graceful sweep, from the top of the mountain on one side, through the hollow of the valley, and up the corresponding slope or fall on the other. This effect is, I think, well given in more than one of my young friend's sketches; and, as it may be supposed, it is very fine, when the scenery is on so grand a scale. Some of these gradually receding ridges were now brought into bold relief, by the light thrown on them by the sun at a low angle; and after sunset the sides of the mountains were invested,—

indeed the whole valley seemed filled,—with a purple haze, one of the finest effects of colour I ever witnessed. I learnt from it to think that even the deep tints of ultramarine one sees in some of the landscapes of Gaspar Poussin are not overcharged. Turning towards the head of the valley, the gorges of the mountain, which closed in about it, were deep in shade; the long line of a distant Fjeld, terminating in a rounded bluff, and softened by distance, appeared far away in the north-west; and the white wreaths of a fall of the river, surmounted by a little cloud of spray, were seen some two or three miles up the valley.

As the evening closed, we strolled to the edge of the birch wood which skirted the base of the mountain immediately above the house. The birch seems here to be applied to as many useful purposes as it always answers in districts where it is the only or the principal growth. Piles of the bark were lying near the building, some in the curved rounds in which it is stripped from the trees, some pressed under flat stones. It is used for covering the roofs of buildings, and throwing the rain water off the eaves of the houses; soaked in the river and beaten out, it makes thongs and rough cordage. It furnished the floats of the fishing-nets we had seen suspended in the hall. The wood is used for all purposes to which it can be applied. Sledges, implements of husbandry, furniture, bowls, and spoons, are framed and shaped out of it; and it makes excellent fuel. But for building it is

not of sufficient scantling; and pine logs are, with infinite labour, carried to great distances, probably sledged on the snow in winter, for the construction of buildings far above the line of their growth. We found them used in the sæters high up on the Fjelds, the bases of which, however, were formed of boulders and rough stones.

There was a busy stir about the homestead, which gave life and interest to the scene. Men and women were passing between the principal dwelling and the various buildings that clustered about it, engaged in various occupations. One of the sons was at work in a little smithy hollowed in the side of the hill. The sparks flew out merrily from the dark cave, and the sound of the hammer told of the variety of resources which the upland farmer concentrates on his own domain. We lingered long amid these sights and sounds of rural life, marking the changes which the decreasing light wrought on the distant scenery. The stock of living animals was alone wanting to complete the accompaniments of the lone mountain farm; but the cows and the sheep and the goats were all at their summer pastures on the Fjeld, where the farmer had also a herd of tame rein-deer. The sæter was however, in this instance, at no great distance, as the farmstead itself is on the very verge of its lower slopes.

Presently we found the whole household assembled at supper, to the number, I think, of nearly twenty, young and old. There were the old patriarch and

his kind, hospitable dame, sons and sons-in-law, daughters and daughters-in-law, and the younger scions of the stock. The vast bowl was replenished with milk, and the "*bord*" was amply spread. Blazing faggots of birch gave a cheerful light, which displayed the singular garniture of the long apartment. The laugh and the joke went round, unrestrained by the presence, and possibly often at the expense, of the strangers, whose imperfect attempts to join in conversation were always a source of merriment. The table was cleared, the room was speedily deserted; bundles of birch spray were brought in, and our couch was prepared as on the preceding evening. We lay down in our clothes on the floor, with our knapsacks for pillows.

There was nothing to tempt a long indulgence, and we were early afoot in the grey morning, anxious about the weather. The result of our observations was unfavourable; the clouds hung heavily about the mountains, and a dense fog filled the valley. The "good Gunnuff," our guide, shook his head, and prognosticated rain. We were sensible of the dangers and the difficulties of the enterprise on which we had embarked: crossing such a Fjeld as the Hardanger is a very different affair from the passage of a Swiss mountain. To say nothing of the Mont-Cenis and the Simplon, over which one rolls in all the comfort and luxury of an English carriage, the more unfrequented passes, the St. Gothard, or the Gries, or the Grimsel, can be accomplished in a single day. There

is a hard road, though in many places it is like going up and down stairs; and there are stations by the way-side and on the summits, where some sort of shelter and refreshment can be procured. Across the Hardanger it was nearly eighty miles to the nearest habitation. Over its broad back, its rocks, its snows, its morasses, there was no vestige of a path: the only refuge in case of tempest, the only shelter for at least the one night we must spend on the fjeld, (if we should be fortunate enough to effect the passage in two days,) were the lægers — lone, uninhabited huts, built of rough stone, and destitute of every comfort but the shelter of the bare walls. The snow-drifts, which fill the deep ravines, may be treacherous, storms or dense fogs may suddenly occur, and bewilder the hapless traveller, till, sinking from cold and exhaustion, he is unable to extricate himself from those perilous passes: in point of fact, there are numerous tales, apparently well founded, of travellers who have perished in attempting the passage. To these real dangers the peasants add traditions full of unearthly terrors,—of the ghosts of the lost ones seen flitting in the drift, and of shrieks heard amidst the wailings of the tempest. Then they tell strange tales of beings that dwell in the gloomy caves of those dark mountains, and entice men to their destruction in their subterranean abodes; and of houses and farms seen amidst those dreary wastes, which, like the *mirage* of the desert, vanish upon nearer approach. Relics of such superstitions, engendered by the fancies

with which the wild and solitary scenes of their native mountains and forests deeply imbued the imaginations of the old Northmen, still linger among the Norwegian peasants. Whatever credence our guides might give to these unreal horrors, there was enough in the natural phenomena connected with the elevated regions we were about to explore, to require us to brace ourselves resolutely for the adventure. Every thing depended upon the weather; and our inquiries of those who could read its signs better than ourselves were attended with some anxiety. Though appearances were at present unfavourable, Gunnuf seemed no way dismayed. He prepared for departure, but he took the precaution of obtaining one of the young men and another horse in addition to our convoy. It was loaded with a leathern pouch, containing stores of provisions for the way, a bag of tools, and sheep-skins for the bedding of the guides.

Our breakfast despatched, we were succeeded in our places at the long table by the family party. Some of them also were bent on a distant expedition. Two of the damsels completed their toilet in the common room: their long hair was twined with bright ribbons, and wound over the forehead, plaited in a double band; a gay handkerchief was folded round the crown of the head, and fell in folds down the back; their smart jackets of woollen cloth, fitting closely the shape, and fastened with broad silver brooches, ended in skirts, the hems of which were brilliantly embroidered. The girls, with natural co-

quetry, were not insensible of the attractions which so becoming and graceful a costume added to their personal appearance in the eyes of the strangers; and great was the merriment as the various processes of the toilet proceeded, and we offered our compliments in such phrase as our limited vocabulary afforded. But it was no time for us to linger even over a scene so amusing. We were compelled to make our "farvel;" and the whole party attended us to the door, and followed our departure with their prayers and good wishes for the safe accomplishment of our undertaking.

CHAPTER VII.

PASSAGE OF THE HARDANGER-FJELD. — REACH THE PLATEAU OF THE FJELD. — MODE OF FOLLOWING THE TRACK. — FALL IN WITH FIELDS OF SNOW. — GREAT ELEVATION. — ROCKS COVERED WITH LICHENS AND REIN-DEER MOSS. — DESOLATION INCREASES. — BAD WEATHER. — A NIGHT IN A LONE HOVEL ON THE SUMMIT. — STRIKE THE WATERS RUNNING TO THE ATLANTIC. — COME TO THE FIRST “SÆTER” ON THAT SIDE. — LONG DESCENT TO THE VALLEY OF SÆBO AT EJFIORD. — EXCURSION TO THE VORING-FOSS.

UPON leaving the bonde-gaard, the farmstead, of Kevenna, instead of following the main valley, our guide struck up one which led nearly due north. The ascent was steep, through birch-woods. It rained heavily, and we drew our cloaks about us, and prepared for the worst. We soon reached a more open plain or tract of moorland, where our young attendant diverged from the track to call at the sæter, in the neighbourhood of which the cattle from Kevenna were now pastured. The farmer had also a herd of tame rein-deer on the fjeld. Still ascending rapidly, the birch disappeared, and was succeeded by dwarf sallow and bog myrtle, the only shrubs, or rather shrubby plants, we henceforth saw. The flora was also entirely changed; but we collected some flowers of exquisite beauty, which were quite new to us. After

about an hour's progress we crossed for a considerable distance a plateau of bare rocks intersected by sharp ledges, and entirely denuded of any portion of soil. We had now got above the region of the clouds which hung over the valleys, and had the satisfaction of finding that the rain ceased, and the weather began to clear up.

My friend travelled with a prismatic compass, — an invaluable instrument in a wild and unfrequented country. It had often been useful to us in ascertaining the proper direction of the line of march; and in our present expedition he made, from time to time, a sort of military reconnoissance, taking and noting the bearings of our march from point to point. This practice threw him sometimes far in the rear; and he has since told me that he often had considerable difficulty in regaining the convoy, and on one occasion only succeeded in so doing by tracing our footprints in the snow. The guide directed his course by certain marks — pinnacles or points of rock — at regular but considerable distances. When these were wanting, a single pyramidal stone, or small heaps, were set up as beacons to point out the track. Though these were not very prominent objects in that wilderness of rocks and stones, it was wonderful with what precision he led the way, and how readily, if for a short time he was at fault, he again struck the right course. But notwithstanding these proofs of his experience and sagacity, I could not help thinking what must have been the fearful fate of many a tra-

veller, overtaken by snow-storms or lost in a fog, on those pathless wastes. How inestimable then the value of an instrument which should at least point the true bearings of the course to be pursued. I had presented my own pocket-compass, as a token of remembrance, to the friendly student at Dahl. It had been the companion of my wanderings in many lands. I had consulted it in the night watches, in the course of long voyages, to learn the ship's course, which the helmsman was shaping by the needle in the binnacle above my cot. It had guided my solitary way over wastes still more vast and trackless than those which we were now traversing, and under far other skies; and I parted from it with regret.

We were now making our true course by the east of north, and had already attained a great elevation; so that, after reaching the plateau of bare rocks, all vegetation disappeared, except that of lichens and mosses. These sometimes covered the entire surface for a considerable space, with a carpet softer than the richest production of the loom, and of the most brilliant and diversified colours. The Iceland and the rein-deer moss were pointed out to us. Herds of the deer, in their wild state, roam over the snowy regions of the fjeld, but we were not fortunate enough to have any of them cross our path. We were neither equipped for deer-stalking, nor would the circumstances of our present enterprise have admitted of any delay; but opportunities subsequently occurred of closely examining, and making

familiar acquaintance with, the appearance and habits of this most interesting tribe. We saw numerous tracks of the Lemming, that singular little animal, peculiar, I believe, to the Scandinavian peninsula, whose ravages when, at irregular periods, they descend into the valleys, are to the northern farmer a source of apprehension, such as the passage of a cloud of locusts is to the cultivators of the south.* In about four hours from commencing the ascent, we reached the region of perpetual snow. It capped the summits, and spread in broad fields along the sides, of the ridges, and filled the deep ravines and gullies which lay in our track; but it was crisp and solid, and as yet gave no token of danger to be apprehended. We observed snow-shoes left at intervals on the path. The "good Gunnuf" marched boldly in front; I generally followed his lead closely. The young farmer guided the horses; and my friend brought up the rear, often lingering as various objects attracted his attention. We had now gained the highest elevation of our route, which is estimated at nearly 4000 feet above the level of the sea. The prospect around was as dreary as can be imagined. Nothing but the bare grey rocks, — slopes and hollows of a black barren soil, thickly strewn with blocks of stone, and broad streaks and patches of snow, — were to be seen.

* It may be acceptable to the general reader to be furnished, though at second hand, with some account of this rare animal, notices of which I propose collecting in the Appendix from Captain Capell Brooke's Travels.

These presented themselves in seemingly interminable succession, and it is difficult to say over which of them our path was the most wearisome, and where our footing was the most secure. But desolate as all appeared, and difficult as was the progress, I had begun to experience those peculiar sensations which De Saussure somewhere finely describes in his "Voyages" in the Alps, and which I had previously felt in ascending high altitudes. In such situations, the great purity of the air, the unbounded solitude, and the grandeur of the scale of the objects presented, concur in affecting the mind with feelings of serenity, of freedom, and of awe. One seems to be lifted above the turbid atmosphere in which the cares and turmoils of the world unceasingly estuate; to be emancipated from the thralldom of passion and all gross and sordid influences; at the same time that the spirit is bowed, in the presence of the majesty of Nature, under a profound sense of one's own insignificance.

Soon after passing these high ridges, descending for a while, we struck the shore of a lake, and the stern features of the scenery were relieved by the appearance of grassy slopes shelving to its banks, and a large herd of cattle browsing on the sweet herbage. But the face of the fjeld speedily resumed its dreary character. We had before us a wide expanse of complete desert, bounded by lumpy hills, partly covered with snow. The surface was undulating, and a chain of small mountain-lakes, or

tarns, occupied the lower levels. On the banks of one of these we halted about noon at a hut or læger, such as I have mentioned; a sort of den, partly excavated in the steep bank, and built up in front with loose stones. Its appearance was so wretched, that we preferred to throw ourselves on the ground, under shelter of a projecting rock; and slept for a time, though it was miserably cold, while the horses were picking a meagre meal from the scanty herbage. Resuming our route, we now left the elevated plain, and, crossing the ridge above the lake, pursued a more northerly course. The further we proceeded, the more wild and desolate was the prospect, and more difficult the track. The snow which filled the ravines was softer than we had found it in the higher parts of the passage, and Gunnuf, proceeding in advance, carefully sounded it with a staff before he permitted us to follow. But worse than snow or morass, were the spots at the edges of the snow-drifts, from which it had recently disappeared. They had become so rotten, that the horses floundered deeply, and we had often great difficulty in making the passage. We crossed innumerable torrents, and two streams of considerable breadth, running with so strong a current, that we stemmed it with some difficulty. One of the guides and myself forded them on horseback; my friend and the other on foot, up to their middle in the water. At last we struck the Normands-Laagen, — a considerable sheet of water, the bearings of which were nearly east and west. We traced the southern

shore for several miles, following its windings, but frequently receding from it, to avoid the difficulties which the inequalities of the ground opposed to our progress. If the Miös-Vand was the "ideal of seclusion," the Normands-Laagen was that of entire desolation. We seemed to have reached the verge of creation. It is hardly possible that even arctic scenery can present any thing more utterly desolate. There were no signs of life ; nothing was seen but the eternal snows, the dark waters of that melancholy lake, and the grey ridges of bare rock which shelved to its shores. The colour of the landscape was cold and leaden, and its sombre features were unrelieved by any variety of outline. Once we caught a distant view, through an opening in the hills, of a mountain-chain far away to the eastward. It glowed for a moment in the rays of the evening sun, shot askance through a break in the clouds ; but they shed no cheering beam on the dreary scenes around, they imparted no warmth to us. It was bitterly cold ; the clouds closed, and broke in torrents of rain, which penetrated through every opening in our wrappings, and fairly drenched us to the skin, completing the distress of our weary and exhausted condition, and adding the last touch to the gloom of that dreary scene. We had yet some miles to struggle forward. It was eight o'clock when our guide stopped suddenly before a rude hovel reared against the steep bank of the lake, and announced to us that we had reached our proposed resting-place for the night.

Indispensable as rest and shelter were at that moment, I confess that I recoiled almost with horror at the aspect of that dreary den. Stooping under the low entrance, I saw a chamber of about nine feet square. The walls were built of rough stones, through the chinks of which the wind whistled. Slabs of the same formed the roof, with a hole left in the centre for the escape of the smoke. Every part was dripping with moisture, and some damp straw was spread on the clayey floor at the further extremity. Such were the cheerless prospects that presented themselves. We were drenched to the skin, shivering with cold, hungry, stiff, and weary with the travel of that and the two preceding days; and for two nights before had not taken off our clothes. For myself, I had undergone much suffering in the course of the day's march, and that damp bed of straw threatened more serious consequences than mere passing aches and rheums. My friend had no grounds for such apprehensions; but he had marched the whole distance from Dül, he had just forded the rivers on foot, and at present was in as bad a plight as myself.

But it was no time or place for giving way to despair. In the howling wilderness we might be thankful even for the shelter of that rude cavern. The poor horses were turned adrift to fare as they best might on the bleak hill-side. Our flask of corn-brandy had, by some accident, lost the greater part of its contents in the rough passage; but there were a few precious drops left, which we at once eagerly

drained. The men brought in bundles of bog myrtle, and slowly coaxed the green fuel into flame. But then we were stifled with the smoke that filled the hut. Our eyes smarted till the tears ran down our cheeks, and again and again I was forced to rush into the air for temporary relief. Our next care was to divest ourselves altogether of our sodden vestments, and to replace them by such changes as the scanty contents of our knapsacks afforded. It was a work of time and difficulty in those narrow bounds, within which all four were now assembled,—seated on a stone six inches above the clay floor, and with benumbed fingers,—to strip off the clinging garments; but to its accomplishment I attribute my escape from the mischiefs of which I was apprehensive. Meanwhile the fire, from which each successive addition of the green bushes produced fresh volumes of smoke, had burnt into something like embers, and having completed our toilet, the *cuisine* was our next concern. An extra allowance, shaved from a roll of concentrated beef, with a handful of rice thrown into the canteen, were speedily bubbling on the embers. In place of spoons—a part of our equipment which we had left behind at the last station—some pieces of birch, hastily shaped into something like the requisite form, enabled us to sup up the warm and savoury mess. Meanwhile, the “good Gunnuf,” and his fellow, addressed themselves heartily to the flad-bröd and butter and cheese, ample store of which formed part of the lading of the sumpter horse; and having disposed of part of their wet

garments round the remains of the fire, and having closed the aperture for the smoke above, coiled themselves up in their sheep-skin rugs on one side of the narrow floor, and were soon in an enviable state of oblivion. We followed their example, in making the best disposition we could for the repose we so much needed; but the damp straw was our pallet, our light overcoats the only covering, and the knapsacks our pillows. For a time I listened to the moanings of the wind, as it swept in fearful gusts from the lake over the low roof, and whistled through the chinks of the loose walls; but, overcome with the fatigues of the preceding days, I too fell into a profound and undisturbed sleep.

I had urged on our guides the necessity of hastening our departure at the first dawn of day; but it was five o'clock when I roused myself and went forth to the entrance of the hut. The storm had abated, but in the cold grey light of the morning, the dark lake and bare cliffs still presented the same melancholy aspect. Over the lake to the northward, appeared the lofty dome of Hallings-Jokelen, covered with snow. My companion and the others still slept. I summoned them to make preparations for our departure. A fire was again kindled with the green bushes, and the canteen in requisition for the manufacture of some warm chocolate. The horses were called in and loaded with our baggage, and we took our departure from the læger of Bessaboo, with far different feelings from

those with which we had crossed its threshold on the preceding evening.

Our track still lay along the desolate shores of the Normands-Laagen. We traced its course over rocks and morasses and snowy hollows, now very soft and treacherous, for some hours; we then turned southward, and crossing a ridge, we had the satisfaction of striking a rivulet which was running to the west. We had reached, then, the point at which the waters which feed the rivers and lakes that discharge themselves into the Skaggerack, diverge from those flowing into the fjords which communicate with the Northern Ocean. The parting of the waters in high regions is always a point of much interest to the traveller. Never had I marked it with more delight. Presently we came upon some cows feeding on the hill-side. Below was a green valley, into which we rapidly descended. There was a sæter, at which we obtained a draught of delicious milk and rested for some time. It was within an hour of noon. We congratulated ourselves on having reached the limits of habitable life on the western ranges of the fjeld, and anticipated an early and easy descent to the shores of the fjord; for from the heights above, we had traced the course of the stream by a long line of cliffs that folded into the valley, and marked its channel in the direct line of our course.

But we were doomed to be disappointed, and a long and weary day's march was yet before us. The river indeed found its way into the Hardanger-

Fjord, at the point to which our own steps were directed, but the gorges were impracticable; and on leaving the sæter we ascended the right bank of the stream, and for some hours crossed a succession of stony ridges of considerable elevation, through a country as bare of vegetation as the face of the fjeld itself. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we again descended into a charming valley, a grassy basin of forty or fifty acres in extent, on the deep herbage of which cows and goats were luxuriating. It was a welcome station to our jaded beasts. A sæter stood on the bank of a rushing torrent, which we crossed by a tottering foot-bridge, and stretching ourselves in the sun, which had now shone out, on a broad platform of rock, a huge bowl of milk was brought to us. We scooped the rich cream which floated on the surface with fragments of biscuit and flad-bröd, and washed them down with copious draughts of the delicious beverage. We had now lived for many days almost exclusively, with an occasional allowance of gelatine, on milk and preparations of meal, and we found the simple diet not only adequate to the maintenance of our strength under great fatigue, but we felt a support, and gained a tone of health and spirits which stronger and more factitious beverages and viands would have failed of imparting.

Though much refreshed, the saddling up of the horses was an unwelcome signal for departure; and, crossing the grassy bottom, we mounted the steep ascent on the other side of the valley with weary and

stiffened limbs. A profusion of violets, a variety of a delicate yellow colour, decked the slopes. Again we wound over seemingly interminable ridges of barren hills, and again attained a considerable elevation, as we once more fell in with drifts of snow. Our poor horses began to give unequivocal symptoms of extreme fatigue, and the march was toilsome and painful to the last degree.

In about two hours, we were cheered by the sight of birch woods, here growing at the height, as we calculated, of about 3500 feet above the level of the sea. They clothed the sides of deep ravines into which we plunged, rapidly descending by a track which once more presented the semblance of a road; but it was either deep and miry, or leading over shelves of rock, down which, as by a rude staircase, we frequently descended for a furlong together at an angle of forty-five degrees. But the scenery was charming, the windings of the valleys presenting ever-varying features of torrents rushing wildly down, deep birch woods, and cliffs towering to a great height. Mantling over them were faintly seen, miles beyond, wreaths of spray where the waters of the fjelds precipitated themselves from the summits to join the impetuous course of the river below. One of these falls, 600 or 700 feet high, leapt from a chasm in a stupendous gorge, where the cliffs of gray and purple rocks formed walls of 1000 or 1200 feet in height, just above the confluence of two streams which we had successively to ford. The torrents were rapid, broad, and deep,

and the passage was effected, not without some difficulty and delay, by the help of our patient and sure-footed horses, which crossed and recrossed till all were safely ferried over. The scene was altogether one of the wildest and most magnificent I have ever beheld, and the descent of the pass below was perfectly unique. The walls of rock receding for a space inclosed a level area of a few roods of pasture and green corn, in which stood the buildings of a small farm, the first signs of culture and habitation we had seen on this side the mountain range. Then it closed again, and the road was carried along the right bank of the river, ascending and descending the several ridges which spurred out from the base of the cliffs, by rude steps cut in the rocks at an angle so precipitous that it was wonderful how the horses could clamber up and down. As we successively mounted the summits of these, the blue waters of the fjord were seen through the long vista of projecting cliffs which, towering to a prodigious height, shut in the narrow valley. But slow and painful was our progress: with extreme difficulty I dragged myself up each successive rise, to sink from sheer fatigue and exhaustion on the bank, and then snatching a moment's repose tottered down the shelving steep, again to renew the struggle. The shades of evening were closing in the narrow glen when, descending the last declivity, we emerged on a somewhat open and level plain, walled in on three of its sides by precipitous cliffs. On the west, two bold headlands terminated

on either hand a low grassy ridge, having the appearance of an artificial dam to a small lake which received the waters of several torrents as, having here united, they poured in a broad full stream through the valley. Its course among the green meadows was marked by an undergrowth of birch and alder copse. Midway appeared a hamlet of some half-dozen tenements, amongst which the giest-huus was conspicuous by its superior elevation. Our straggling party closed up as we crossed the little plain, animated by the near prospect of rest and refreshment after the toils of our long and weary journey. For my part, I staggered to the threshold like a drunken man, and with a last effort clambered the steep flight of stairs to the guest-chamber above.

Thus ended the passage of the Hardanger-Fjeld. It was attended with extreme fatigue, and no small degree of suffering. But these were compensated by the interest attending scenes of a character so peculiar. To any one wishing to cross into the Bergenstift, after visiting the valleys of Tellemarken, the passage of the fjeld by this route will save a long circuit, and enable him to visit the Rjukan-Foss without having to retrace his steps. Success obviously depends upon the season and the weather. It might, under very favourable circumstances, be accomplished with less difficulty than we experienced. At the same time it must not be concealed that, from any sudden atmospheric changes, such as the coming on of fogs or snow storms, the safety of the traveller may be se-

riously compromised. Of course no one would think of making the attempt without the aid of an experienced guide; but it may be well to recapitulate the stages and extent of our daily progress from the giest-huus at Däl to that of Ejfiord. Between these there is no better accommodation than such as appears in the details of my narrative. The passage takes four days:—

	English miles.
1st. Day. — From Däl to Vaagen, diverging to the Rjukan-Foss by the way, (a good day's work) - - - - -	28
2nd. Day. — From Vaagen to Kevenna, along the Miös-Vand - - - - -	28
3rd. Day. — From Kevenna to the Læger of Bes- saboo on the Fjeld - - - - -	42
4th. Day. — From the Læger to Sæbo in Ejfiord	35
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This would try any man's pluck; and few, perhaps, would think the toil and risk sufficiently compensated. If good horses could be procured, the former might be somewhat alleviated, though no time would be saved. At the same time, unless they were of a better description than the pack-horses we obtained, I feel convinced that little or nothing would be gained on the score of fatigue.

But toil and danger passed, we are in the guest-

chamber at Sæbo; a spacious apartment, though none of the cleanest, on the floor of which were ranged a goodly row of large chests, ornamented with scrolls and flowers painted in bright colours, and inscribed with names and dates of ownership. These seemed capacious enough to contain any moderate stock of household and family gear. In addition, however, two sides of the walls were hung with a tapestry of brodered jackets and petticoats, worked rugs and coverlets, and uniforms of the Landvoern; a most miscellaneous collection. Portraits of King Oscar and his young queen hung near the stove; and on a shelf between the windows, among other articles, stood three small silver goblets curiously chased. One of these the giest-giver hastened to fill with corn brandy, from a cask which flanked the line of chests, offering it as a tried and sure restorative. In our present circumstances it was not to be rejected, but we declined his pressing instances to a repetition of the potent draught. In due time an enormous dish of rashers of bacon was smoking on the board, to which we applied ourselves as men who had not tasted flesh-meat of any kind more than twice in the fortnight preceding. Our coffee was served without milk, for the cows were all on the fjeld. We had been just revelling in it in profuse abundance, and could have better spared the contents of the brandy cask, an importation from Bergen, which stood ready for us, and, as we afterwards found, for all comers to resort to *ad libitum*. In the course of the night a

small supply of milk, for our especial behest, was fetched from the sæters by a journey of more than two Norsk miles. The luxury of stretching oneself in a good bed, after such travel and having passed three nights without taking off our clothes, may be easily imagined. On rising, my friend declared himself ready for an excursion to the Voring-Foss, which lies in a gorge of the mountains, at about seven miles distance. My ankle was too much swelled to allow of my bearing him company, and I was obliged to give myself a day of comparative rest, and to content myself with his report of the excursion, which I propose to subjoin in the words in which he rendered it. The "good Gunnuf" and his companion did not start on their weary track homewards till late in the day. Our reckoning with the guide was effected under circumstances which bore pleasing testimony to the simple confidence of these good people. We found everywhere that the name of Englishman was a sufficient guarantee for his honour and credit. I am old enough to recollect the time when such was the case over the length and breadth of the Continent. I fear that things are now sadly altered. Here, at least, I trust it will be long before that confidence is abused. It has been noted that our stock of Norwegian money fell short on the other side of the fjeld. On our arrival at Sæbø, we found that we had only enough to pay the guide one half of the stipulated reward for his services. But the

giest-giver made no sort of difficulty in taking upon himself the discharge of the remainder, readily agreeing to accompany us to Ullensvang on the morrow, where, at the house of a skriver, the man of business of the district, he made no doubt we should find the means of discharging all our obligations.

During my friend's absence, after putting forward the restoration of our scanty kit sadly disordered by the wear and tear of such a journey, to some degree of propriety, I sauntered up the sunny slopes of some green hillocks of the smoothest turf, which swelled from the level of the little plain. Groups of buildings crowned the summits, among detached masses of gray rock. Most exuberant crops of barley, oats, and potatoes covered the level ground, through which little streamlets poured their fertilising waters. Small inclosures of apple and cherry trees, covered with fruit, were attached to the several tenements. The whole plain was about three-quarters of a mile long by half a mile broad. The surrounding mountains were broken into detached masses by deep ravines. Some were of a rounded form, and sprinkled with dwarf birch; others presented an escarped front, of 1500 to 2000 feet high, of various shades of purple and gray. Higher ranges were seen through the openings, partially covered with snow. Women in scarlet jackets and blue petticoats were sitting at work in the sun, at the doors of the houses; some carding, some spinning with a wheel turned by the

foot. Home-spun cloths of woollen and flax were spread out to bleach or to dry, on the patches of green sward. In the evening, after my friend's return, we walked down to the shore of the little lake. It was about half a mile in width, and sweeping round the southern headland, discharged itself in a narrow channel which issued in the fjord. Not a ripple disturbed its surface, and the river which we had seen pouring so tumultuously down the rapids in the gorges of the mountains flowed calmly, but in full stream, through the pebbly beach. We fished it upwards, among the alder-copse which feathered the banks, and a broil of excellent trout was added to our evening meal of rice boiled in milk and seasoned with spice, a frequent and very acceptable dish.

A day passed in such quiet enjoyment and another refreshing night prepared me for the prosecution of our journey on the morrow. My companion, more robust, had devoted part of his leisure to the proposed expedition to the Voring-Foss; and well it appeared had the toil of a very difficult and arduous excursion been repaid. His Report of it was to the following purport:—

“I was stiff in every joint with the effects of our walk yesterday and the preceding days, so that I was glad to mount the giest-giver's horse, he accompanying me as guide. After crossing the fertile level of meadow and corn land in a northerly direction, through which the river, precipitated from the Falls

above, takes its course, I felt at once satisfied from the character of the scenery, and the quantity of water rushing down, that I should not be disappointed in the object of my search. The features of the valley corresponded with that which had led us to Sæbo the night before; it was narrow and rugged, and enclosed by scarped cliffs descending from the fjeld to the level of the river. A rough and exceedingly difficult, but well worn, horse-track led up the glen.

“Passing a green meadow sprinkled with masses of fallen granite, at about half a mile from the hamlet we came to a rude bridge of timber, which, thrown across the torrent, stretched without any support from one side to the other. Two pines, resting on a stout trestle at one end, reached a projecting rock on the other side, at some height above the stream, whose impetuous torrent must have swept away any pier or pile by which the foundation of the structure might have been attempted to be supported. Two others at a steep incline reached from the trestle to the lower shore. On these were bound cross-pieces, placed close together; those on the level part being kept down by huge stones laid along the sides, the only parapet. The weight of these, when the platform was shaken by the tread of a horse, caused it to vibrate considerably. I dismounted and allowed my horse to pick his way along a fabric that thus hung lightly suspended over the boiling flood. But I had

soon reason to be satisfied that I might trust him with entire confidence, as sure of foot and with an agility scarcely to be conceived, the good beast carried me over protruding ledges and up gigantic steps of granite, at perfect ease to enjoy the magnificence of the objects with which I was surrounded.

In the midst of this wild and sterile scenery, I was surprised to find a well-built farmhouse, or "gaard," placed amongst small but fertile patches of corn pasture. I felt here, as one often does in the higher valleys, that though the air was generally close and stifling, and the heat caused by the reverberation of the inclosing cliffs often excessive, on approaching any fall or rapid the change of temperature was sudden and intense. This is occasioned by the torrents bearing with them a strong current of cold air. For the water having just issued from the drifts of melting snow on the verge of the fjelds, can be but little above the freezing-point. This difference of temperature is not only refreshing to the traveller, but there is a marked effect also observable in the vegetation of sites exposed to its action. It might be thought that the cold blasts would check the growth of plants; but it is often found that, while neighbouring fields are bare and barren, the same soils are fertilised when in the immediate vicinity of a mountain stream, the current of cold air mingling with the heated atmosphere of the val-

ley, and producing by condensation a steam highly favourable to vegetation.

“The valley now seemed to close in so completely that I could not discover any outlet, and I momentarily expected that the Fall would burst on my view. But on a nearer approach I found the valley inclined abruptly to the left, and I could just discern facing me figures winding up through rocky crags, to the level of the fjeld above. Again we crossed a bridge, similar to the one at the lower part of the glen; and, no longer able to follow the river, which here found its way through a narrow chasm of fearful depth, we scrambled up the mountain side, and I stood once more on the level of the fjeld, 2500 feet above the plain from which I had commenced the ascent. My horse had been of little service in the latter part of the track, as we had to pass soft bogs worn deep by frequent traffic, into which he plunged heavily until relieved of my weight. The peasants use this, their only path to the sæters in this direction; and it is wonderful how they can transport the heavy burdens of meal and other necessaries and the produce of the dairy, to and fro, by tracks so difficult. A horse can proceed but a few paces without resting; yet I saw women mounting the pass with loads of a great weight, such as I should find it difficult to carry on level ground.

“The face of the fjeld presented undulating ground, opening up to a dissant valley and huge snow-backed

mountains beyond. We now, descending a little through some underwood of stunted birches where we tethered the horse, approached to the edge of the chasm, through which the river makes its prodigious leap into the gulf below. The solid ground beneath our feet seemed to shake with the concussion, and my whirling brain was confused by the astounding roar. The guide led me to the brink of the precipice, grasping me firmly with one hand, as I looked down from that dizzy height to the very bottom of the Fall, 900 feet beneath, while the other hand was stretched out, as if to ward off or skreen from his sight the appalling spectacle. I shall never forget his attitude and look of terror, as, allowing me but a momentary glimpse of it, he dragged me away from the spot.

“ But I was not yet satisfied; and approaching the edge of the cliff alone at another point, I lay down on my breast, and again looked down that fearful chasm; and resolutely maintaining my self-possession, watched steadily the rush of the mighty waters, dropping stones from time to time to assure myself of the great depth of the Fall. Thus I lay till I was almost rivetted to the spot with a sort of fascination; and it was perhaps well that the guide, alarmed at my neglect of his cries and entreaties, rushed down and again drew me away from the edge of the cliff.

“ There is a practicable descent to the bottom of the Fall, but I felt too stiff and weary to attempt it. I think that, having had the nerve to place myself in

the position I did, I saw it to the greatest advantage. Nothing can ever efface from my memory the unspeakable, I may say the terrible, grandeur of that magnificent scene. Remounting my trusty steed, I sadly bid it farewell. Before I began the descent from the fjeld, I turned towards the Foss; a beautiful rainbow hung over it; a bright omen of the hope I cherished, that I should some day visit it again."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HÅRDANGER-FJORD — NAVIGATION AND SCENERY OF. — VIEW OFF ULLENSVANG — LAND THERE. — AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT. — KIND AND HOSPITABLE ENTERTAINMENT AT THE PRÆSTE-GAARD. — A CLERGYMAN M. P. (MEMBER OF THE STOR-THING). — PRIVILEGE OF A PASTOR'S WIDOW. — BONDER OR FREEHOLDERS. — ANCIENT DOORWAY IN CHURCH. — NORWEGIAN ARCHITECTURE. — OLD CHURCHES OF TIMBER. — ANECDOTE OF THE REMOVAL OF ONE TO SILESIA.

It was a bright morning and the hour was yet early when, having made up our kit once more restored to decent trim, with fishing-gear and havresacks in marching order, we sallied forth from the giest-huus at Sæbo. Passing the little hamlet, the inmates of which were hardly yet astir, we took our way down the valley to the bank of the lake. The giest-giver followed, bearing oars and boat-hook, attended by his wife, loaded with the well-stored leathern pouch and roll of sheepskin rugs, without which no Norwegian peasant undertakes a journey, either by land or by water. We launched a light boat from under the shade of the alder copse over the pebbly beach, and were shortly skimming the still waters of the lake, looking back from time to time on the towering masses which, advancing in profile, seemed to guard or preclude all entrance to that

sequestered spot, except by the deep gorges at the head of the valley, the rugged outlines of which could scarcely be traced in the shade which the sun's rays from behind the masses of the fjelds, had not yet penetrated.

Reclining at our ease, we felt the relief which the change in our mode of progress afforded. The distance to Bergen was still upwards of 120 miles; but we rejoiced to think that nearly half of it would be accomplished by the aid of the fjords which, on this side the mountains, so deeply intersect the country. We soon ran down the lake, about a mile and a-half or two miles in length; and, drawing our boat ashore, and again collecting our traps, crossed the narrow isthmus which divides it from the fjord. Having passed the church of Ejfiord, to which the hamlet of Sæbö is attached, a structure of stone (a rare occurrence in this country) with lancet windows, we came upon a little haven, to the pier of which were moored some stout boats and a couple of smacks of small tonnage; old-fashioned sloop-rigged craft, but sturdy and sea-worthy, and well suited to the navigation of the fjords. It is difficult and dangerous, for they are subject to sudden squalls, the wind rushing down with violence through the gullies of the mountains; the currents are strong, and there being no anchorage from the great depth of the water to the very base of the cliffs, the service requires great local aptitude and determined hardihood. The traffic carried on by means of these

fjords is very considerable; stretching as they do in their various ramifications far inland, they afford a medium of internal communication of the last importance to the inhabitants of these wild and mountainous districts. Transporting to Bergen the produce of the dairies, timber, and fuel, they bring back cargoes of meal, sugar and coffee, corn-brandy, iron, in short, every thing which is necessary for the supply of the farmer's wants, beyond what his own land and the produce of his looms and other rude manufactures supply.

A share in this traffic gave a busy look to Vik, the *entrepôt* between Bergen and the districts lying among the fjelds in this quarter. A large hotel was nearly completed, promising increased accommodation to the visitors of the Voring-Foss, which is easily approached in this direction. Among these may be reckoned English yacht-men, of whose visits of late years the travellers'-book gave indication. Among the names inscribed of older date are those of the Duke of Rutland and some members of his family, recollections of whom still linger in the memories of the simple inhabitants of Ejfiord.

Our friend the giest-giver having procured a boat and reinforced himself with a young sailor from the port, we again embarked and pulled out into the fjord. We had been so much accustomed to the navigation of lakes (some at high elevations, and having all the appearance of inland seas), that it was not till we had tasted the water we could be assured that we

were once more on the level of the ocean, and that the channel on which we were borne, after many windings, communicated with its far distant waters. But magnificent as were the rocky shores of the central lakes, their scale of grandeur is inferior to that of the iron-bound coast of the Hardanger-Fjord; backed by the snowy tops of the fjeld, over which the dome of Hallings-Jokelen was again conspicuous.

We passed a deep inlet to the north, running up to Ulvik, and hugging closely the eastern shore, with our course to the west of south, about noon we pulled to land, and seated on a shelving cliff both boatmen and passengers made good use of the stores with which they were respectively provided. Hitherto the weather had been fair, and the surface of the fjord unruffled. But we were destined in our own persons to have proof how suddenly the state of things may be altered in these waters. We had not long left the cove when a stiff breeze sprung up from the southward, and in an incredibly short space of time lashed the fjord into a state of extreme turbulence. The "short seas," following each other in quick succession, broke over our quarter, and it was with severe struggles that the boatmen, from time to time having recourse to renewed applications to the brandy-flask, made way against the surges and the driving gusts of the wind, which was dead against us. They closed in with the shore, but for some time it was as much as they could do to hold their own. The storm was accompanied with squalls of rain, the boat pitched

violently, and we began to anticipate a somewhat disagreeable termination to a navigation so auspiciously commenced.

However, the wind fell and the storm abated almost as suddenly as it had come on. We were then off Kinservig, a large village, the terminus of one of the routes across the fjeld, which at one time we had an intention of taking.* The weather cleared up, — the sun shining out, and the agitation of the waters subsiding into a gentle swell, — just in time to harmonise with the striking change in the scenery of the coast which soon after occurred. In our course down the fjord, the scarped cliffs which towered up to the inaccessible fjelds, piled in rounded masses above, had occasionally opened out to embrace some green nook or grassy slope, confined within the narrowest bounds but smiling in the exuberance of the most minute and careful cultivation, at the foot of those bare and perpendicular rocks. Connected with these picturesque farms, little jetties and piers thrust out into the fjord, with their corresponding boat-houses, sometimes broke the monotonous character of the line of shore. But its general features for the twenty miles we had traced its outline, were of a stern and lofty and massive grandeur; to which the gloom that impended during the continuance of the storm, and overshadowed the grey cliffs and the deep waters,

* It was here that Mr. Elliot and his friends were hospitably received by the pastor, M. Hertz, since dead, after their adventurous passage from Tessundal, in 1830.

gave increased effect. But when the sun again burst forth, and, as the boat shot round a wooded point, we came in sight of Ullensvang, it lit up a scene as lovely as any the eye ever rested on.

The mountain ranges fell back, and left a wide amphitheatre, as it were, scooped out of the fjeld, descending in gentle slopes and swells to the shore. It was surrounded by lofty ridges, sheltering it from the cold winds of the north and east, through a chasm in the rugged summits of which the white wreaths of a considerable cascade were seen falling into the plain. The undulations of the ground were followed by groves of deep verdure, amongst which peeped out farm-buildings and cottages, a group of which were clustered together near the centre of the area, the greater part being occupied by enclosures of young corn and broad meadows, now ready for the scythe, — all glowing in the sunshine after the rain with the softest but most vivid hues. Close to us on the bank as we approached, under a densely wooded hill, stood the mansion of the Soren-Scriver, of whom we were in quest, — its trim gardens reaching down to the water's edge, where was the usual landing-place. At the other extremity of the shallow bay, a promontory, stretching out into the fjord, was crowned by the church and parsonage, embosomed amongst groves and orchards. Boats were out fishing in the fjord. The aspect of the whole was cheerful and sociable, particularly to us, as contrasted with the scenes of desolation and solitude with which we had

M. A. Bisoulet

THE GREAT MOUNTAIN





been recently surrounded. Unsatisfactory as necessarily are all mere descriptions of scenery, and imperfect as I feel my own sketches to be, however faithful in the details, it will be perceived that Ullensvang presents a landscape of no ordinary beauty. Graceful in its outlines, and rich in its colouring, as a composition it embraced all that can be imagined most striking and beautiful, — including mountain-ridge, waterfall, green slopes, and wooded banks feathered down to the blue waters of the fjord ; — with signs of life in hamlets, church and busy fishing-boat harmoniously combined.

We had leisure to feast our eyes on this charming prospect, as our conductor the giest-giver, instead of landing us at the stairs leading to the scriver's house, pursued his course across the little bay of the fjord which formed the foreground of the picture, towards a rude pier at its further extremity, which, by the number of boats attached, seemed to be the general landing-place of the village. It appeared that he had learnt from some of the fishermen that the man of business was from home ; but he appeared in no wise disconcerted by information which seemed to place us in a situation of some difficulty, and, our fortunes being now in his hands, we obeyed in silence, when stepping ashore and depositing our baggage at a neighbouring cottage, without further explanation he bid us follow him. Pursuing a path which wound along the woody ridge to the south of the village, we crossed a torrent which poured, sparkling and clear,

into the neighbouring fjord, and presently discovered, by the course we were taking, that the præste-gaard or parsonage was the point of our destination. It stood thus, with the church, apart from the village, surrounded by numerous out-buildings, and by orchards, gardens, and yards; crossing some of which we presently reached the door.

I confess that I was not in a state to admire the extreme beauty of its situation just above the bank of the fjord, with the church rising amongst some tall sycamore trees behind, for I felt at that moment extremely nervous. I still could hardly reconcile myself to our claiming, as perfect strangers, a hospitality which, for aught we knew, might be considered burdensome or inopportune. But worse than this, we had to commence our acquaintance with an appeal for pecuniary accommodation, which was still more painful. What the immediate means, or what the disposition of the worthy *pasteur*, to meet our wants in this particular, we could only conjecture; but we were pretty well assured that if we failed here, there would be little chance of obtaining what we needed this side of Bergen! Our anxiety as to the result may therefore be easily conceived.

We were very graciously received by a lady, who, begging us to be seated, retired to announce our arrival. A gentleman now appeared, whose address to us in the language of the country was met by an interrogatory whether he spoke English. Then we made the experiment in French; and failing in both,

as a last resort, I tried Latin. The challenge was accepted; and our new friend having stated that the præsten was absent at Christiania, and that he was his brother and *locum tenens*, I proceeded to make known our awkward predicament in the best manner I could, and to inquire, with such phrases of apology as I could muster, if it were in his power to assist us. I told how our local money had run short, and produced some notes of the Bank of England, as well as a letter of credit I held on a firm of great respectability at Bergen, on whom I proposed to draw, or to give bank notes in exchange, for the sum we immediately needed. We exhibited our passport, in which my friend's rank in the English army had been verified by the production of his commission to the Swedish ambassador in London, and some letters we chanced to have in testimony of our being good men and true. He examined the documents carefully, and, demanding what sum we should require to relieve us from our present embarrassment and carry us to Bergen, he said he would consult his father, a retired district judge, for whose absence he apologised on the score of severe indisposition, and disappeared with the papers.

The young minister did not keep us long in suspense. He returned with the money we required, electing to take in return one of our bank notes in preference to a draft under our letter of credit on the house at Bergen. Never before, perhaps, was such a negotiation, including the exchangeable value of

the note and the other details of the transaction, conducted in a language little conversant with such matters, and which probably neither of the parties concerned had ever previously spoken. Some credit may be considered due to them for having been able to come to an understanding through a medium so inadequate. What was due to the frank and ready kindness of our worthy host, we regretted our inability but imperfectly to express.

Meanwhile, the table had been hospitably spread, and we were invited to refresh ourselves, the good lady doing the honours; and now relieved from our unpleasant dilemma, and having paid and dismissed the giest-giver, we were disposed to enjoy with zest an entertainment altogether differing in its style and ingredients from what we had of late been accustomed to. We soon after rose to depart, but our motion was received with pressing instances to spend the remainder of the day and pass the night at the præste-gaard. We felt disinclined further to intrude on the kindness of these good people; and to say the truth, agreeable as was the proposition in many respects, I felt some apprehension as to the continuance of an intercourse which could be maintained only through a medium so imperfect, the difficulty of which was increased by the difference of the continental pronunciation from that of our own schools and universities. But all our scruples were overruled by the urgency with which further hospitality was pressed upon us. We found less difficulty than we

expected; and if our colloquies were not quite Ciceronian, we managed on the whole to carry on a satisfactory conversation. The phrases "*Placetne, Domine,*" and "*Agimus tibi gratias,*" were exchanged with all the politeness of a very old school. It was no very difficult matter, by the help of maps, to describe our itinerary, and to receive directions for our future progress. Things practical, English and Norwegian, inquired into on both sides, generally admitted of replies which brought them within our respective comprehension. If sometimes we ventured on a higher strain, and entered on disquisitions, civil or ecclesiastical, which required more fulness of discussion, it frequently happened that we broke down in the midst of a sentence commenced with all becoming grandiloquence, and amidst roars of laughter passed by mutual consent to some easier theme. The burthen of the conversation fell upon me, my friend's classical knowledge being confined to some reminiscences of Cæsar's Commentaries, acquired in his preparatory military studies. Sometimes, however, when we were at fault, he helped us out by a phrase of German, learnt in the same school, too often, I fear, only to be forgotten as soon as the examination is passed, or, still better, by coming at once to the vernacular Norsk, at which, as having been the treasurer and purveyor on the road, he had become a much better adept than myself.

The parsonage at Ullensvang is, like most of the præste-gaards in Norway, a large and substantial

edifice, containing many spacious apartments, and, amongst others, a saloon of ample dimensions, handsomely furnished. Its appearance, and the style of living, reminded one of that of a country gentleman of moderate fortune in England: in fact, the clergy are here the only gentry resident in the rural districts. With incomes rarely exceeding 1500 dollars (from 200*l.* to 300*l.* a year), yet these being mainly derived from excellent glebes and commuted tithes, they are placed, for so poor a country, in a position of great independence. In their residences, alone in the heart of wild and unfrequented districts, you meet with all the comforts and many of the elegancies of civilised life, agreeable and accomplished women, and in the præsten himself a highly educated and well-informed gentleman. Laborious in their pastoral duties, the calls of which, from the extent of the parishes, are extremely severe, they are looked up to as the centres of their several circles, familiar to all, and not disdaining friendly intercourse with the better classes of their parishioners. They thus enjoy a consideration in society, to which they are personally well entitled.

It appeared, in the course of conversation, that the absence of the præsten of Ullensvang at this time was occasioned by his having been elected a representative of the district to the Storthing, the Norwegian parliament, now in session at Christiania. The presence of clergymen in the House of Commons would seem strange to our notions; and many people would con-

neet with it the idea of the floor of St. Stephen's being made the arena of controversies vehemently prosecuted, and neither seemly or profitable. Such apprehensions are probably without foundation; and I think that it may be conceived that the admission of half a dozen men of education and high professional standing, if they should find constituencies disposed to make such returns without the exciting ordeal of the hustings, would rather tend to elevate the tone of order and propriety in that assembly. In educational questions, and all that relates to the well-being of the poorer classes, their almost exclusive knowledge of the real wants and feelings of those whose interests demand, "for the sake of all" (as the bidding prayer has it), the most anxious and careful attention, would command respectful attention, and be of the utmost service. All other professions are well represented by some of their most enlightened members: why should not that one which is so intimately connected, not only with the moral, but with the secular welfare of vast masses of the people? And may not the right be fairly claimed with reference to the interests of the Church itself, seeing that its alleged representation by those holding high places in "the second estate of the realm" in the other house of parliament is, like many other parts of our constitutional system, something very like a fiction. Originally, there was a full representation of the clergy, similar to that of the laity. Each chapter sent its proctor, and the clergy of each diocese two representatives; like

members returned for the boroughs and shires. But the attendance of the clergy was unwillingly given. Insisting more and more on their rights, they kept away from the laity, and, ceasing to be a branch of the legislature, became a convocation. Acting thus, they severed themselves from parliament, and were left without any spokesman or advocate in that assembly.* Still they remained eligible as members of parliament; for the exclusion of persons in holy orders from a seat in the House of Commons is a regulation of comparatively very modern date; and it may be considered doubtful whether it was not rather a personal measure than founded on any large and general views of policy.† The common-place about meddling priests, and politics being inconsistent with the sacred office, and so forth, I hold to be mere cant. Out of twenty thousand clergymen, some few might be found qualified by talent and station to assume the important functions of legislators with as much propriety as the higher members of their order in the upper house, or as many of their number devote portions of their time to pursuits, scientific and literary, and others, not strictly connected with their profession. However this may be, no inconveniences that I have been able to discover are found to attend the admission, by the constitution of Norway, of members of the clergy into her legislature as representatives of the

* Sir F. Palgrave's "*The Merchant and the Friar.*"

† If my recollection is not inaccurate, its object was to exclude Horne Tooke.

people. In practice, it is acted upon to about the extent that might be expected and desired; and such an exercise of the right of suffrage is honourable to both parties concerned.

I learned another privilege of the Norwegian *pasteur* here, about which there can be no question. In the course of the afternoon we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a most respectable old lady, the widow of the late præsten of Ullensvang. Her daughter, we found, was now in England with the family of an English gentleman, who has lately settled on a fine château near Bergen. We were informed that the good lady resided in the village, on a small farm belonging to the church, appropriated, as is the general custom, to the widow of a deceased incumbent;— a gracious provision, highly in keeping with the kindly character and well-ordered institutions of this interesting people. Would to God there were fitting asylums of some sort or other for the unprotected relicts and daughters of the slenderly endowed labourers in the vineyard in our own country! HE only knows the anxieties, the privations, and the humiliations involved in the want of some such refuge and means of support, when the husband and the father is removed by the fatal stroke from the scene of his labours and his affections!

We were, also, introduced to an old gentleman, a fine specimen of the Norsk Bønder, or farmer of the higher class, living on his own land. He stood six

feet two or three inches high, and was proportionably framed; and though eighty years of age, was erect and vigorous, enjoying unbroken health and full of life and spirit in conversation. As we accompanied him on his return homewards, "See," said he, "yon cluster of houses," — pointing to a group which we had marked from the fjord assembled towards the centre of the valley, — "the owners of that small cluster of houses own among them upwards of 300 cows; — the lands they occupy are their own; they pay rent or service to no man. Most of the farms have continued in the same families for many generations, neither increased nor diminished." — "*Fortunati nimium agricolæ!*" I exclaimed to the young curate. Happy, indeed, — freeholders, pastor and pastor's widow, in the lot which the institutions of your country have secured to you! And the lot of your inheritance has fallen on pleasant places, fertile pasturages, trim houses, nestling amongst smiling orchards, living waters, and all that was combined to form that beautiful landscape.

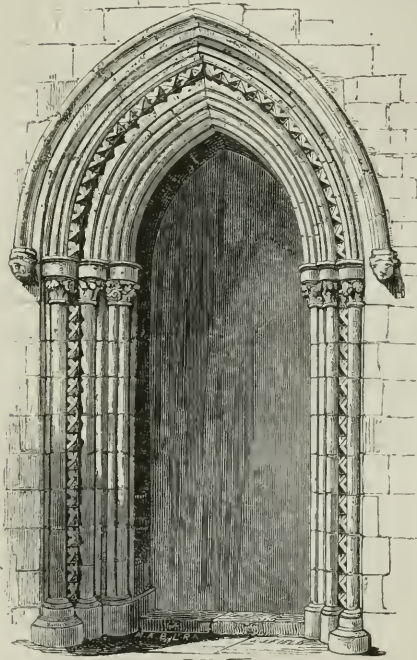
As we returned, the minister pointed out to us the great glacier of the Folgefonden, indistinctly seen overspreading the side and hollows of the mountain, and 5444 feet high, on the opposite shore of the Hardanger-Fjord. It is approached from Odde at the foot of this branch of the fjord. As we could not afford time to visit it, I reconciled myself with the recollection of other similar scenes. But my companion made an excursion to this glacier in 1849;

of which the reader will have an interesting account in the next chapter.

We were afterwards conducted through the gardens of the parsonage, remarkable for some cherry-trees of great age and dimensions, above a century old, and nearly 100 feet in the diameter of their spreading branches. They were yet vigorous, and a fair crop was fast ripening. The *candidatus*, for such it may be recollected is the title of an aspirant to parochial preferment, mounted the trees and collected for us some of the most tempting clusters, which were out of our reach from the ground. He then led us to the church, an ancient structure of stone, the interior of which had no particular character, except what it derived from the altar being richly ornamented, in accordance with the usages of the Lutheran Church. On after occasions we had opportunities of assisting at the performance of divine service; till the occurrence of which I reserve such observations as naturally suggested themselves, on matters connected with the public worship and state of religion generally in this country.

The doorway was of a date evidently much anterior to the rest of the building, a common occurrence in country churches in England, in which the Norman portals have escaped successive alterations which have changed the general character of the fabric. I got my friend to make a sketch of it, which I propose presenting to the reader. It would be needless, therefore, that I should attempt to describe it. The

age is probably of the eleventh century, when the semi-circular Norman arch first gave way to the



pointed style, with its long narrow lancet-headed windows and doors, the shafts of which still frequently retained, as in this instance, the zig-zag or shark's tooth ornament. Of this style, which we call "early English," are most of the oldest stone churches in Norway.

But churches of stone are, as I have already had occasion to observe,

rare in Norway; so, indeed, are all buildings of very considerable antiquity. Ruins of feudal castles and cloistered abbeys have no place in Norwegian scenery. This is readily accounted for by the want of those oolites and sandstones in the geological formation of the country, which admit of being worked with so much facility into the forms which architectural ornament requires. The abundance of fine

and durable and easily worked timber led to its universal adoption in buildings of all descriptions. Mr. Laing ingeniously attributes the superior degree of freedom enjoyed by the peasants of Norway in the early ages to the absence of those strongholds with which almost all the rest of Europe was at that time overspread. Instead of shutting themselves up within towers and battlements, and exercising by their retainers an iron sway over the defenceless tenants of the soil, the Vikings launched their ships, and led the more adventurous spirits of the nation to the spoil and conquest of other shores.

It is, therefore, altogether a mistake to imagine, as I have seen somewhere suggested, but have not been able again to lay my hand on the passage, that the origin of Gothic architecture, which has been so much discussed, can be attributed to the Northmen. The Dom-kirk, or Cathedral, of Drontheim is probably the most ancient building in Norway. St. Olave, who was slain in 1030, was buried in a small church dedicated to St. Clement, which now forms a chapel at the east end of the cathedral, and is said to have been founded in 1019. This is an early date, but not much, if at all, anterior to those of some of the churches of France and England. Nôtre Dame was commenced in 1010; Canterbury, in 1085; Durham, in 1093. The Cathedral of Drontheim itself, according to Mr. Laing, was founded in 1180 or 1183.*

* The cathedral of St. Magnus in Kirkwall was founded in 1138 by the Earl Rognvald, of Norwegian race. We have in the

The remains of this part of the fabric, as well as the church of St. Clement, present the round arches and zig-zag ornaments of the Anglo-Saxon style. The west end now in ruins, and which was founded in 1248, has the same character as the doorway of Ullensvang. Mr. Laing asserts that the two styles are intermixed and coeval in the cathedral of Drontheim, a fact which, clearly established, would "shake the theory of the Saxon and Norman, the round and pointed, arch having been used exclusively in particular and different centuries, and affording ground to determine the comparative antiquity of Gothic edifices."

This is perhaps a subject for more exact inquiry. But it seems certain that the designs of these ancient churches were of foreign origin; they were probably erected by architects from England or Normandy. Norway can, however, boast a style of architecture altogether her own. Many of the timber-built churches are of great interest, and there are some of high antiquity. Generally built in the form of a cross, with a tower in the centre terminating in a cupola or spire, with high-pitched roofs, often covered with scale-shaped shingles, and of large proportions, their general effect is massive to a degree which one should not expect from the material employed. The details are elaborate: rounded apses to the chancels,

heart of London churches dedicated to Norwegian saints, St. Olave and St. Magnus; foundations originally, I conclude, of the time of Canute.

transepts, chapels, and porches, exterior-cloistered galleries, lofty spires or cupolas, all richly ornamented with encircled crosses on the gables, and dragons' heads carved in bold relief projecting from the angles, break the general outline with all that picturesque variety which is peculiar to Gothic architecture. The Norwegian churches are often painted of a rich brown colour resembling chestnut or dark oak; sometimes of a bright red, which is not displeasing to the eye in contrast with the sombre tints of the surrounding forest. But the mellow hue which the pine logs acquire by long exposure to the atmosphere is best.

It gives a surprising idea of the durability of the Norwegian pine, when it is known that some of the oldest of these churches date as far back as the eleventh or twelfth century. They seem to have been close imitations in wood, by native workmen, of the style of ecclesiastical architecture employed in the masonry of that period. Such is the church of Borgund near Lierdal-Soren. That of Hitterdal in the Tellemarken, an accurate drawing of which forms the frontispiece of this Work, is perhaps the finest specimen. Internally, its central tower is supported by columns, each consisting of a single pine of extraordinary length, fit to be "the mast of some tall Amiral," merely stripped of the bark, and of such dimensions as are rarely, if ever, to be found in the present forests. Another of these ancient churches having attracted the attention of the present king of Prussia, his majesty has recently caused it to be

removed and, perfectly restored to its original state, to be re-established somewhere in Silesia.

The particulars of this singular undertaking were related to me by M. Kohn, the Prussian Consul at Bergen, under whose superintendence the transfer was effected. It appeared that the parishioners were induced to part with their old church from its being in a state of decay and requiring a large expenditure for its restoration, the king having offered to erect a new building on its site. The affair must have cost a large sum of money, and is highly creditable to his majesty's taste and munificence. But though one rejoices at the preservation, by any means, of so interesting a relic, it may be regretted that one of the few remaining specimens of this peculiarly national architecture should be lost to the country; and it must be wished that, where local funds are insufficient, the government should be allowed the means of interfering for their maintenance and restoration.*

* When I put together these slight notices of the ancient architecture of Norway, the result of our own observations and of suggestions by an intelligent friend at Christiania, to whom I am generally indebted for much valuable information, I was not aware of, and have not since had an opportunity of referring to, the work of Professor Dahl on the "Ancient Norwegian Churches," in which the curious reader will probably find full and interesting details.

CHAPTER IX.

DIFFERENT PASSES OF THE HARDANGER-FJELD — THAT FROM VINJE TO ODDE ACCOMPLISHED IN 1849. — CROSSING THE PLATEAU TO ROLDAL. — DESCENT TO THE SHORE OF THE FJORD AT ODDE. — EXCURSION TO THE FOLGEFOND GLACIER — GENERAL DESCRIPTION — COMPARED WITH OTHER MOUNTAINS — LINE OF PERPETUAL SNOW. — DETAILS OF THE EXCURSION.

THE Hardanger gives it namé to a wide district, which may be estimated at ninety miles in length by about seventy in breadth in a direct line, and includes not only the elevated plateau of the fjeld, but the valleys which lie at its base and intersect its ridges. There are various tracks across the mountain known to the farmers, who occasionally follow them in crossing from the eastern side to the villages which are situated on the Hardanger-Fjord, which approaches its western base. Of these tracks, the one we pursued to arrive at Ejfiord is probably the most practicable of any which can be traced over the northern part of the fjeld. There is a route at its southern extremity, terminating at Odde on the Sorr-Fjord, which I apprehend offers less difficulties than any other. My friends took it the following year. It had the advantage of shortening the passage of the plateau of the fjeld by one half the distance, so that they accom-

plished it in a single day; but still it was exceedingly trying. They found the snow at much lower elevations than we had done: and it overspread the surface of the fjeld to a great extent. It would evidently have been impossible to have crossed it that season by the track which we had pursued.

I propose to interrupt the narrative of my own "Rambles," in order to introduce at this point, where we take leave of the Hardanger, and to complete my notices of its principal Passes, a succinct account of their passage, divested of many details which would be a repetition of what has been said in the last Chapter; for the main features of the fjeld are the same.

An interesting narrative, supplied by my fellow-traveller, of his exploration of the Folgefond Glacier, which he visited from Odde on this occasion, will follow.

"*Vous auriez été guidé de prendre le chemin par les vallées de Tellemarken (Hjerdal, Hitterdal, et Grungedal), à Roldal et Odde sur le Sorr-Fjord par ici,*" said Pastor Hertzberg to Mr. Elliott when he had accomplished the very difficult passage from Tessundal to Kinservig, to which reference has been already made. A post-road is laid down in Waligorski and Wergeland's, "*Veikart over Norge,*" for nearly the whole of the line pointed out by the worthy pastor, and for some stages beyond Horre, on the western side of the fjeld. Mr. Murray's Handbook also, not with its usual accuracy, carries the post-road as far as Horre,

where it states it to "end" (1847), though "the road is practicable for a carriage as far as Seljestad;" adding that "it is expected that, in the course of a few years, the post-road will be completed to the Hardanger-Fjord."

My friends found the affair very different from these representations; and the proposed sketch may prevent disappointment to future tourists.

At Vinje they learnt (as might indeed have been expected), that there was no post-road over the fjeld, the last station being at Gugaard. The plan they adopted, which my experienced fellow-traveller would recommend to others pursuing this route, was to reach Voxlid, a lone mountain farm at the foot of the ascent, over night, so as to have the whole succeeding day for the passage of the fjeld. It is not a *station*, but horses can be procured there; and the farmer is an excellent fellow and an experienced guide. For two stages beyond Vinje cars were procured, the road leading up a valley and skirting a lake closely shut in by inclosing ridges, and the scenery being most picturesque. They then procured horses, and reached Voxlid late at night. The last fourteen miles were by a horse-track, through a most wild and desolate region, and traversing large fields of snow. The farm was an assemblage of rude log-buildings, snugly placed close under a steep summit, while immediately below a clear lake wound among sloping mossy shores, varied with birch woods; interminable chains of snowy mountains forming the distant view. They were

hospitably entertained, and horses were procured for the passage of the fjeld on the morrow.

A sharp ascent of 1200 feet behind Voxlid brought the travellers at once to the fjeld level of about 3500 feet, and from thence for forty miles across the plateau snow was almost continuous. Cold rain and sleet set in, accompanied by a piercing wind; and they suffered severely. They were obliged frequently to dismount and wade through deep snow, to relieve the horses, which occasionally sank up to their bellies; and once they had to leap them over a deep chasm, where the snow had divided and part had slipped into a torrent beneath. After three hours' march, they halted at Ulevaal-Læger; a rude hut built on a little grassy hillock for the convenience of persons crossing the fjeld; and, after such rest and refreshment as the intense cold allowed, resumed the journey. The travellers suffered severely from slaking their thirst in streams which issued from the drifts of half-frozen snow. It caused, a few hours afterwards, excoriation of the palate and ulceration, which, for several days, made it painful to swallow food. The water was, of course, at very near the freezing-point; but I never before heard of snow water producing similar effects. The guides experienced the same sensation. As the party proceeded, the scenery became increasingly savage; huge black rocks rising out of the snow in shapeless masses, all around and above the sort of shallow valley through which the track led. The line was pointed out at intervals by

piles of stones, or sometimes by a single stone, perched on a prominent rock.

The travellers struggled on through the snow for three or four hours, and then halted again at another læger, from whence they had a view into the lovely valley of Roldal, with its clear lake surrounded on all sides by towering mountains, some bare and craggy, some capped with snow. They left their guides and horses to rest at the læger; descending themselves on foot rapidly by the side of a furious cascade into the valley, crossing by a most picturesque bridge a bold stream flowing rapidly out of another mountain glen, with which the torrent they had followed down mingled its waters. These being joined by two other large torrents from the snow fields above, the united streams flowed through a delta of rich pasture land, in one broad river, into the lake on the shore of which the village of Roldal stands.

Here they found good quarters; and on the following morning, taking the same horses on, having skirted the lake for a couple of miles, they again made a steep and rapid ascent from the valley, having to cross a spur of the Hardanger-Fjeld, which extends westward across the line of route to Odde. Again they mounted to the level of snow; the views backwards, as they ascended, of the valley and lake being extremely lovely. Traversing extensive fields of snow, and crossing the torrents on snow drifts which made rather a treacherous sort of bridge, the travellers came in sight of a lake partially frozen, and in which

were floating large irregular masses of ice. Along its shore and up a snowy valley was winding a long string of pack-horses loaded with bales of goods, casks of herrings, groceries, and other stores, which they were conveying into the interior from Odde, on the shore of the fjord. They also passed close to a herd of reindeer grazing on the mosses that overspread the surface, where it was partially clear of the snow.

From the end of the lake, looking down a wooded glen, they caught at times distant glimpses of the dome of the Folgefond rising over the deep valley leading to the fjord. At the village of Skare they dismissed the horses, and made the rest of the journey, for about ten miles, on foot. The scenery on the approach to Odde is of the most magnificent description. They passed eight or ten waterfalls, and in one place two such falls were pouring their vast torrents from the same lake within 200 yards of each other, over cliffs 2000 feet high, into the river below; while on the opposite side of the glen a similar cataract precipitated its waters into the same channel. The travellers stood close to one of the twin-falls, and were wetted with its spray and stunned with the mingled roar of three mighty torrents, as they looked down upon the foaming river beneath.

Just as they began the descent to the Sandven, or Jordal-Vand, they met a singular and most patriarchal procession winding up the narrow path from





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J. A. Bidault, R.A. del. W. L. Walton lith.

HILDAL AND JORDALS VAND.

Printed by Hulinandel & Wästen.

the valley. In front appeared a damsel in the picturesque costume of the district, carrying a load of dairy utensils, and followed by a flock of goats. Then came some men loaded with articles of furniture and household gear, and driving a herd of cows, each with a tinkling bell suspended from her collar. Last came the master, with his wife by his side on a stout pony, and a couple of healthy boys their sons, and a daughter tripping briskly along the mountain path. It was understood that the party consisted of the pastor of Roldal and his family, proceeding to take possession of the præste-gaard and parish, to which he had been recently appointed. "It was a procession," says the journal, "thoroughly in unison with the scenery around us." The strangers stood aside to let it pass; and then, descending to the shore of the lake, were rowed six miles to its lower extremity, where a long narrow isthmus, extending between the bounding chains, dammed up its waters and formed a barrier between them and those of the fjord. The difference of level between the waters is about 100 feet. The overfall of the lake had worn a water-way through the isthmus into the left bank of the fjord. My friend's notes refer to a similar appearance at Ejfiord, which had attracted our attention the preceding year. The bank at Odde is formed of a detritus, the upper part of which is composed of immense rocks piled together, mingled with smaller stones, now for the most part covered with a thick wood of birch. The lower part, to which there is a sharp descent down

the steep escarp, is a beautiful little plain of finer alluvial deposit, now richly clothed with corn and grass. This is no doubt the delta of the river which gradually stretches itself sea-ward. The upper mass of rocks and stones must have been collected by a greater rush of water than ever now runs through the valley; and it was evident that, at one time, the dam held the waters of the lake at a higher level, till they had worked a deeper exit through the loose *débris* of which the barrier is composed.

The lower part of the valley and the vand are inclosed by the towering ridges of the Folgefond Glacier on the west and the Hardanger-Fjeld on the east, each rising to an elevation of upwards of 5000 feet. Every cleft and ravine poured forth a torrent dashing headlong into the lake in sheets of spray and foam. The evening sun shed a glow over the landscape, lighting up the river and lake, and colouring the snowy mountain tops with the most delicate pink, while shades of azure tinted the slopes of the glacier; and the last light of a long summer's day was failing as the travellers, having leaped ashore and crossed the grassy isthmus, reached the village of Odde, where they found good quarters and the rest they needed, after ten days of hard and uninterrupted travel.

Such are the notices collected from my friends' journals, of the passage of the Hardanger-Fjord in the direction they pursued. I am unable to reconcile them with the statements to which I have referred.

Certainly they found nothing like a *post-road* for forty miles over the plateau of the fjeld, nor indeed in any part of the route between Gugaard and Odde; and it is difficult to conceive the possibility of its construction and maintenance at such elevations, covered for the most part with perpetual snow.* The account, while it conveys to the reader some additional information respecting the features and character of these wild districts, may assist the tourist who should feel an inclination to penetrate into them, in coming to a decision. Such enterprises require a certain degree of hardihood, and involve some toil and even suffering. But otherwise it is impossible to enjoy the contrast between the utter desolation of these mountain chains and the beauty of the secluded valleys and lakes which they shut in, or to form any adequate idea of the scenery of either. With such materials before him, every one may decide the question according to his own taste and estimate of his powers, active and passive.

From Odde, as I before observed, the travellers made an excursion to the glacier of the Folgefond.

“The Folgefond,” says the minute made of this

* In Munck's “Forteguelfe” of the roads in Norway, published by Cappelen in Christiania, 1846, the regular stages of the post-road are given “Derfra Sauland till Gugaarden,” where they end. And then is added, “Fra Gugaarden gaaer *Fieldveie* til Roldal i Hardanger, over Voxlid, Ulevaal-Læger, &c. (mentioning the several lægers on the track over the fjeld), 5—6 mile.”

Fieldveie is a mountain path or road; as *Hovedveie* is a high road; *Rideveie*, a horse road, &c.

excursion, " is a vast accumulation of hardened snow and ice, supported on a huge mountain which fills the space between the south arm of the Hardanger-Fjord and the western branch near its junction with the sea, and rising, in its greatest elevation, to the height of 5440 feet. This immense *back* of snow extends for forty miles in a direction north and south, and is in the widest part about fourteen miles across. Seen from the ridge we crossed yesterday, it had a most noble appearance. But the views of it on the western side over the mouth of the fjord, from the heights of some of the islands lying off the coast, are, I understand, still more magnificent.

" It is worthy of remark that the Folgefond, though of less elevation than the Hardanger, from which it is only divided by the fjord, holds more snow and ice; the latter exhibiting no glaciers, even round the towering peak of the Harteigen. But it is still more remarkable that the Dovre-Fjeld, 150 miles further north, which rears its highest point, Sneehattan, to the height of 7513 feet (upwards of 2000 feet higher than the highest part of the Folgefond), and is further inland, and consequently more removed from the mollifying influence of the Atlantic breezes, has not a single glacier, and no extended back of snow. This may be accounted for from the Hardanger and the Dovre-Fjeld having no elevated plateau above the height of perpetual snow, while the great mass of the Folgefond is above that elevation.

" It is difficult to say how low the true snow line

descends in Norway. This summer, I find snow on the shores of the Miös-Vand, which are under 3000 feet; while the summer before, the lakes on the table land of the Hardanger-Fjeld, 4000 feet high, were free from ice; and throughout the passage the surface that was covered with snow was less than that which was bare; but this year, crossing from Vinje to Odde, the whole of the plateau was a continued field of snow. As a general rule, I should consider 4500 feet to be the height that may be taken as the snow line. The Folgefond, though not of considerable elevation, is remarkable for its great average height, which corresponds with the limit I have mentioned; and this will satisfactorily account for its massive accumulation of snow. Halling-Jokelen, 5550 feet high, rises in a magnificent dome of snow, from a coronal of bare buttresses of black rock, between which, in a diameter of eight miles, pour out no less than three or four glaciers. Though there is no central peak, there is a great breadth above the height of 4500 feet; while Harteigen, though of scarcely less elevation than Jokelen, being a single point, is, as may be easily understood, comparatively bare. Few of the Norwegian mountains would repay the toil of ascending them so well as the Jokelen.

“But to return to the Folgefond. The depth of snow and ice on it is supposed to be many hundred feet. The mountain rising abruptly from the fjord in irregular cliffs and buttresses, at once attains a height of 3500 feet. From the crests of these com-

mences a sweep of snow, which extends in a beautiful curve, fourteen miles across, and is scarcely less than forty miles in unbroken length. The effect of such a scene is marvellous. It is more impressive than the terrible ruggedness of the wild peaks of the Hurungerne. There the eye takes in the whole at once clearly defined. Here it fails in following a line which it is unable to measure; and while it dwells with pleasure on the graceful sweep, the mind is lost in conjecture at the immensity of its extent.

“This frozen mass, augmenting from year to year, would add indefinitely to the height of the mountain, were it not disencumbered by its descent far below the average snow line, into the valleys beneath. These ‘rivers of ice,’ as glaciers are well named by Lyell, consolidated from the snow by pressure, and by the freezing of water which is continually percolating through the mass when partially liquified by the heats and rains of summer, are properly the glaciers of the Folgefond. For though the whole extent of the back, thirty-five miles long, is one frozen mass superficially covered with, comparatively speaking, merely a few feet of snow, it only becomes apparent as a glacier when it *pours* itself down into the deep intersecting valley, far below the level of perpetual snow.

“This will be better understood as I proceed with the details of our excursion. We had hoped that it would have been an easy day’s work, after our late hard travelling. At least, it proved to be as interest-

ing a one as any we accomplished in Norway. In the morning the clouds hung low on the sides of the valley, but sufficiently broken to increase the beauty of the landscape as seen from below, but excluding much hope of any extensive views to the venturous climbers of the Folgefond. Waiting till the sun should disperse the mists, we bathed in the fjord, and I finished a sketch before we set forth on our ramble. For a mile we retraced our route of the preceding evening, and found ourselves again on the shore of the Jordal-Vand. A short pull of a mile and a half on the lake saved us the toil of climbing a rocky path, and landed us at the entrance of the valley of Jordal.

“The valley of Jordal runs for about a Norsk mile in a westerly direction into the heart of the Folgefond, opening most nobly on the Jordal-Vand, between two huge pinnacles of granitic rock. A torrent which flows from the glacier shoots its milky waters far into the lake, which, in consequence, is not of that wondrous transparency for which Norwegian waters are so remarkable. The effects under which we saw the valley, were peculiarly such as to increase the grandeur of the scene. The thick, heavy clouds at times hung low, throwing the deep clefts of the ridges into the deepest shade, and at other times slowly withdrawing, revealed the closing in of the valley, the streams of the glacier, and, far above and distant, the huge back of the Folgefond.

“We had chosen to be free from the restraint of a guide, as, in the present state of the atmosphere,

it would not only be dangerous, but useless, to ascend high up the mountain ; we were, however, at no loss, and followed the only path which led through the valley. It soon mounted considerably ; and, sometimes threading copses of alder, ash, birch and mountain elm, sometimes leading along the course of the raving stream, or across a little glade of grassy land, it revealed to us valley scenes more beautiful than can be described. Though we had commenced our ramble with eyes fixed on the glacier only, we found ourselves stopping to admire and sketch the views both down and up the valley.

“As we advanced we crossed the course of the avalanche, where it had borne down in its path trees and brushwood ; and we saw evidence of the action of a different kind of power, in the immense ridges of rock and stones which had been carried down by the floods on the melting of the snow, overwhelming every thing in its course, and showing how utterly impassable these deep valleys must be at certain seasons of the year. Now, a party of men and women were preparing and burning charcoal, in the very track of what a few months ago must have been an impetuous river.

“Six miles brought us to the last farm in the valley, about a mile from the glacier. From its green corn-patches and grassy slopes, the path changed to a succession of rugged ascents over some new and bare detritus, apparently only brought down during the early part of this summer, and over others grass-

grown, of older date, until we reached the muddy mixed mass of moraine at the foot of the glacier. This point I ascertained by my aneroid barometer to be about 1000 feet only, above the level of the sea. As we approached from the farm, we had begun to perceive the upper part of the glacier breaking out of the snow in a succession of ledges or low cliffs of ice. These in some parts, when they had reached the edge of a precipice, and fragments were fresh broken off, exhibited the most wonderful shades of colour of transparent green and blue, while the smoother surface of the glacier appeared, in contrast with the snow-drifts on its face, of a paler green.

“The glacier in its descent towards the valley winds for the last 1000 feet more than once, adapting itself to the form of the ground, not unlike a large stream of molten metal suddenly congealed. Like other glaciers, it appears to have advanced at times lower into the valley; and we noticed its fresh moraine some distance laterally from its present course. It is essentially a *stream* of ice; for, unlike the glaciers of the Alps, there is no room here for an extended *mer de glace*. Had there been a higher basin projected horizontally at the height of 1000 feet above the foot of the glacier, something of the kind would have been formed, as, indeed, was partially the case; but the ice coming to the edge of a precipice, is pushed over by the mass above. Some such fragments fell during our stay, and warned us of the danger of our position.

“ We attempted to ascend over the ice, and so far succeeded by dint of crawling and careful scrambling as to reach the centre of the lower stream, which was as far as we could venture to go ; for on the further side stones were constantly being set free, and bounding downward, precipitated to the mass of moraine below. We would have ascended had it been practicable, for the weather was now clear ; but unprovided with spiked shoes, a pointed staff, and a small axe, we found it impossible to proceed. After crawling up a great slope or wave of ice, we slid back hopelessly, and were in some danger of proceeding downwards at a pace that would have been far from pleasant, or of being lodged in one of the deep fissures which intersect the glacier. Innumerable streams of the purest sparkling water course down in tiny rills, pouring themselves in cascades into the deep blue clefts, and thence, by arched channels leading together, form quite a river at the base of the glacier.

“ Baffled in our attempts to gain the highest part of the glacier over the ice, we turned to the sides of the valley ; and, crossing some dangerous snow-drifts, we reached a point about 1000 feet higher, when we were stopped by a chasm through which a snow torrent was rushing. Here we rested a while, in view of the splendid profile of the glacier, seen from the side. A herd of cows was grazing at its foot, the tinkle of whose bells rose during the pauses of the roar of the waters. Again we made an attempt to continue the

ascent. I succeeded in crossing the chasm over a bridge of snow; and, gaining the other side, I found it just possible to proceed. I went on alone. Rock and heather soon gave place to a long sweep of snow, so steep that I was obliged to creep on all-fours, sticking my hands and driving my feet at each step into the snow, to prevent a retrograde movement.

“On gaining the top of the first snow-drift I was somewhat startled at finding that it had, not long ago, parted several feet from the mass above, and might even now be ready to rush over the precipice up which I had climbed. Woe betide me if it had! Nor even were my comrades, who were resting in false security below, safe. I succeeded in reaching yet another fold; but by this time I began to be really sensible of the danger of the adventure. I was alone, the evening was closing in, and I considered that time would scarcely allow me to ascend any higher. But on consulting my aneroid, I resolved to push on till I had gained what I thought would be 4000 feet above the level of the sea. Above me lay the long slope of snow, in the midst of which I was standing. No living thing was to be seen, and from this height there was scarcely a sound of the waters below. Turning, I saw the valley lying underneath, and the river winding along to the lake. I could look over the ridges of the valley, and the furthest shore of the lake, far on to the *plateau* of the Hardanger-Fjeld. To the left was the course of

the glacier, now quite beneath me. It was a scene of much grandeur, and I turned from it with regret.

“To descend required great caution. In accomplishing it, I made my first attempt at a new mode of progression ; for, stooping low and steadying myself with my hands on each side, I allowed myself to slide down on my feet. I had the satisfaction of finding that, although I was proceeding with desperate velocity, I could, by ploughing deeper into the snow, retard my progress. Soon, however, I was able to raise myself upright, and continue sliding in that position. A few seconds brought me to the bottom of a slope which it had taken a good twenty minutes to get up ; and crossing the *crevasse* which parted the drifts, I thought but little of the chances of an avalanche in the rapidity with which I rushed down the mountain-side. I had fortunately taken the precaution to trace my upward track over the rocks and precipice by strips of torn paper, without which I should have found it dangerous to descend.

“Returning to Odde by land from Jordal, we distinctly remarked strong traces of glacial action on the side of the mountain above the Jordal-Vand, which must have been graded on the rocks at a time when glaciers descended much further down into the valley than they do at present, and when, consequently, the temperature was much lower than it now is.”

CHAPTER X.

PROPOSED ROUTE ACROSS THE COUNTRY TO BERGEN. — NAVIGATE THE FJORD TO NOREIM. — FARES OF BOATMEN, ETC. — STEINDALEN. — CORN-MILLS AND SAW-MILLS. — A NIGHT MARCH. — EMBARK ON THE OSTER-FJORD. — POST-ROAD TO BERGEN.

My fellow-traveller was again hospitably entertained, with his two companions, at the parsonage of Ullensvang in July, 1849. The pastor, M. Kohn, was then at home, his duties as a member of the Storting summoning him to Christiania only once in three years. The party were prevailed on by most pressing instances to prolong their visit for two days, seeing all that was most attractive in that romantic neighbourhood. But nothing struck them more than the effect of the avalanches from the glacier of the Folgefond, which, in the heat of the day, they heard falling on the other side of the fjord.

To continue my narrative of our Rambles the preceding year:—We were to take our departure, as we arrived at Ullensvang, by water; the only exit, except by climbing the fjelds which surround it. The fjord is the great highway for the inhabitants of all the surrounding valleys, whithersoever they propose to direct their steps. The usual mode of

proceeding to Bergen is to ascend the Hardanger-Fjord to Ulvik, and thence cross the country to Vossevangen, where the great post-road from Christiania to Bergen is met. Following this for some stages, you embark on the Oster-Fjord, and are landed within two posts of the latter capital. This is the easiest route, but it is very circuitous, and it would not only have taken us again up the same branch of the Hardanger-Fjord which we had just descended, but the remainder of the route from Vossevangen to Bergen would be identically the same which we should have to retrace, on leaving that city for our further objects. A more direct line of march might be traced across the country, after navigating another branch of the fjord; it was much shorter, and had the advantage of taking us over new ground, which we should not otherwise visit. We therefore determined on adopting that line, though our friends at Ullensvang represented that we should find it attended with many difficulties, both as to the character of the country and the means of getting forward; as indeed we did, to our severe cost.

A boat had been ordered to be ready at an early hour in the morning; but it rained heavily, and our departure was deferred in the hope that the weather would become more favourable for our voyage. In the mean time, the arrival of newspapers from Christiania conveyed to us intelligence of the outbreak at Paris in the month of June. The fierce battle was still being fought in the streets. The issue was

uncertain. We had quitted London the day before it commenced. It was nearly a month since we had heard any "news;" buried in the forests of Norway, "the world forgetting," our existence had been a total blank as to matters which previously had daily and hourly been subjects of the deepest concern. Yet we were in the heart of a European kingdom, whose shores were but a few leagues distant from the northern coast of Britain! And now tidings, in which the fate of nations was involved, burst thus suddenly upon us in that remote and quiet valley. They furnished subjects for conversation, in which the *candidatus* took a lively interest. Almost all intelligent foreigners are disposed to think that Ireland is a weak and vulnerable point, from which serious danger is menaced to the British power. We re-assured him on this head. For ourselves, we had passed the 10th of April in London, and we had no fear of finding, on our return, that Queen Victoria was a fugitive, and that a democratic Directory had been installed at Westminster.

The weather cleared up about 10 o'clock; when, having taken leave with regret of our fair entertainers, we stepped into the boat which lay at stairs immediately under the terrace of the parsonage, spoke with pain the parting "*Vale!*" to the excellent *candidatus*, and once more pushed off into the broad channel of the fjord.

Fairly afloat, we discussed at leisure the details of our present enterprise. We were still nearly ninety

miles from Bergen, and for a considerable part of the route, there was no regular road; the country was rugged and little inhabited, and there was great uncertainty as to our obtaining any means of conveyance. We were, however, very anxious to reach Bergen without further delay. We looked forward to it as a rest in our wanderings, and anticipated, with satisfaction, the refreshment which a short sojourn there would afford us after our many privations; and we trusted on our arrival, to find letters from, and to communicate with, friends to whom we had now for a considerable interval been lost. We were much recruited and in high spirits; and calculating that our toil would be greatly relieved by a third part of the journey having to be performed in boats, we came to the resolution of pushing on without stopping by night or by day till we should reach the western capital.

The Hardanger-Fjord in its direct course from the foot of the fjelds to the North Sea, is about 120 miles in length; but, including its various ramifications, its waters may be considered to extend double that distance; with a width (for the greater part of its channel till it approaches the sea) of from two to five English miles. Coming from the North, in the course we had taken, it forks nearly opposite Kinservig into two branches. The smallest of these, which is called the Sorr-Fjord, terminates at Odde, at which place the roads, such as they are, communicating with Christiansand and other towns on the south coast, debouch.

Off Kinservig the main channel, after sweeping round in a sharp angle to the westward, and keeping that point for about seven miles, turns more to the southward, and as it approaches the sea spreads into bays from ten to fifteen miles in width, studded with numerous islands. It was our object to navigate it as far as it kept a westerly course and then, leaving its shores, to make our way in the best manner we could, in continuation of that line of direction, to Bergen. The navigation from Ullensvang to Noreim, the point of our proposed debarkation, is about thirty miles. It will be seen therefore, that we had first to steer northward till off Kinservig, and then enter the western branch. The day turned out fair; the boatmen pulled with a good will, under a promise of *schnapps*; we again enjoyed the lovely views on the eastern bank, and then crossing the channel, we rounded the point on the other shore, and before noon landed at Utné, a little haven and station for boats on the southern side of the fjord. Here we were to take fresh boatmen for the remainder of our voyage.

All that relates to travelling either by land or water in Norway, is admirably regulated under government authority. We shall have to speak in the sequel of the arrangements connected with the post-roads. Regulations of a similar character are applied to the communications by water throughout the country. There are established stations, at suitable distances, where reliefs of boats and men can be always procured; and the charges are settled by a

tariff which is strictly enforced. The fare is twenty skillings a Norwegian mile (seven English) for each boatman, which is about equal to ten pence of English money. The number required varies according to the size of the boat and length of the voyage; we seldom had occasion for more than two. There is, besides, a small allowance to the station-master, of two skillings for each boatman, for his trouble, which is called "*Tilsigelse*." The boats used in this service are of a different description from those in which we had navigated the fresh-water lakes, and much stouter. They are a sort of double-bowed yawls, with high and sharp stem and stern, and their appearance is highly picturesque. Each boatman pulls two oars, working them, not in rowlocks, but against stout pins fixed in the gunwale, to which they are confined by grummets or rings made of boughs of twisted birch. Sails, as we afterwards found, are occasionally hoisted; but great care is required in their use, from the frequency of squalls in those inland seas.

We experienced little delay in effecting the exchange of boats at Utné; and re-imbarking again plied our way now under the northern shore, to which we crossed. The shores of the fjord continued to maintain their bold and noble character. The elevations were not quite so great; but for considerable distances, the sides of the mountains overhanging the water were clothed with deep woods of pine, and at several points cascades leaped in long falls from the levels of the fjelds above. The outline of the coast was broken

by promontories, stretching out into the channel, and further on by some deep inlets indenting its shores. We halted as usual for refreshment, having procured a supply of bröd and some excellent butter (*smör*) at Utné. An old man who lived at the cottage where we landed for this purpose had just taken a fine fish, which we tried to induce him to sell, anticipating that for a time we should again be upon short allowance. He however refused, rather gruffly, to part with his prize. He probably wanted to salt it in store for future use. In these out of the world places money is sometimes of less account than money's worth. If provisions were scarce, with no market at hand, the fish was of more value than the mark or the half dollar it might have fetched.

About four in the afternoon we opened a wide bay, towards the shores of which the ranges swept down by easy declivities. Its surface was enlivened by a number of fishing-boats, some of them navigated solely by young girls. Flights of gulls wheeled screaming overhead. Two considerable villages rose on the plain which shelved to the edge of the fjord, Vigoer and Ostensö, the latter a place of some importance and trade. But to neither of these our boat was directed. It pointed to a small inlet, midway between them, at the head of which lies the hamlet of Noreim, towards which we pulled up a narrow creek opening into a little haven. Four or five trading smacks moored alongside wharfs, and ranges of stores, with strings of pack-horses standing loaded

on the beach, gave an idea of the extent of traffic carried on by the navigation of the fjord.

Dismissing the boatmen, we procured horses and proceeded at a rapid pace up the valley of Steindalen. It was extremely fertile; there were substantial farm-houses in the midst of meadows of the richest verdure, now under the scythe. The crops were heavy, and the air was deliciously scented with the fragrance of the new-mown hay. The hay in Norway is generally made in the Swiss fashion. As soon as the grass is cut, it is exposed to the air to dry on long racks which are fixed in the fields, and then gathered into haystacks; and finally stored in log-buildings raised on layers of stones; precautions rendered necessary in such countries by the frequent inclemency and general uncertainty of the weather. A short and delightful stage brought us to Stein. From thence onward we found that the road was impracticable for wheels. We obtained two excellent horses; and strapping our knapsacks and cloaks behind the saddles, set forth, attended by two youngsters, who easily kept up with our pace, for we began immediately to ascend the hills on the left bank of the valley. A torrent rushed down the ravine on our right, on which we counted nearly a dozen corn-mills, standing altogether, one after another, up the bank of the stream. The wooden buildings which enclosed the simple machinery were, like many others we met with, of the most diminutive size, six or eight feet square. We conjectured that each farm in the valley had its

own corn-mill ! What a waste of power and of time ! The principle of the division of labour is but little understood in the remote districts of Norway. There is indeed no necessity to be economical of the "Water privileges." Of the countless torrents and falls which everywhere pour into the valleys and fjords, not a few are, at every convenient spot, applied to the purpose of working saw-mills for converting the pine timber into planks and deals. The machinery is generally on a small scale and very simple. It was often amusing to see the vast power of a fall of many hundred feet applied to such an incommensurate task. A single stroke in full force would have dashed the machinery to atoms. A mere thread of water diverted from the volume sufficed. Seeing only the fall, and the fragile erection at the base of the cliff, it was a giant playing with a toy.

The ascent was steep, among folds of the hills, clothed with birch woods. At a considerable height we found a sæter, at which we pulled up for some minutes, and had again the pleasure of tasting the delicious milk produced by the mountain pastures. The country now became very wild, and the track we were pursuing rough and difficult. The horses frequently plunged in boggy ground, from which they extricated themselves with difficulty ; and we had to force them among rocks and stunted bushes along the surrounding ridges, to regain the track by a circuitous route. Night closed in, our progress was very slow, and it was eleven o'clock when we reached a

solitary farm, standing on a bank which rose above the waters of a most dreary lake. The inmates had retired to rest; the fire had been extinguished; the place was wretched; there was not a vestige of any thing we could eat; and what was worse, no horses were to be procured. All this was unpleasant, but we had no hesitation as to the course to be pursued. Delay, and even rest, under such circumstances was out of the question. The man of the house was very unwillingly tempted, by the offer of a high rate of payment for his services, to be our guide forward. While he was accoutring himself for the road, we kindled a fire, and hastily cooked porringers of rice and chocolate from the contents of our haversacks. At midnight we set forth; he would have had us wait till daylight, but we were inexorable. The night was very dark, and I know little of the country we crossed, but that, closely following the footsteps of the guide, I found myself sometimes plunging into deep and rocky hollows, then crossing by stepping-stones black and roaring torrents, and at others climbing stony ridges, or picking my way over morasses which threatened to engulf us on any deviation from the track.

The break of day discovered to us that we had gained an elevated plain of undulating country of the wildest character, in the midst of which, at about three o'clock, we reached a lone mountain farm, where our guide delivered up his charge, and roused one of the inmates, a fine young fellow, to undertake the

task of conducting us onward. We found that the horses were all at the sæters, at a distance too great to allow of our waiting for their being got in. So nothing was left for us but to continue the march. While our new guide was preparing himself for the way, which was not accomplished without resort to the bread-coffer and butter-tub, we stretched ourselves on a bench and fell asleep. My companion had a happy facility of falling, on any respite from toil, into a deep sleep, from which it was often no very agreeable duty to bring him back to a state of consciousness, and urge on him the necessity of being on the move. Once more we set forward; and weary as we began to feel, our fatigue was relieved by the delight afforded us in marking the charming effects of early dawn on those wide and elevated plains. The cold gray light which, as the stars gradually paled and disappeared, preceded the dawn, revealed swell after swell of the wide landscape. Mists hung in heavy masses over the hollows. The first faint blush of morning, seen far away on the horizon, quickened by degrees into beams which touched the mountain tops with mellow brightness, and shed life and animation on scenes before so desolate; and the whirl of the grouse, and the cries of the plover, as they rose in our path, gave note of living things waked to the fresh enjoyment of their undisturbed possession of those solitary regions.

The whole country appeared almost entirely uninhabited, and its features presented nearly the same.

aspect, till about seven o'clock in the morning, from the summit of the last ridge we joyfully discovered a branch of a fjord, spreading its still waters deep in the shade below. It gave promise of rest to the weary; and, quickening our steps, we hastily descended the declivity, and, summoning a boatman from a lone cottage on the bank, rejoiced to find ourselves once more afloat. We stretched ourselves in the bottom of the boat, and sank at once into a deep sleep, from which we were only roused by the grating of the keel on the opposite shore. The passage had occupied about an hour. We landed at a little place called Aadland, a hamlet, I believe, belonging to Somnanger. We hoped that we should here be able to procure horses; and great was our disappointment at finding that none were to be had, for we began to feel seriously the effects of fatigue. We had yet ten miles of very difficult country to cross, in order to reach another branch of the fjords, which would land us at a station where we should be able to procure post-horses to Bergen. This was now a formidable undertaking; but we pressed on, stopping only to take some slight refreshment, and to obtain a guide, who relieved us of part of our traps. Leaving Aadland, we ascended at once from the water's edge, through shaggy woods and by an abrupt and rugged track, at an angle of 60° , to a very considerable elevation. The whole line between the two branches of the fjords presented hardly a furlong of level ground. It was a succession of ridges, the

descent into the intersecting valleys of which was precipitous. On, on we went, climbing steep after steep, often delighted, as we seated ourselves on a shelf of rocks for a momentary rest, with the interesting points of view which the deeply wooded glens from time to time presented, but too severely tried fully to enjoy them. I think I felt even more exhausted than when I staggered into Sæbö, on the evening of our arrival after the passage of the Hardanger-Fjeld.

At length, after a weary march of four hours, we once more looked down on the blue waters of the fjord. It was a charming spot: a little upland farm occupied a hollow of the hills; glades of the smoothest green-sward, newly shorn, wound amongst thickets of birch underwood, and fell in long slopes to the water's edge. We threw ourselves on a heap of the new-mown hay; our toils were over; and we bore with some patience the slow movements of the owner — at once farmer and boatman — who seemed reluctant to quit his labours among the haycocks; loath to lose the sunny noon in a precarious season, in his anxiety to save a crop so important. At last we began to descend the lawns, and thread the thickets to the shore; and, laying down his implements of husbandry, he shouldered his oars and followed us to the boat.

Again we were skimming at ease the calm surface of the fjord. Though the shores of this, the Oster-Fjord, had not the grand features which characterise

those of the Hardanger-Fjord where it penetrates far up among the fjelds, they were still very noble and exceedingly varied; and a lofty chain of mountains was seen across the water to the west, seaward. We traced its coast for about nine miles, and then, landing at Garnæs, procured light cars at the post-station, eighteen English miles from Bergen. We changed horses mid-way, and reached the city about eight o'clock in the evening. The cattle were heavy, and the conductors were little disposed to second our impatience to get forward; but, arrived at the suburbs, they quickened their pace, and whirled through the streets at a rate which, as there were no springs to the cars, and the *pavé* was rough, threatened to dislocate my bones. Aching as they did with previous fatigue, this last trial was a species of torture I had not anticipated. Keeping my seat with difficulty, I assumed an air of *nonchalance* becoming an English traveller, and bore my martyrdom with heroic firmness. My eyes danced, so that I could with difficulty distinguish the groups of passengers, to whom our arrival, travel-soiled and way-worn, presented a spectacle of not very frequent occurrence. Thus threading the long streets for upwards of a mile, we were deposited at Sontum's boarding-house, where we were soon surrounded with all those comforts of which our long Rambles, our recent night march, and thirty-four hours of travel with slight respite and refreshment, rendered us greatly in need.

CHAPTER XI.

BERGEN — ITS TRADE. — HANSEATIC LEAGUE. — THE CASTLE. — GERMAN CHURCH. — FISH-MARKET. — MUSEUM. — OPINIONS ON THE SEA SERPENT. — ANCIENT PICTURE. — CONNECTION WITH THE GREEK EMPIRE.

BERGEN is finely situated in a valley surrounded by mountains, at the head of a fjord, which, sheltered by numerous islands, communicates with the North-Sea at the distance of twenty or twenty-five miles. The entire western coast of Norway is studded with innumerable islets in continued succession: the channels between these and the main land and the branches of the fjords which, it has been already observed, penetrate far into the interior, affording great facilities for navigation. The situation of Bergen is therefore well adapted both for the foreign and coast trade. Its foundation is attributed to King Olaf Kyrre, in the year 1070; and it was for many ages the capital of the kingdom. Since Christiania has become the seat of the legislature as well as a university, it has outstripped its western rival in population; that of Bergen being, by the last returns, 25,000, while that of the new capital is upwards of 30,000. The trade of Bergen is, however, still the greater.

The English were the first foreigners who traded with Bergen; they concluded a treaty of commerce with king Hakon Hakonson in the beginning of the thirteenth century, remarkable as being the first which England entered into with a foreign nation. Its advantageous position also early attracted the attention of the Hanseatic League, and its importance may be estimated from its having been one of their four principal factories; the others being London, Bruges or Antwerp, and Novogorod. The produce of the Northern fisheries was then, as it still continues to be, its principal staple of trade. The Hanseatic League — of which the cities of Lubeck and Hamburgh were the original, as with Bremen they constitute at the present day the only remaining members — at one time included seventy-two towns of note in the alliance. Founded at first for the purpose of mutual protection against the pirates who infested the northern seas, the league gradually extended its branches, till, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, its most flourishing period, it commanded nearly the whole of the commerce of Europe on the shores of the ocean and the Baltic, and established its stations in the ports of the Mediterranean. Doubtless it contributed greatly to the diffusion of wealth and civilisation; but, like the republics of Italy, and some great mercantile associations of later times, the leading members of the Hanseatic League were not content with its commercial privileges, or were led by the relations into which they

were brought with foreign countries in extending their trade, into territorial aggressions, which their maritime superiority and their opulence, exceeding that of the greatest monarchs, enabled them to prosecute with vigour and success.

In the war which they carried on against Waldemar III. king of Denmark, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, they employed no less than 250 ships and 12,000 troops. They gradually reduced a great part of Norway into entire subjection; and Bergen, the capital of an independent kingdom, may be said to have been garrisoned by their troops. The foreign merchants established there under the protection of the League, excluded the natives from all share in the trade. Their establishment, somewhat similar to that of the Hudson's Bay Company in our times, presented a muster-roll of apprentices, overseers, and factors, in due subordination and almost military array, rising by seniority through the different ranks to that of partner; and numbering, in the whole, upwards of 2500 men, a formidable force when thus concentrated and disciplined. They had sub-factories in Nordland and Finland, a particular court at Bergen for the adjustment of their own affairs, and assumed a complete independence.

The close of the sixteenth century witnessed the entire decay of this powerful association. The States of Holland, having acquired their freedom, became its successful rivals, and the rupture with England completed its fall. Queen Elizabeth had seized sixty of

their ships in the Tagus as containing cargoes contraband of war. Their remonstrances were fruitless, and, though they obtained an imperial edict excluding English merchandise from Germany, that high-spirited and sagacious princess set them at defiance, and treated all their proceedings with contempt. Fostered by her wise administration, the merchant adventurers of England succeeded to a large share of the trade which the Hanse-towns had so long engrossed, and laid the foundations of that extended commerce which, in the course of time, left all competitors in the struggle for mercantile pre-eminence at an immeasurable distance.

About the same period, the latter part of the sixteenth century, the Hanseatic influence, so long predominant in Bergen, but which for some time had been on the decline, was utterly overthrown by the vigour of Walkendorf, the bailiff of the crown, who expelled part of the foreign merchants; and, as it is said, by the erection of a strong citadel, which still bears his name, awed the rest of the citizens into subjection. Deprived of their monopoly, the trade of the Hanse merchants in Bergen languished, till, in the middle of the eighteenth century, it was entirely extinguished by the sale of the last of their possessions.

During the period of their supremacy they occupied a distinct quarter of the town, divided from the rest by a narrow branch of the fjord, forming the harbour, and yet called the "*Deutch quartiere*."

Lofty ranges of warehouses, extending along the quay and running back by the sides of narrow canals communicating with it, like those in the towns of Holland, testify the large scale on which trade was here conducted in former times. This part of the town also contains a fine church, still called the German church, together with the citadel, called Walkendorf's tower, and some remains of an old palace of the Norwegian kings.

Our first visit was paid to this quarter; and in crossing the harbour by a ferry-boat, we had an opportunity of making some observations on the present state of the trade of Bergen, which, greatly as it has diminished since its palmy days when it flourished as a member of the Hanseatic League, is still considerable. It now contained vessels under the flags of Russia, Sweden, Prussia, England, Holland, Belgium, France, Spain, and Naples; but we were informed that it has a still more lively appearance in the early part of the season, when it is crowded with the craft which bring the produce of the cod fisheries, by the navigation I have already mentioned, from the stations on the northern coast, and by the sea-going ships by which it is transported to foreign ports. At that time there are often 500 or 600 vessels of various sizes in the harbour. These north-country *Jagts*, as they are called, are generally of about seventy or eighty tons burthen, broad in the beam, and high fore and aft. They are clinker-built, and carry a single lug-sail of vast dimensions, and,

as I should think, very unmanageable. Indeed, such vessels are only adapted for the navigation of the channels between the islands and the mainland. Their appearance is highly singular and picturesque, and carries the mind back to a very early age; for so prejudiced are the North-men in all that concerns their build and their rig, that they will not permit the slightest innovation; and there is every reason to believe, that such as we now saw them they were, in the very infancy of the navigation, 500 years ago. We pulled round one which was loaded high up on the deck with a cargo of firewood, and traced on its stern, in rude letters, the inscription—

“ Familien is my name.
God shows me the way,
And the wind drives me.”

Landing on the opposite quay, we found it cumbered with piles of stockfish, casks of cod-oil, and stacks of firewood, the consumption of which must be enormous, as there are no coals in Norway. Its mineral wealth in silver, copper, iron, nickel, and cobalt is very great, but neither coal nor salt enter into its stratification. The latter is obtained in large quantities for use in the fisheries from Spain; to the ports of which, and those of Portugal and the Mediterranean, the greatest exports of salt-fish are made. The principal fishery for cod is in the neighbourhood of the Loffoden islands and on the coast of Finmark; that for herrings, later in the season, is

southward, toward Stavanger and the Naze. On that part of the coast also are taken the lobsters, which are exported to London in a live state, in clipper smacks, and in such quantities as to threaten their extirpation, but for a wise measure, which was under the consideration of the Storthing when I was in Christiania, for establishing a close season for protecting the breed. During that period the supply may, therefore, in future fail of satisfying our enormous demand. Bergen exports annually about 2,000,000 specie dollars' worth of stockfish, and 400,000 or 500,000 barrels of salted herrings, with 20,000 barrels of cod-oil. - They also send large quantities of spawn and fish-scales to the south of Europe, where they are used as baits, particularly for the fishery of *Sardines*, in the Mediterranean. The annual produce of the fisheries of Norway is estimated at about a million sterling.

The timber trade is the next in importance, of which upwards of 500,000 loads are annually shipped, from the ports on the south coast, to France, England, Denmark, and Holland. Christiania and Drammen have the greatest part of the English trade. I have already noticed, in speaking of Arendal, how much we found this important branch of industry affected by our high import duties, and more immediately by the present state of affairs in France. The only other export from Norway of any importance is iron; though the quality is excellent, the quantity worked is limited by the scarcity of fuel, where char-

coal only is used in smelting. Some cargoes are annually sent to the United States of America, serving as ballast to the ships which take out emigrants. I was surprised, after the abundance of milk which we had seen and enjoyed in the pastoral districts, at finding that cheese and butter formed no part of the exports from Bergen. On the contrary, I was told that butter at present bore a high price; and that both were imported from Denmark. It should seem that the lavish, and almost prodigal, use of the produce of the dairy in these districts leaves but little surplus for the market; the distance of which, and the scarcity of other means of subsistence, may account for so large and general an item in the rural economy of the country being turned to so little account.

The castle of Bergen, as I have already observed, is situated on the same side of the harbour as the principal quays. The works are of irregular construction, consisting of several bastions for defending the harbour and town, the guns of all which are now dismantled, except one battery of twelve-pounders, on traversing platforms. The area within the outworks is considerable, including a very pleasant esplanade and walks planted with trees. It contains also the remains of the royal palace, erected by Olaf Kyrre, the founder of the city; and good houses for the commandant and his deputy, with various offices attached to the head-quarters of the garrison. Over all rises "Walkendorf's Tower," as it is called, a

square massive building with a flat roof of stone, supported by immense beams of timber, and forming a platform of sixty feet by forty, from which there is a splendid view of the mountains and town, the harbour and the fjord. It is ascended by stairs, carried up within the walls. The lower stories are used as armories, containing a collection of arms of ancient date, as well as many stands of muskets, also rather ancient, but still serviceable, and reserved for the equipment of the Landværn, when they are embodied. The upper story was pierced for small pieces of ordnance. They show, in the walls of the fortress, several of the balls fired by the English fleet under the Earl of Sandwich, in 1665, when, during the war with Holland, he pursued the Dutch under the command of Admiral van Bitter, into the harbour of Bergen. We found the whole in a very dilapidated state; but the government has undertaken its restoration, and a number of artificers and convicts were employed in the repairs. Its erection is attributed to Walkendorf, whose name it bears; but it appeared to me of far more ancient date than the year 1560, when he is said to have erected a citadel which reduced the Hanseatic Leaguers to subjection. It seems far more probable that the tower is part of the ancient fortress of the Norsk kings, which Walkendorf took possession of and restored for effecting his object.

We were conducted over the fortress by a son of Major Rein, the deputy-commandant, to whom we

had been introduced, and to whose kindness, as well as to that of other officers of the garrison, we were greatly indebted. After leaving the tower—on the parade at the foot of which was a field-battery of eight brass guns (six-pounders) of superior workmanship, mounted on rather heavy carriages—he introduced us to the “king’s hall,” a noble apartment of the old palace, 120 feet long, and proportionably lofty and wide. It had high pointed windows, and niches in the wall at the upper end, where stood the royal seat. It is now used as a granary for the troops and convicts, and the floor was thickly spread with rye and barley. We afterwards visited a low vaulted room, neatly fitted up as a chapel for the use of the convicts, or *slaves* as they are here called.

Whatever may have been the strength of this fortress in former times, when it is said to have been impregnable, it is not calculated to make any formidable defence in modern warfare, or even to cover the town and harbour from attacks on the sea-board. A new work has therefore been traced, and partly executed, on the extreme point of land jutting out into, and completely commanding the entrance of, the fjord. It is an earth-work, consisting of two lines of irregular tracery, the lower line being a *fleur d'eau*. The whole is inclosed in the rear by a strong stockade, formed of young pine trees firmly planted and sharpened, and broken into angles. The works are to be mounted with a heavy armament of

fifty eighty-four-pounders. The guns, brought from Sweden, as there is no foundry for ordnance in Norway, were of exquisite workmanship.* We understood that a large quantity of a new percussion shell, called, after the inventor, *Fredericson*, was deposited in the vaults of the castle. It was said that the objections to the use of this destructive shell had been obviated by some peculiarity in the construction, but we could not ascertain in what it consisted, as there was naturally some reserve on the subject. The view from the battery — of the several branches into which the fjord is divided with lofty mountains rising from the shores, and these enlivened by some pretty country-houses of the citizens — was extremely beautiful.

Our next visit was to the German church. The exterior is of a cumbrous, but effective, style of architecture. It is said that there was a church founded here as early as 1181; but the present building did not strike me as bearing any marks of great antiquity. I should have supposed it to be of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. The western *façade* presents two towers flanking a lofty gable. The interior is rich with objects of great interest. The altar stands

* An officer of the Norwegian artillery, to whom my fellow-traveller remarked on the excellence of the *matériel* in their service, replied, "We have had every thing to create; the Danes left us nothing; it has been so far an advantage to us, that we have been able to adopt every modern improvement in our branch of the service."

out insulated and raised high, as in Roman Catholic Churches ;—the Reredoss, ornamented with images of the Twelve Apostles, St. Olave, St. Catherine, and St. Anthony delicately sculptured. On the altar were placed tall candlesticks, and over all stood a crucifix thirty feet high. The massive carvings of the pulpit and of the front of a loft containing a noble organ were of dark oak. Little votive models of ships, the offerings of thankfulness for successful enterprise or perils escaped, were suspended in the aisles and side chapels, and the walls were almost covered with pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools, the gifts of various benefactors, whose names and dates were generally inscribed. Some of them painted on wood were very ancient ; and many of them, as it appeared to me, of great merit. I was particularly struck with an “Offering of the Magi,” and a “Raising of Lazarus ;” by what artists I could not ascertain. A good full length portrait of the late Bishop of Bergen ornamented the chancel. The roof of the church is lofty and vaulted, the line of the cornice being broken by statues of the Apostles carved in high relief. There was an air of solemn grandeur about the whole. The Lutheran reformation had made little or no change in its character ; and it stands an interesting memorial of the wealth and munificence of a race who, if, when in the zenith of their power, they abused their advantages, at least are entitled to the merit of having introduced amongst a rude people

the benefits which flow from an extended commerce, and the arts which follow in her train.

The cathedral and, I think, three or four other churches stand on the other side of the harbour, in the old Norsk-town. They are, I believe, of modern date, and have no particular claim to attention. The houses are all built of timber; and the town has so often suffered from destructive fires, that there are few remains of antiquity to interest the curious inquirer. In 1488, eleven churches and the greater part of the town were consumed. By a municipal regulation a watercask stands at every door; but of such small dimensions, as to afford, according to my apprehension, a very slender supply for the emergency against which they are intended to provide.

Once or twice in the night I was roused by the unusual sounds of the watchmen's cries. I believe their principal duties arise from the apprehension of fire among such a collection of wooden buildings. They add to their announcement of the state of the weather, some verse, sung out in a melancholy chant, such as —

“Unless the Lord the city keep,
The watchmen watch in vain.”

Their formidable weapon, the morning-star, a sort of flail armed with a ball of iron, stuck with spikes, of which we saw specimens in the castle, has been superseded, since an unfortunate occasion, on which a too free use was made of the murderous instrument

on the person of an Irish nobleman a few years since.

The Strand-Gaden, and streets in a line with it, long, narrow, and roughly paved, with lofty houses on each side, seemed the principal avenue and place of traffic. It had a busy air from the number of shops, and the groups of citizens, sailors, and country people, who from time to time thronged its avenues. Many of the houses inhabited by the merchants and families not engaged in business are handsome buildings, somewhat in the Dutch style and neatly painted white. Polite ceremonial is here carried to a pitch I never before witnessed. Not only is the head uncovered, with a profound obeisance, on meeting in the street any persons with whom you have the slightest acquaintance, but the same ceremony is observed as often as you pass a window at which females happen, as is very much the fashion, to be seated; and this is renewed, though in your promenade you pass and repass in the course of a short period. Then, upon entering the most humble shop for the purchase of any trifling article, you remove your hat, and remain uncovered during your dealings. Even young boys take off their caps to each other in the streets, with a gravity which would provoke ridicule, did one not reflect how much the outward observance of good manners tends to humanise the feelings and conduct. The equal and kindly bearing of all classes of Norwegians towards each other exhibits indeed a most enviable state of society. We thought that there was a pecu-

liar elegance and delicacy in the females of the better classes, and they dress well; those of the lower orders only retaining the national character in their costume of bright embroidered boddices and woollen skirts. Many of the shops had suspended at the side of the doors, glass-cases, exhibiting the broad silver brooches and buttons, and studs, which are generally worn by the people of the Bergenstift, as well as the Tellemarken and other districts, as well as the gilt crowns worn by brides on the solemnisation of the marriage ceremony. Almost all the houses of the better sort had pots of curious flowers ranged in the windows.

One morning early we went to the fish-market. The boats were drawn up alongside the quays, which were thronged with crowds of women—the good housewives and female servants—hastening to purchase a supply of an article which enters largely into the dietary of the inhabitants of every degree. The traffic was carried on between the men in the boats, in which heaps of fish were continually increased by additions from a coffin-shaped machine in which the fish were towed astern to keep them fresh, and the women reaching over the edge of the quay. Great was the clamour; Billingsgate seems to have the same type in every part of the world. But it was all on the side of the women, contending for priority and *haggling* with the fishermen, who preserved the utmost *sang froid*. One of the girls would cheapen a lot of fish; her offer in return, being unsatisfactory, received not the slightest attention. “*Diævel brand*

du,"—D—l burn you—shrieked out the enraged damsel, accompanying every renewed and silently rejected proposal with fresh torrents of abuse, till she had raised her bidding to the price set on his wares by him below. Then, with the same imperturbable gravity, he coolly held out his boat-scoop, and receiving the coin, handed up the lot to the purchaser. Similar scenes were taking place the whole length of the quays, amid a strife of tongues, which our friend who accompanied us to the market, assured me could often be heard at our quarters, half a mile distant. The supply of fish is abundant, and the prices very moderate. Cod, I think, was about a penny, and salmon one penny halfpenny per pound, and a large turbot may be bought for sixpence.

We devoted an afternoon to the examination of the Museum, on a special appointment with Major Heselberg, of the Royal Artillery, one of the Directors, who was kind enough to conduct us through it and, speaking French fluently, pointed out the objects most worthy of attention. We were particularly interested by the collection of Norsk antiquities, comprising Runic inscriptions and ancient stone crosses; a number of the primitive calendars, in which dates and seasons are marked by hieroglyphical figures traced on wooden tallies; a variety of bowls and other objects, some of them of recent workmanship, carved with great delicacy, an art in which the natives greatly excel. There were also sepulchral urns, a banner of St. Olave, and some curious relics from old churches.

In the department of Natural History we were particularly attracted by the specimens of animals which exhibited the change of colour periodically wrought by the severity of a northern winter. There were hares and grouse in every stage of the process to milk-white. The lynxes, bears, and wolves claimed a share of our attention, and (among the feathered tribes) the eagles and hawks; especially the Norwegian *jer-falcon*, once of such high estimation in falconry, and the splendid specimens of the capercaillie, ptarmigan, and black cock; the more so, as we had not (and at this season it was not very likely that we should have) the good fortune to fall in with any of them in their native habitats. Our rambles led us far in unfrequented tracks, among the deep forests and mountain ranges; but experience confirmed the common observation, how rarely animals and birds of chase of any description, are met with in Norway during the summer. The collection of fishes is extensive and curious, including some singular specimens from the northern seas. We did not fail to inquire of the Major whether he was disposed to think there was any foundation for the marvellous stories of the craken, related by Bishop Pontoppidan and others. As might be expected, he treated them as altogether unworthy of credit; but he directed our attention to a specimen of a large fish peculiar to those seas, the habits of which he thought might possibly have given rise to the reports alluded to. He stated that they are accustomed to enter the channels which they fre-

quent in single file, if I may so speak, so that at some distance, the eye ranging from one to the other, as they closely followed in continual succession, might be deceived by the appearance into the notion that one enormous fish of prodigious length was presented to it; and the terrors and imaginations of the observers would clothe it with those attributes, with which the traditionary monster of the Norwegian gulfs have been invested:—

————— “that sea beast
 Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim the Ocean stream;
 Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.”

Par. Lost, l. 138.

I regret now that I did not pursue the conversation by inquiries as to any authenticated observations of a recent date, of the appearance on the coast of Norway of the sea-serpent, the existence of which has recently become a question of some interest. My own impression is, that it stands upon a very different footing from that of the kraken, and that, while the latter may be dismissed altogether into the regions of the fabulous, the belief in the existence of the former has foundation in evidence which it is difficult so easily to dispose of.* I was assured, however,

* Captain (afterwards Sir) De Capell Brooke, in the course of

afterwards, by a distinguished naturalist at Christiania, that scientific men in Norway generally are very sceptical on the subject.

The Museum contains a large collection of pictures

his travels to the North Cape in the summer of 1820, made repeated inquiries respecting the truth of the accounts which had reached England in the preceding year of the sea-serpent having been recently seen off the coast of Norway. The curious reader is referred to the details given in Captain Brooke's work; in summing up which he says that these inquiries extended for a line of 200 miles along the coast, and that many of his informants were of superior rank and education, and the opinions of such men as the amptman (governor) of Finmark, Mr. Steen, the clergyman of Carlsö, præsten (dean) Deinbolt of Vadsö, and the Bishop of Nordland and Finmark, who was even an eye-witness, ought not to be disregarded. "Taking upon the whole," he concludes, "a fair view of the different accounts related in the foregoing pages respecting the sea-serpent, no reasonable person can doubt the fact of some marine animal of extraordinary dimensions, and, in all probability, of the serpent tribe, having been repeatedly seen by various persons along the Norway and Finmark coasts." — *Travels*, pp. 222., &c.

Mr. Milford, in a note to his "Norway and her Laplanders in 1841," says, that he had received a letter from an intelligent friend at Bergen, of which the following is an extract: — "I have consulted a gentleman of much learning and intimate knowledge of every thing belonging to Norway, Stifamtamand Christie, whose name is connected with the political institutions of Norway since 1814. I especially asked his opinion about the sea-serpent, and he assured me that not only do the peasants feel certain of its existence, but that he himself believes it; that the Bishop of Bergen, a few years ago, published an article in an Antiquarian paper, which comes out occasionally, edited by the director of the Bergen Museum, containing information corroborative of this belief; and that the inhabitants of the island of Skerroe see the serpent every year for a couple of months in the summer, whenever the weather is fair and the sea calm."

of the most worthless description, for the presence of which the Major apologized, on the ground that they were the gifts of benefactors, which could not well be rejected. He, however, pointed out to us one well deserving of a place in a national collection. It was taken from a church on the Sogne-Fjord, where it is supposed to have been placed by one of the sea-kings, who brought it from Jerusalem. It is of the Byzantine school, and represents, in several compartments, Chosroes, the Persian king, carrying off the Holy Cross from Jerusalem, and the emperor Heraclius attacking and slaying him, the recovery of the Cross, and its restoration to a place on the altar; and beneath appear the dead miraculously raised from their tombs in honour of the event. It would be interesting to connect this picture with the return of Sigurd from the Crusade, which he undertook in 1107 with a fleet of sixty ships. He was the son of Magnus the Barefoot, one of the most warlike of the kings of Norway, who conquered the Shetland, Orkney, and Western Islands, and the Isle of Man, and was slain in a descent on the coast of Ireland. Sigurd was four years absent on his pilgrimage. Having been hospitably entertained in England by Henry I., and in Sicily by Roger, the Norman king of his own race, he was welcomed at Jerusalem by Baldwin, who joyfully engaged his services, and employed him in the siege of Sidon. After the capture of that city he visited Constantinople, and returned home through Germany. Whether the ancient painting in the Museum of Bergen was the gift of the Byzantine

monarch to his royal guest or not, it is reported that the fame of this expedition still lives in the memory of the peasants of the Sogne-Fjord, some of whose ancestors took part in it.*

* There were in the middle ages frequent channels of communication between Norway and the capital of the Eastern empire. In the eleventh or twelfth century, the Varangar, or body-guard of the Greek emperors, was composed principally of Norwegian adventurers. These were recruited by exiles, probably of the same race, whom the Norman Conquest drove out of Britain. We find them called by the Byzantine writers *Anglo-Danes*, confirming the view we took in an early chapter of the amalgamation of the two races. One of these Varangar is a principal character in Sir Walter Scott's novel of *Count Robert of Paris*. They merited their high privileges and pay in the emperor's service by a fidelity and valour characteristic of their race.

Many of these adventurers returned with great wealth. Mr. Laing relates from the Saga, or Annals of the Orkneys, that Rogvald, the Earl of Orkney, in 1155 being on a visit in Norway, met with a Norwegian nobleman, who was one of the body-guard of Manuel Comnenes, and was then on leave of absence in Norway; at whose instance the Earl was induced to visit Constantinople and the Holy Land.

In August, 1834, a considerable number of gold ornaments were found under the surface of the ground in a spot which had formerly been a lake or pond in the parish of Egger in Aggershuus Amt. They consisted of a massive gold collar, various bracelets, a brooch or breast ornament for fastening the cloak, rings, and a number of coins, among which were four Byzantine pieces struck by Michael III., between 842 and 867. The workmanship of these ornaments is so much superior to what could have been executed in an early age in the North of Europe, that the Eastern origin of the articles is considered unquestionable. Mr. Laing conjectures that this treasure had been the plunder brought home from the East by one of these Varangar, or body-guard of the Greek emperors.

The articles were purchased, by vote of the Storting, for 2030 dollars, and are deposited in the Museum of Christiania.

CHAPTER XII.

MANNER OF LIVING AT BERGEN. — NORWEGIAN CORDIALITY WITH THE ENGLISH. — HOW INTERRUPTED FOR A SHORT PERIOD. — PARADE OF THE GARRISON. — MILITARY SYSTEM OF NORWAY. — DANISH WAR. — PROBLEM OF THE RE-UNION OF THE THREE SCANDINAVIAN KINGDOMS. — NORWEGIAN NAVY.

THERE are, besides the hotels, several private establishments at Bergen where travellers are entertained with the advantages of more quiet and comfort than at the hotels. We considered ourselves fortunate in having been directed to that of Mrs. Sontum. Well connected, and allied to persons of great consideration, circumstances having induced her to embark in her present undertaking, she is indefatigable in her endeavours to promote the comfort of her guests. Her house is the favourite resort of English travellers, and abundantly merits the preference given to it. For ourselves, having long discarded the feeling of travelling exclusiveness, we begged to be considered as members of the family during our short sojourn in Bergen, and the advantages which we derived from this arrangement were manifold. Breakfast, a meal peculiarly English, was served to us alone; but for the rest, we were but too happy to conform to the com-

mon arrangements, and make ourselves completely at home.

Our party consisted of a Swedish gentleman, a young man from the Shetland Islands, who had come over in a vessel belonging to his father, a merchant at Lerwick, some officers of the garrison, and a Norwegian proprietor from the neighbourhood of Arendal, of Scottish extraction, and formerly a captain in the merchant service of Norway. To him we are particularly indebted for unremitting attention in bringing to our notice all that was most interesting in Bergen, and both then and on other occasions affording us information, which he is well able to communicate, on a variety of subjects connected with the state of things in the country. Nor must I omit the daughters of our hostess, and some agreeable girls, visitors of theirs, without whom the social circle would not have been complete. We fared sumptuously, and made up for the short allowance to which we had been for some time restricted. Two sorts of fish (trout and fried cod), besides lobsters and cutlets, with dishes of strawberries, wild and cultivated, were served for breakfast. The dinners were excellent. We had salmon, and more varieties of fish than I can name; and some national dishes which we thought admirable. Amongst others was a pudding made of fish, the fibrous part of which, reduced to a paste, was seasoned with spice, and shaped in a mould. The veal was delicate, and served up with a sauce of dried currants. The beef

is lean and dry, at least at this season. Vegetables are scarce and dear in Bergen, but we had delicious salads; and green peas, dressed as they only know how to cook them in Norway, slightly stewed with a little butter and salt. We had good Bordeaux wine, at one and eight-pence a bottle. Rising from table, we took coffee in the salon, the gentlemen resorting to their pipes. But the evening reunion was the most agreeable part of the day, when we assembled round the supper-table, spread with cold meat, lobsters, tarts, and cakes, tea being served *à l'Anglaise*. We were a merry circle. The Swede took in good part the *badinage* of the young ladies, who converted the rivalry which exists between the two nations into good-humoured jibes; and they laughed at my young friend's awkward attempts at gallantry in an unknown tongue, correcting his pronunciation, and furnishing the pretty phrases he required to address to themselves. The Shetlander told us how much the customs and habits of his islanders were assimilated to those of the land he was now visiting: and no wonder, for the Orkney and Shetland Islands were only disjoined from the crown of Norway and annexed to Scotland in 1468, having been pledged by Christian I., king of Norway and Denmark, for part of the dower given with his daughter Margaret on her marriage with James II. of Scotland.

The officers answered our questions as to the military organisation of the Norwegian army; and our friend the Scoto-Norwegian was at home on subjects

connected with the royal and commercial marine, and the trade and rural economy of the country. For our part, we were prepared from the first to associate ourselves as familiarly as possible with this kind-hearted people; and the desire to understand and to accommodate ourselves to their habits and feelings, joined to the zeal with which we pushed our wild rambles beyond the usual limits of a hasty tour, conciliated for us, wherever we went, the regards of a race justly proud of their country and its institutions. To be enthusiastic admirers of "Gamle Norge," was a passport to their warm affections.

I have before mentioned that in the unfrequented districts, where an Englishman had never been seen before, our nationality always secured for us tokens of cordiality. At one time, I believe, this feeling, predominant among the Norwegians from very early times, was interrupted by the irritation occasioned by the share taken by the English government in the transfer of the crown of Norway to the king of Sweden at the close of the last continental war. The reader is probably aware that in order to induce Bernadotte, the crown prince of Sweden, to join the coalition, and also to provide an indemnity for the cession of Pomerania and Rugen, the allied powers agreed to guarantee to Sweden the possession of Norway, which was to be detached from Denmark, with which it had been for many centuries united. This transaction, on which they were not consulted, was naturally offensive to the feelings of a high-spirited people,

not unmindful of their ancient glories and national independence, although they had long been subject to a foreign dominion. But the rule of the Danish kings, though absolute, had been on the whole mild and considerate, and the Norwegians had become loyally attached to that line of sovereigns; while, on the contrary, there was the greatest animosity between themselves and their neighbours the Swedes, with whom they had been involved in continual wars, and were on the worst of terms.

I never conversed with any intelligent Norwegian who, while he did not fail to reproach the British Cabinet with the part it took in this forced transfer, was unwilling to admit his conviction that, individually, we lamented that interference, and sympathised with his countrymen in their struggle for independence. Whatever defence may be offered, from considerations of political expediency, for the policy of our government on that occasion, it was no business of mine to take up the argument. The best thing that could be said was that it had turned out well. This was freely admitted; but I have heard it rejoined, "No thanks to you!" That, however, is unjust, for I believe that the mediation of England contributed greatly to secure to the Norwegians those constitutional rights under the exercise of which they have since prospered. However, this favourable issue of the events of 1814, with the lapse of time, had tended, in great measure, to allay the irritation which our share in them had occasioned.

No where are Englishmen more cordially received than at Bergen ; but we were under the necessity of declining all overtures to an hospitality of which we should have been, under other circumstances, but too happy to have availed ourselves. Our time was very limited ; we reached Bergen on Friday evening, and left it on the Monday following. We received every attention from our excellent consul Mr. Greig, whom we regretted to find in a bad state of health ; and great civility from M. Kohn the Prussian consul, on whom we had a letter of credit. M. Kohn was just returned from a tour in Italy and France, and possessed some good pictures, and a small collection of English books.

After divine service on the Sunday, we attended a dress parade within the grounds of the fortress, at which General Boch, the commandant, and his staff were present. The uniform of the Norwegian soldier is dark blue with red facings, grey trowsers with red piping, and the leathern helmet brass mounted, which is worn by almost all the German troops. A single cross belt of black leather serves for both the cartridge box and the bayonet. The musket is a good serviceable piece, with percussion lock, and a black sling belt attached. The officers wear a single-breasted blue frock-coat and trowsers of dark blue with red stripes. We did not observe any scales or sashes. The swords are worn in a belt, under the frock coat, the hilt only appearing. The forage cap has a cockade of white, red and blue, in front. The band played national airs for about an hour, when the men were

dismissed. They were steady under arms, but when out of the ranks, individually they appeared slovenly enough, compared with our smart fellows. We noticed this particularly in the sentries, who lounge about, carrying their musket in a very careless way. They "present arms" to every officer who passes, whatever be his rank, standing in front of their box. The pay of a private soldier is about sixpence per day, but he is allowed to work on his own account when he is off duty. The officers of the Norwegian army are all educated at the military school at Christiania, of which I shall have something to say hereafter. We had the pleasure of intercourse with many of them on different occasions, and found them well-informed and gentlemanly persons. Their pay is, however, scarcely adequate to the support of their rank in society, even in so cheap a country. That of a second lieutenant is fifteen dollars (equal to three pounds, seven shillings and sixpence, English money) per month. A first lieutenant receives eighteen dollars; and so in proportion for the higher grades. They have no mess, and neither officers nor men are quartered in barracks, but occupy lodgings in the town, residing, when off duty, in their several districts; rank is gained by seniority, the promotion being very slow, a lieutenant scarcely expecting his company before he is thirty-five or forty.

The garrison of Bergen consists of 200 men, troops of the line, besides the burgher guard, in which the citizens of all the towns are enrolled; and which

includes some companies trained as artillery. The townsmen are exempt from general service, being thus enrolled in the respective burgher guards. In point of fact, the army is almost entirely composed of the sons of the bonder, or farmers; and more excellent materials for the service it would be difficult to find. Hardy, active and enured to fatigue from the nature of their ordinary occupations in so wild and rough a country — at the same time animated by a high spirit of patriotism — they form a force truly national. Though enlisted under a species of conscription, its features are so modified, that its claims are by no means repugnant to the feelings of the people. Substitutes are allowed, and care is taken to select from the lists the young and unmarried, between the ages of eighteen and thirty. About 2400 recruits are enrolled yearly, an equal number being discharged from the line and entered in the Landværn. The term of actual service is limited to five years; but of the force embodied, only 2000 men are retained on permanent duty, in small garrisons in the principal towns. The rest of the force is called out to drill during six weeks in every year, between seed-time and harvest. After completing their period of five years' service, the men pass into the Landværn, a sort of militia, which is only liable to be called into actual service in case of invasion, but is exercised eight days in the year in their respective districts. In this force the period of service is ten years. Thus the whole population, burgher and rural, is successively trained to the use

of arms. None are exempted, except the *employés* in the various departments of the government; and seafaring men, who are all registered and liable to service in the navy.

The military system of Norway, therefore, much resembles that of Prussia; and, as in that service, it is obvious the whole efficiency of the Norwegian army must depend in an extraordinary degree upon its officers. They are officers for life—theirs is a distinct and special vocation, for which they are all regularly trained and educated. But the soldiers are soldiers only for a term of years. Whatever the army does well, it owes entirely to the spirit and skill of its officers.

The standing army of Norway consists of 12,000 men, of which 1200 or 1400 are artillery, and 1000 cavalry. This may appear a small force; but considering that the whole population of Norway is under a million and a half—that the *Landværn* provides a well disciplined reserve of 9000 men when required for the actual defence of the country—that there are no large fortresses to garrison, and no frontier to defend, its long line to the eastward being now covered by the union with Sweden, and the seaboard being so difficult of access that the entrances of the fjords can be easily protected by forts and gun-boats—under these circumstances the force appears to be sufficient for all practical objects. It costs the country about 800,000 spec. dollars per annum, and is probably as large a force as so poor

a state, the whole revenue of which but little exceeds two millions and a half of dollars, and under an administration whose expenditure is very closely watched by the Storthing, can be expected to support. The king not being resident, there are no household troops maintained for state and parade.

It would be difficult indeed to conjecture from what quarter, since her union with Sweden, Norway can entertain any apprehensions of attack. Ulterior designs of Russia are sometimes referred to; and no doubt the possession of ports on the ocean would be of inestimable value to that power, whose harbours are sealed up by frost during the winter. But an invasion from the north-east would be an undertaking, the success of which might be very questionable. A numerous army would be starved for want of resources which the invaded territory could not supply, and the conveyance of which would be almost impracticable. Then the face of the country is so broken by lakes and fjords, and intersected by chains of mountains, that the passes may be easily held by small bodies of resolute men against a very superior force. The slaughter of Sinclair and his Scotchmen in one of these by a feeble band, in the 15th century, is still triumphantly vaunted. The national spirit is high, the whole population trained to arms, and the defence would be obstinate and unyielding. For an invasion of the coast, Russia must first be mistress of the sea; and such a project could not be viewed with indifference by other

powers ; so that, tempting as is the prize, and unscrupulous as is the policy attributed by some parties to the Russian cabinet, there seems little danger of invasion from that quarter, however inadequate at first sight the means of resistance may appear.

A notice of the Norwegian army would be incomplete without some reference to the corps of *skielöbere*, or skaters, of which there are several companies in the service. They are regularly trained to exercise on *skies*, or snow-skates, and in winter campaigns are a most effective branch of the service. They move with singular agility, and the velocity with which they descend the steepest slopes, when covered with snow, is extraordinary. The pace is regulated by a staff which each man carries, the *skie-stok*. It enables them to halt suddenly, and forms a rest for the rifle with which they are armed, slung by a belt, and with a short sword. Their uniform, like that of other jagers, is green.

This corps to the skate exercise unites that of ordinary light troops, of which it may be regarded as constituting a part, differing from them only by marching on skates. The Norwegian *skielöbere* have on many occasions been extremely serviceable during former campaigns, in preserving the communications between distant corps, in surprising small detachments of the enemy, and harassing their march, whether on advancing or retreating, the depth of the snow rendering them safe from pursuit both of cavalry and infantry.

The crack corps of the Norwegian army is a jager,

or rifle battalion, which was highly spoken of; and must, no doubt, from the habits of the people be a most effective body. But we had no opportunity of seeing it, as the *élite* of the troops had joined the Swedish army, which the king had assembled at Malmö, to support Denmark in her defensive operations against the Prussian and German forces. The contingent which the king is empowered by the constitution to draw out of Norway, is limited to 3000 men. I found, however, that there was a general impression that the Storting would have been disposed to place at his disposal, on this occasion, the entire force of the kingdom. So popular, generally, was the present war, except among the mercantile classes, whose interests were more immediately affected by the hostilities which had taken place; such the feeling of the people towards a gallant nation, allied to themselves in language and race, long united under the same government, and now struggling against great odds for the integrity of the remaining dominions of the Danish crown. Most Englishmen, I believe, heartily wish the Danish king and people success in the noble stand they are making against a most flagrant aggression; and one cannot but rejoice that a neighbouring power was ready at once to throw itself into the struggle, and advance to the aid of the weaker side. Whether that intervention was founded on calculations of policy, or inspired by the chivalrous sentiment which actuated the majority of the Norwegian people, it is needless to inquire.

Perchance King Oscar, in thus promptly coming to the rescue, and standing forth as the champion of Denmark against further dismemberment, may not have been insensible to the prospects which the failure of direct heirs to the present sovereign may open to him. A new "Union of Calmar" might reunite in his person the three Scandinavian kingdoms; and the lofty style of king of the Goths heralded in his titles, and the three crowns borne on his escutcheon may be symbols at once —

" Of present grace, and great prediction,
Of noble Having, and of Royal Hope."

His fortunate father was hailed successively king of Sweden; king of Norway; though for him —

————— "to be a king
Stood not within the prospect of belief."

Two steps achieved, each of them beyond all calculation, the third remains with far greater probability of accomplishment. Should the promptings of ambition have whispered the prophetic greeting, "Thou shalt be king" of Denmark, it may be well, if, in the contingency referred to, Oscar the First should reunite the fragments of the Scandinavian kingdom. Many far more questionable combinations have received the sanction of a European congress. Nationality, race, language, habits, all concur to facilitate such an amalgamation; and the soundest policy dictates the interposition of a consolidated

power on the shores of the Baltic, between the German states (or empire ?) on the one hand, and the dominions of the great northern potentate, on the other.

However I am not at all sure that a reunion with Denmark, under any circumstances, would be satisfactory to the people of Norway. They might be apprehensive of again sinking into the condition of a dependency; and whatever might be the political advantages of such a federation, it was remarked to me by a very intelligent Norwegian, who had travelled in England and was sensibly alive to the great want of his country,—an increased commerce based upon better principles, and relieved of its present burthens,—that Norway could gain nothing by such an union in an economical view. The trade between the two kingdoms is of little importance, and there would be nothing in a closer connection that would tend to improve it. That of Norway has greatly increased since the severance of the union. I have before stated some of its principal items, and noticed its mercantile marine. This Chapter may be appropriately concluded by my giving a short sketch, with which I was furnished of the state of the royal navy.

The Norwegian navy consists at present of one frigate, two sloops of war, two brigs, three schooners, 140 gunboats; of which the double gunboats, as they are called, are armed with two sixty-four pounders, and have a crew of sixty-five men; the smaller boats are

armed with one sixty-four gun and thirty-five men. There are seventy-seven officers belonging to the royal navy, consisting of one admiral, whose pay is 1992 spec. doll. ; one commodore, 1644 spec. ; three commodore captains, 1140 spec. each : twelve captains, 792 spec. ; twelve captain-lieutenants, 504 spec. ; twenty-four premier lieutenants, 312 spec. ; and twenty-four second lieutenants, 216 spec. Besides their yearly pay the officers, when on service, have allowances for victuals, and other emoluments. The seamen's wages on board a man of war are from ten to twenty skillings per month. Only a small number are kept in constant pay, and employed in the navy-yards and such vessels as are in commission. When seamen are wanted for the royal navy, every sailor, mate, and master in the mercantile service, is liable to serve, and the number required are taken in turn by ballot from the lists, on which about 20,000 men are registered. But no man is compelled to serve in a lower rank than he has previously held on board a merchant vessel, so that a mate is only liable to a mate's duty, and a master takes that of a lieutenant.

Besides the vessels enumerated, there are a few steamers which are employed in the packet service. They are fine boats, and the commanders of those in which we made our passages between Christiania and Travemunde, were intelligent and gentlemanly men, and spoke English, as I believe most of the officers in the sea-service of Norway do. While we were at Bergen the steamer arrived, in which, during the

summer months, the voyage round the coast from Christiansand to Drontheim and back is accomplished once in three weeks. From the latter place another steamer carries on the line to Hammerfest, near the North Cape; while Christiansand is similarly connected with Christiania. In this manner a communication is established all round the southern and western coasts, the steamer calling at the principal places on the route. An opportunity is thus afforded to travellers of seeing the coast scenery with comparative ease; and of landing at the principal towns, which are all situated on the sea-coast; but the plan is not to be recommended to those who, regardless of fatigue and inconvenience, are desirous of becoming acquainted with those striking features of the country, which can only be realised by crossing at least the best-frequented passes of the fjelds.

CHAPTER XIII.

MODE OF TRAVELLING POST — CARRIOLES — THE FORBUD. — LEAVE BERGEN. — ARRIVE AT VOSSEVANGEN. — VALLEY ABOVE GUDVANGEN. — NAVIGATION OF THE SOGNE-FJORD TO HIERDAL-SOREN.

IN one of the earlier Chapters containing a rough sketch of our intended route, I took occasion to observe that, on leaving Bergen, two plans for our future progress were open to us. The one was, to ascend the Sogne-Fjord to its extreme point near Fortun, at the base of the Skagtolstind, and then, tracking across the country to the north-east, to visit an encampment of Laplanders on the Swedish frontier; afterwards descending the valley of the Glommen to Christiania. The other plan was to take the post-road from Bergen to Christiania over the Fille-Fjeld, and descend the Miosen-Vand, or the Rands-Fjord, in the way to the capital.

Having recruited ourselves and seen every thing worthy of notice at Bergen, it became necessary to decide upon our future operations. In so doing I abandoned, though not without great reluctance, the prosecution of the former project. Without troubling the reader more than is necessary with what is merely personal, it suffices to say that what I had suffered in the passage of the Hardanger-Fjeld, and the sub-

sequent march across the country to Bergen, convinced me that I was unequal to the undertaking. I however prevailed on my more robust companion to carry out the original design, while I should pursue the easier, but still very interesting, scheme of crossing the Fille-Fjeld and descending the Miosc-Vand or the Rands-Fjord in my way to Christiania.

The distance from Bergen to Christiania by the main post-road is 48 Norsk, or nearly 340 English miles. The journey is usually accomplished in seven or eight days. There are stations at which relays of horses can be procured, at the distance of about a Norsk mile from each other, on all the lines of road in Norway which are practicable for carriages. The service is regulated under the authority of the government; and the system generally is both admirably adapted to the country, and in many respects unrivalled by any other with which I am acquainted. Certain farms in the neighbourhood of each station are under obligation to furnish in turn, on the summons of the post-master, such horses as the traveller may require. The charges are fixed by a tariff which is exhibited at every station. As the farms are frequently from a quarter of a mile to a mile Norsk distant from the nearest station, you may have to wait one, two, sometimes three hours (as we had discovered by sad experience while occasionally resorting to this mode of travelling), before horses can be procured. But the regulations of the service provide against that inconvenience; it being the duty

of the post-master, on the requisition of the traveller, to send forward a messenger to the nearest station, ordering horses in advance; from thence the message is despatched to the next; and so on throughout the entire course of the intended journey.

And let not the reader imagine that this *forbud*, as it is called, bears any resemblance to the *avant-courier* who heralds the approach of the "*milordi*" in more favoured regions. It is generally a bare-footed boy, sometimes a young girl, who is so employed; and the remuneration fixed by the tariff for the service is as moderate as the pretensions of the individual by whom it is performed. But even that expense is reduced by another regulation according to which, on the post-roads, the traveller is enabled to have the relays ordered by the courier in charge of the mails. In either case, tickets (printed forms of which can be obtained) are filled up with the day and hour and the number of horses required at each station. The extent of the several days' journeys and the periods of arrival at the intermediate stages require to be precisely calculated in advance; and when the plan of the route is thus settled, it must be adhered to with the greatest punctuality, as it is evident that otherwise the whole machinery will be thrown out of order. After waiting the regulated period of three hours, the horses return to the farms, and the traveller will have to wait till they are again procured; and one link in the chain being thus broken, the whole plan of his journey will be deranged, besides

his being mulcted in fines at the several stations for the loss of time to which he has subjected the horse-masters for whose attendance he has issued the requisition.

On his part, he is entitled, in case of default in providing fresh horses at any station, to proceed an additional stage with those he has brought from the last, so as to prevent any break or interruption in his progress from such neglect. The owner of the horses is also liable to a fine for the detention. A book is kept at every station, in which the traveller is required to enter his name and destination, with the number of horses he uses; and there is a column in which he is to state any complaints he may have to make of the insufficiency of the horses, or of the conduct of the post-master or conductor. This is not mere matter of form, for the books are periodically inspected by an officer of the government, the charges are investigated, and the parties complained of are fined according to the exigency of the case. The *Dagbog* also contains the posting regulations, and the distances to the neighbouring stages, with the rate of charges; and the *giestgiver* is liable to a penalty for not producing it.

The ordinary charge is 24 skillings, or half an ort, per horse for a Norsk mile, to which is added the station master's *tilsigelse*, of 4 skillings, and 4 skillings more when a carriage or car is hired with the horse. The forbud, if sent by post, costs an additional 4 skillings. The boy or man who accom-

panies the horse sometimes expects a small gratuity, the *drikke penge*, and is very well satisfied if he gets 3 or 4 skillings for the stage; but this is quite optional. Altogether, the charges thus enumerated amount to about two pence halfpenny per English mile for a single traveller, or three pence if the forbud is not forwarded by post; a very low rate according to English ideas of expenditure. There is an extra charge allowed at town and fast stations which are of rare occurrence. On the whole, travelling with a carriage, which I purchased for the journey, I did not find the expense exceed, on the average, the moderate sum above calculated.

The carriole is the best vehicle for travelling in Norway. The carriage, which is very light and will hold only one person, is fixed on long elastic shafts which serve for springs, and the seat is so low, that the rider cannot easily be thrown out by the joltings on the road. The back rising high and well padded is a great support, and behind is fixed a foot-board, on which the post-boy sits or stands, and to which the traveller's baggage is attached. Light cars may be procured at the several stations, but they are not calculated for long journeys; and it is usual for travellers to purchase a carriole, which they have to part with on the termination of their journey at a loss of from 20 to 50 per cent. It is a bad speculation between Bergen and Christiania, for at the former place there is no great choice, and at the latter carrioles are at the greatest discount. How-

ever, the indefatigable Mrs. Sontum, after a good deal of inquiry, procured me a vehicle for 18 spec. dollars, which, though not of the best, was pronounced equal to the journey. The loss in the worst of markets could not be a very serious affair.

I was fortunate enough to have the assistance of Lieutenant Fingenhagen, one of our *convives*, in making out the forbud tickets. As before observed, it must be done with great accuracy; but in the first instance, the time which he may choose to allot for accomplishing his journey is entirely at the traveller's own option. He may proceed two stages a day or ten; but he must arrange his forbud accordingly. The only limit to his choice of time is the necessity of having some regard to the selection of stations at which he may find some decent accommodations for the night. My rate of travelling was fixed at from fifty to seventy miles per day, according to the nature of the road, which is as much as could be accomplished on the line of route which lay before me. The post for Christiania left Bergen about thirty hours before the time proposed for our own departure; and it was the duty of the courier in charge of the mails to leave the tickets at the several stations on the route.

Wonderful is the precision with which the whole service is performed, considering that the post-horses are outlying, and are often bespoke for some days before; still there is no neglect or irregularity. Not only in this journey, but during the whole of our

travels by post in Norway with *forbud*, the joint sum of which amounted to upwards of 500 miles, neither my friend nor myself were ever compelled (except on one occasion) to take the same horse an additional stage for default of being supplied with a fresh one. Nor do I recollect being delayed for five minutes at any post-house. As we drove up to the station, there was the relay waiting our arrival. While the change of horses was made, we counted out the fare for the past stage from a bag of small coin slung by the side, dismissing the parting post-boy, entered our names in the *Dagbog*, and handing the "*tilsigelse*" to the giest giver with a civil "*farvel*," stepped into the low carriage, the long rope reins in hand, and were again bowling along the road, the whole occupying a very few minutes. The rate of travelling cannot be taken at more than a *Norsk* mile in an hour. The horses will not draw even the gentler slopes of the hills at the steady pace of English posters; and in many of the stages there are steep acclivities, at which they stop every few hundred yards, and the wonder is how they ever surmount them at all. So that the average rate of travelling is only maintained by the headlong and fearful speed with which they dash down the steepest hills. To this they are encouraged by the owners, who are, nevertheless, on other occasions extremely careful of their cattle, and resent any attempt to push them beyond what they think is reasonable.

The precision and regularity of the mode of travel-

ling by forbud is an additional incentive to what seems the natural impulse of an Englishman, when fairly started on a high post-road. 'The traveller is "due" at certain fixed periods and stations along a line of, say from 200 to 300 miles. Considerable inconveniences attend any want of punctuality; his spirit is roused; *vires acquirit eundo*. No difficulties of the way, no stress of weather (often so inclement in the mountainous districts) will be allowed to impede his progress. No sense of fatigue, though he may have reached his quarters for the night late, wet and weary, will induce him to prolong his morning slumbers; and every other feeling will yield to and be concentrated in one intense desire to *get on*. It must, however, be confessed that the excitement of travelling under such circumstances is, in the main, highly pleasurable. Few things are more exhilarating than to be whirled along through ever varying scenery in a light carriage drawn by spirited horses that seem insensible to fatigue, with such frequent relays that they are never exposed to it. But delightful as this may be, it is not on post-roads and at post-stations that the real character of any country and its people can be satisfactorily learnt, much more of such a country as Norway. The forbud may be often used with advantage in reaching distant points, from which it is advisable to diverge for the purpose of examining in detail the most interesting features of a particular district; but the secluded däl, the primeval forest, the wild passes of mountain ranges,

the upland farm, the hunter's lodge, and the sæter dairy can only be reached by "rambles" on foot. Slow and often toilsome must be the progress, but how richly is the toil repaid!

I turned with a sigh from the retrospect of pleasures probably never to be renewed, as I made the arrangements for my altered mode of travelling. The remaining rolls of concentrated beef, invaluable resource, were transferred to my friend's havresack; packets of "Assam" were duly apportioned, fresh stores were laid in, and all our equipments put in good trim for the road. We procured a sufficient supply of small coins; and, discharging the reckoning, which, for our joint apartment and the board of each, was at the rate of a dollar and a half per day (a very moderate charge for the treatment we had received), were ready for an early start. I was to have the satisfaction of my friend's further companionship for the next two days, our road being the same as far as Lierdalsoren, on the Sogne-Fjord.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 17th July, two carriages (one for my fellow-traveller furnished from the station) drove up to the door, and in a few minutes we were trotting through the long streets; and soon clearing the suburbs, through which were scattered some charming villas, we pulled up at the top of a hill about a mile from the town, to turn and bid it farewell. The view of Bergen from this spot is striking: beyond a green valley and some water, the houses are seen clustered on an isthmus stretch-

ing out into the harbour, the castle of Wallensdorf and the church-towers being prominent objects. On either hand lofty mountains bound the valley and the fjord, which parts into channels closed in by the points of several islands; one of which, *Sartorö* I believe, presents its long broken ridge in the extreme distance to seaward. While my friend was making a sketch of this landscape, I was interested by the sounds which proceeded from a school-room on the road-side, where the scholars were chanting the Lord's Prayer in measured cadence: "*Fader vor, du som er i Himlene! Helliget vorde dit navn!*" &c.; and at the same time I was amused by the appearance of a domestic group, consisting of a man leading by a halter, and a woman following and holding by the tail, a diminutive cow, which nevertheless seemed perfectly tractable, and which either of them, for they were stalwart peasants, might have easily carried on their shoulders.

The road for the first two stages from Bergen is the same which we had travelled on the evening of our arrival. Soon after leaving the neighbourhood of the city there were few signs of cultivation; we passed some birch woods, but the general character of the country was open moor-land, extremely hilly and with some fine views of distant mountains. We changed horses at Houge, about a Norsk mile from Bergen; and at Garnæs, a mile and a half further, where we had before landed, we embarked on the *Sönden*, the southern Oster-Fjord. It is an English

mile or mile and a half broad. We pulled up it for about eighteen miles, keeping the eastern shore. The mountains rose precipitously from the water's edge, except where occasionally there were slopes at the base, formed of the *débris* washed down from the upper regions. All such spots, as I have before observed, are occupied as small farms; on these the people were now busy with their hay, the green slopes and haycocks forming charming objects among the dark ranges of woods and mountains. The scene was also continually enlivened by waterfalls, which threaded the fissures, or tumbled in white sheets from the summits of the cliffs.

We landed at Dalevaagen, then crossed a rugged country for half a Norsk mile to Daleseidet; and, again taking boat, had half a mile of water on a narrow branch of the Oster-Fjord, which here runs due east; and then a quarter of a mile by land to Bolstadören. We afterwards coasted the Evanger-Vand, a fresh water lake, about a Norsk mile in length, surrounded by lofty mountains, in part sprinkled with stunted birch and pine; reaching the village of Vossevangen at the head of the lake, at an early hour of the evening. Our day's journey was a curious specimen of Norwegian travelling. Of the distance we had accomplished, about fifty miles, as nearly as possible one half had been performed by water; and this, it will be recollected, on the great post-road from Bergen to Christiania. However the frequent changes did not occasion much delay; the forbud had done

its office by water as well as by land, and we found the boatmen in every instance waiting our arrival. The carriage is so light that it is easily transferred to and from a boat; the principal inconvenience was occasioned by the necessity of taking off the wheels, as the boats are too small to allow the carriage to be otherwise shipped.

The church and præste-gaard of Vossevangen were striking objects as we approached along the eastern shore of the lake; and we found the village to consist of a number of good houses intermingled with gardens. That of the giesthuus supplied us with an excellent salad and some potatoes for supper. We had brought beefsteaks from Bergen; a wise precaution, for though at a good inn and a regular halting-place on the road, no substantial viands of any description were to be obtained. On the move at our usual hour of five the next morning, the road carried us beside a chain of lakes in a lovely valley, the mountain slopes covered with verdure; and then along the windings of the Rundals-Elv, a large and rapid stream which we crossed several times, to Vinje. After this stage, we began rapidly to ascend; and, as was our invariable practice, walking up the long hills and leaving the horses to the care of the post-boys, we had leisure to enjoy the wild scenery through which the road wound upwards, among rocks and pine woods, and on the brink of deep ravines; commanding from one point a view of the lake and church of Opheim.

As we passed along the road, we observed at

frequent intervals boards fixed on poles by the way side, and indicating, as we were given to understand, the name of the farmer whose duty it is to maintain that particular part of the highway, and the number of "*ellen*," for the care of which he is answerable. This system appeared general, each of the neighbouring farms being liable for the repairs of a section of the road, in proportion to the extent of the property. There are, therefore, few or no tolls payable for roads or bridges in Norway; as there is also an ancient tax since the Danish times, of small amount, which the government is empowered to levy on the farms for more general repairs and the construction of new roads and bridges. But this is considered a grievance, and attempts have been made to get rid of it, which will probably be successful, as the farmers are the dominant power in the legislature.

We also frequently saw lying by the way side the snow ploughs used in clearing the roads in winter. The machine is made of two stout planks ten or twelve feet long, joined together in the form of a wedge by cross pieces morticed into a beam in the middle, like the double mould-board plough used for earthing up ridges of potatoes in England. When fresh snow falls, the communications are stopped till the sledging is able to be continued by means of these machines, which being dragged by horses along the road, restore the former track by throwing part of the snow into ridges packed closely on the sides like a wall, and levelling the remainder. Of course it is

then impossible for a traveller to leave the beaten track.

The valley we descended on approaching Gudvangen struck us as one of the finest things we had seen in Norway. The mountains at the head of the valley are nobly grouped; one grand rounded mass in the shape of a sugar loaf standing insulated in a semi-circle of other lofty summits from which it is detached. Just beyond the post-house at Stalheim you look down on the long line of the valley, a thousand feet below, while the ranges rise probably twice that height above the point where you are standing. The valley is so narrow that it seems a mere chasm rent by some mighty convulsion in those enormous masses of solid rock. There is only space for the torrent which rushes down the bottom; the bases of the rocks approaching so near, that the road is cut in the cliffs along the edge of the stream. On the right a waterfall throws itself at one leap from the height of 2000 feet, to join the torrent below. There is another at the bottom of the valley, which is said to have a still greater fall, but the volume of water is not sufficient to produce any great effect. It is the profound depth of the narrow fissure riven through those gigantic cliffs which gives the scene its magnificent character. The head of the valley is walled up by a mountain mass scarcely less precipitous than those which form its sides, and the road is carried *en échelle* down the face of the cliff, by an exercise of engineering skill which does the highest credit to the

Norwegian officer who conducted the work. The zig-zags are of easy gradient, and have wide sweeps at the angles of return, and the whole is firmly fenced against the precipice by strong posts and rails of pine timber. We walked onward down the pass, till looking back our carriages appeared like mere children's toys in the distance, on the enormous scale of every thing around. The valley, occasionally winding, presented the same features, deep and narrow and walled in by an unbroken line of cliffs, the whole way to Gudvangen, a distance of eight English miles. The stream rushes sparkling and clear over a bed of very white shingles, the *débris* of the quartz rocks which had been blasted to form the road. From whatever cause, the colour of the water was of the most brilliant azure; and the effect of those bright tints in that deep profound which the sun never penetrates, was singularly beautiful.

The rest of our day's journey from Gudvangen to Lierdalsoren was to be performed by water. The distance is about thirty-six English miles.* The branch of the Sogne-Fjord, on which we here embarked, seems to be a continuation of the deep valley we had just descended, being inclosed by a prolongation of the same chain of lofty mountains, which

* There was a steamer on the Sogne-Fjord, which made the passage at regular intervals between Lierdalsoren and Gudvangen; but the travelling even on the line of route between Christiania and Bergen was found insufficient to pay the expenses, and the packet was withdrawn.



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WATER ABOVE THE FALLS



impend over the narrow channel in a manner almost terrific. Seated in the boat, we had leisure to scan the dark features of those inaccessible cliffs, which shut us in as with a solid wall on both sides, their summits lost in the clouds, while sea-birds wheeled screaming in wide circles about their base. It was a grand and gloomy scene. But on the whole, the scenery of the Sogne-Fjord is not on the same scale of grandeur as that of the Hardanger. The higher mountains, with some exceptions, do not rise so directly from the water; their elevations are not so great; and there is less variety in the outline of its shores. Still it is a magnificent sheet of water, penetrating in its main channel 150 English miles into the interior, independently of its numerous branches.

That on which we were now embarked ranges about fifteen miles to the northward before it joins the main channel, whose course is nearly due east and west, with an average breadth of perhaps two English miles. We had taken three boatmen from Gudvangen, who pulled four oars, but our progress was slow; the Norwegians are not good rowers, and the oars are mere paddles. They almost invariably hug the shore, coasting every little bay and having to pull round the projecting points, so as much to increase the distance. The inlet widening and a little breeze springing up, our men hoisted a small lug-sail and lay on their oars. However this did not mend matters; the wind was scant and died

away, and the men very reluctantly and not without losing much time, took to their oars again. Thus we continued alternately hoisting and taking in sail, till, according to custom, we landed for the *mid-dag's mad*. It was under a scrubby wood of birch, in which some women were cutting boughs with which to load a boat lying alongside a shelf in the rocks, to eke out the stores of winter fodder at some little shore-side farm.

We continued to follow closely the outline of the western shore, a scene of almost unvaried sterility, till coming opposite Froningen, which stands at the foot of a bluff point on the opposite coast, where the inlet joins the main channel, it became necessary to stand right across. We had scarcely altered our course and got from under the lee of the land, when, as ill luck would have it, a squall came on accompanied by heavy rain; and in the mid channel we encountered a heavy sea, in which the boat pitched considerably. She was ill calculated for carrying the carriage, which was stowed forward, the shafts protruding like a double bowsprit. At this time we were under sail, the wind coming in sudden gusts, which increased our difficulties. Both my companion and myself had some experience as sailors, and were fully aware of what the emergency demanded. One handled the tiller, and the other sat with the sheet of the lug-sail in hand, ready to let it fly if any more violent squall should threaten to capsize us; while the men forward occasionally dropped their oars to

keep the head of the boat to the seas. Presently the wind chopped round and came right ahead, the sail was taken in and the boatmen had a heavy pull against wind and waves till we at length rounded the point. We cast wistful looks at Froningen. It is a regular station on the fjord where boats are changed; and a neat house on the bank among trees and green fields gave promise of comfortable quarters. But our forbud was laid for Lierdalsoren, which, wet and cold as we were, must be reached that night.

We had yet seventeen or eighteen miles to go; but soon afterwards the squall abated, and having now gained the main channel of the fjord, we had again the shelter of the land. Once more a light but favourable breeze sprung up, which again fell as the evening closed in; but the boatmen, upon promise of an additional *drikke penge*, took more heartily to their oars than they had hitherto done. In powers of endurance at least, the Norwegian boatmen are not wanting: ours on this occasion underwent nearly ten hours of almost incessant and frequently severe toil. It was approaching eleven o'clock at night when, having entered a channel which gradually narrowed to the north-east, and pulled a short distance up a river which discharged itself into the inlet, we landed at Lierdalsoren.

CHAPTER XIV.

PASSAGE OF THE FILLE-FJELD.—COMPARED WITH THE HARDANGER.
 — QUARTERS AT NYSTUEN. — THE LITTLE MIOSEN. — SYLVA OF
 NORWAY.— SCENERY OF THE STRAND-FJORD. — CROSS THE RIDGE
 TO BRUFLAT — RANDE-FJORD. — FLUBERG. — CROSS TO THE
 MIOSEN-VAND. — EMBARK IN STEAM-BOAT FOR LILLEHAMMER.

LIERDALSOREN offers to the traveller a good hotel, with accommodations much superior to most of the stations which are the regular halting-places on the road. Its central position, approachable either by the fjord or the post-road over the Fille-Fjeld, makes it a desirable point from whence excursions can be made into some of the finest scenery of Norway. It was the pivot of some of our respective movements in the “rambles” of both years.

Late as it was when we landed, we found the people of the hotel stirring. We were in no hurry, and lingered long over our meal. It was the last we should take together, for here we were to part. We had travelled in company, by land and by water, upwards of 1500 miles, with entire unity of purpose and great congeniality of feeling. We were nearly that distance from home, and our respective paths were not without chances of accident, particularly my friend's wild and unfrequented route. *I* feared that he would be rash; and *he* was apprehensive lest *I* should be visited with an access of the malady

under which I was already suffering. At last we lay down; but not, I believe, either of us to enjoy much sleep. We had lain about two hours when the drums of the landværn stationed in the village, roused us from our uneasy slumbers. It was five o'clock. The forbud had commanded a horse for my carriage at six, and immediately afterwards my companion was to take boat for the upper branch of the Sogne-Fjord on his way to Fortun. He assisted in packing the carriage; the hearty "Farewell," and fervent "God bless you" were exchanged—not an empty phrase, but an earnest prayer—and I was off.

The road led up a very pretty valley, at the head of which it ascended the face of the mountain in a zigzag, like that we had passed the preceding day on coming down to Gudvangen, only on a somewhat less scale. The work of the engineers had been continued through a magnificent pass in which the road, carried along above the stream, was in many places cut through the solid rock, and crossed the torrent by a bridge pitched high from rock to rock. At Lisné I changed horses, and was rather surprised to be sent on without a post-boy. Relieved of that additional weight, the spirited little animal with which I was supplied, cantered up the easy declivities and charged down the falls of the road at a pace which accomplished the stage of a Norsk mile and a quarter in little more than an hour, and I reached Hæg shortly before the time fixed by the forbud ticket for the relay. I was afterwards sorry to find

that between Husum and Hæg I had hurried by, without being aware of it, the church of Borgund, one of those curious relics of the old timber buildings of Norway, of which I have already spoken. If it had occurred during our "rambles" on foot, it could scarcely have escaped observation.

From this station there was to be no relay till I had crossed the *plateau* of the fjeld, a distance of thirty miles. The road still kept along the banks of the Lierdals-Elv, the same stream whose course, receiving the waters of numberless falls and cascades by the way, I had traced upwards from Lierdalsoren. The scenery of the pass became savagely wild; huge masses of rock were scattered at the base of the cliffs, at first intermingled with patches of stunted birch, but before I reached Maristuen almost all signs of vegetation had ceased. There is here a large and roomy, but dreary, post-house, at which we unharnessed for half an hour to bait the horse, and I got once more a bowl of mountain milk. Immediately afterwards we gained the summit of the pass. People are in raptures at its magnificent scenery, and it is certainly very picturesque; but I confess I was disappointed. Had I not crossed the Hardanger, I should have had very little idea of the true character of a fjeld: I saw no snow-drifts, nor any of those vast platforms of bare rock, occasionally carpeted by mosses and lichens, no distant views of snowy peaks; and that breadth of outline, and the feeli

of utter solitude, which gave a mysterious grandeur to the vast ranges of the Hardanger-Fjeld, were wanting. No doubt, the *plateau* of the Fille-Fjeld would present many of the same features to any one who should explore its broad ranges, but the post-road destroys the charm; and it is of course traced over the least-elevated part of the mountain.

Soon after leaving Maristuen, we entered a birch-wood; and in about half a Norsk mile I found the waters running eastward. There was no interval between those which discharge themselves ultimately into the Christiania-Fjord and the sources of the Lierdals-Elv, which joins the Sogne-Fjord at Lierdalsoren. The road appeared newly and admirably constructed. We passed a pillar on the right, marking the boundary between the Bergenstift and the Aggershuusstift; and shortly after stopped suddenly at a solitary house on the banks of a small and dreary lake. This I found was Nystuen, and here we were to pass the night. Though it was yet early, I rejoiced to get under cover, for it had come on to rain heavily just after leaving Maristuen, and I was very wet and the cold was piercing. We were still on the fjeld, and the elevation was upwards of 3000 feet above the level of the sea. However desolate the exterior of this station, it presented many comforts within. The principal of these was a stove which was immediately put in requisition. The guest-room was a very large apartment, with windows looking out on the lake. It furnished a dish of the delicate red trout, for which

it is famous ; but somehow I had little appetite for my solitary meal. The building set apart for the accommodation of travellers is quite distinct from the dwelling-house of the station-master, from which it is separated by a yard. The good woman of the house, who had done every thing in her power to make me comfortable, departed, and I was left alone, sole tenant of the lone building. The tempest howled without, whirling in wild gusts over the wide waste of the fjeld, and the rain beat violently against the creaking windows. I heaped more fuel on the stove, and for a time beguiled the lonesomeness of a long evening by writing. Drowsiness succeeded, and I was glad at an early hour to seek the rest which the raging of the storm failed to interrupt.

The morning broke with heavy clouds hanging over the lake, and torrents of rain. There could be no respite: the forbud, like inexorable fate, summoned me on. Nystuen is on the edge of the fjeld, and the descent soon became fearfully steep, through scenery rugged and grand in the highest degree. We charged down the sides of the mountain at a prodigious rate. Familiarity had made me insensible to danger, and I felt a wild pleasure in the excitement of the rush ; animating the spirited little horses to their utmost speed by the peculiar chirrup to which they are accustomed, the use of whip or lash being almost unknown. However there is generally little occasion to urge the horses on the descent of the hills, and it would be hardly possible to restrain them ; so

that the nervous man would do wisely not to engage in travelling by carriage in such a country. Once only in the course of the morning, I encountered what threatened to be a serious accident. In descending a hill, the off-rein broke, and being caught by a knot in the perforated wooden collar through which it passed, I was not immediately aware of it; so that in gathering up the reins for the descent, the pressure fell on the near-side and causing the horse to swerve, threw him over the edge of the bank. Providentially the near-wheel was caught by a large stone, and there was footing for the horse a few feet below the brink of the road, before the ground fell away precipitously into a deep ravine. Alighting on this ledge, the sagacious little animal planted himself firmly; the shafts of the carriage protruding over the declivity on the edge of which the body of the carriage remained suspended, the stone having checked its further progress. With the help of the post-boy, a young urchin seated on the footboard behind the carriage, who exhibited a marvellous *nonchalance*, I released the horse from the harness, and with some difficulty, so steep was the declivity, we succeeded in backing the carriage into its proper line in the centre of the road, and putting matters to rights. Fortunately when the accident occurred, we had only just passed the crest of the hill, and the horse had not settled into a pace which it would have been impossible to check; for nothing could then have saved us from being precipitated to the bottom of the glen.

There were numberless places where such a catastrophe must have ensued, for the road is cut along the steep sides of the hills, with rarely any parapet, though the fall on the side is often nearly vertical, to the depth of many hundred feet. This was particularly the case after reaching the banks of the Little Miosen-Vand, which we coasted for several miles. It is a scene of dreary grandeur, the dark waters of the solitary and unfrequented lake below, and a mountain of upwards of 4000 feet in height (along the face of which the road is carried) frowning above. This wild scenery was relieved by the charming aspect of the village of Oilö, situated in a hollow at the end of the lake, among smiling fields and slopes covered with birch-wood. At the foot of the Little Miosen-Vand*, I drove through a fine grove

* My friends, in their excursion of 1849, met with a dwarf willow near the Little Miosen, which I think is rare. They called it the *sweet-scented willow*, having been attracted to it by its delightful scent. It grew on damp mossy ground near the lake. The shrub was three or four feet high; leaves downy on the under surface, and much resembling those of the ordinary willow. I am indebted for this note of it, and for some of the other botanical notices, to a young friend who was the junior member of the exploring party of 1849.

I have frequently mentioned the dwarf willow (*Salix herbacea*, var. *polaris*, I believe), which climbs the highest of all the herbaceous tribes. One sees its gray leaves and brown twigs among the patches of snow on the border of the snow line. It grows from one to two feet high. The leaves gray and downy, and, with the twigs, have a bitter taste when chewed.

My friends also found on this east side of the Fille-Fjeld, near Krogleven, a curious plant (name unknown), bearing eatable

of aspen-trees. The aspen is very common in the woods of Norway, which it enlivens with its smooth white bark and delicate leaves, changing early on the rocky declivities to a bright yellow.

It is a mistake to suppose that the forest scenery of Norway is monotonous, composed of firs or pines only. It is true that there are only two species of the fir tribe indigenous in the country; the *Pinus sylvestris*, which we commonly call the Scotch fir, and the *Pinus abies*, the spruce fir; the one producing the red and the other the white deals and timber of our builders. But even in the pine forests there is frequently an undergrowth of various ages, the young spruce, in particular, feathering out and clothing the

berries close to the stem. It grew on damp mossy ground in the valleys. The berries were of a transparent amber colour, the taste was pleasant and astringent. Leaves resembling those of the myrtle.

I should not omit to mention, in even a cursory notice, the *Multebær* (*Rubus Chæmæmorus*), which grows on all the higher mountains, on damp boggy ground, near the snow line. It bears red and white berries, which make an excellent preserve, and the peasants collect large quantities. Its growth is six inches; the leaves like those of the geranium. Flowers red and white.

My young friend found the Gentian (? *Gentiana nivalis*) on the Gousta-Fjeld, and on heathy mountain sides, between that and the Miös-Vand. Its height was four feet, and it bore spikes of yellow flowers.

He also noticed a showy plant, which had attracted my attention, growing above the Rjukan-Foss, and not far from the snow line, name unknown. It grew six or seven feet high, with pink and white flowers; the leaves fleshy and downy of a dark green. The bark of the shrub was also dark green.

ground among the boles of the taller trees with a natural shrubbery; and when the surface of these forests is generally bare, the ravines and sides of water-courses are fringed with an underwood of birch, alder, aspen, and ash. Of deciduous trees, the hedge-row elm and the shapely beech are of rare occurrence, in the sylva of Norway; and oak-woods are confined to the southern districts, where we saw them clothing the hills on the shores of the Skaggerack. The wych-elm, sycamore, and maple are more common; and in the course of this day's journey, I passed some most magnificent poplar-trees, the spreading branching *Populus alba*, of great size and beauty, growing in a meadow near the head of the Rands-Fjord. Of the birch I have often had occasion to speak, whether grown to the size of trees with rugged and silvery bark and light pendulous foliage, as they were sometimes seen in the valleys, or clothing with underwood the islets and promontories of the lakes, and spreading among the gray cliffs up the mountain sides, above the region of the pine, to the very confines of vegetation and the verge of perpetual snow. The birch grows at elevations of 3500 feet, and the limit of the pine may be taken at 2500; though occasionally a few stunted firs may be found among the birch-woods higher up the sides of the mountains, while at the latter elevation the pine-woods are seen bristling the crests of the ridges. These computations, though sufficiently correct, as applying to the districts we visited, are of course subject to variation by circum-

stances of climate and exposure. Even the limit of perpetual snow varies considerably on the different fjelds, as I think has been pointed out in some of my fellow-traveller's notes.

I think I saw nothing in Norway more exquisite than the scenery of the Strand-Fjord, the head of which I struck after a heavy stage from the Little-Miosen. The road followed the left bank of the fjord, for about fifteen English miles. The hard lines and rugged features of the elevated region from which I had just descended were here succeeded by gentle swells, in which the mountains fell to the level of the fjord. The shores were studded with villages and hamlets, clustered amongst groves of timber, which encircled pastures and corn-fields, straggled up the sides of the hills, and richly clothed point and promontory, jutting out into the fjord, and headlands and islets breaking its outline, and giving infinite variety to its winding shores. I counted no less than four or five churches on the western bank, a very rare aggregation in this thinly populated country. The most distinguished of these is Slidre, conspicuous with its accompanying præste-gaard, the fertile glebe of which, sloping down to the water's edge occupied the space between two of the wooded points. Through this delightful scenery the road wound, following the undulations of the ground; near or slightly receding from, sometimes keeping the level, at others threading the birch-woods just above the margin, of the lake. The "turn out" from Stee was excellent;

a light active post-boy, and one of the cleverest nags I had met with. Cream coloured, with black mane and tail, his shape was perfect, and, high mettled, he bounded along through this delightful scenery; whilst one almost regretted a speed which made the enjoyment so transient. The weather had cleared up in the course of the preceding stage, and the sun now shone out gloriously, lighting up hill sides, green inclosures, and the still surface of the fjord with most enchanting effects of colouring. The banks on the road side were hung with clusters of the wood strawberry and wild raspberry, of which I plucked handfulls as I walked by the side of the carriole up the gentle slopes; and the edges of the corn-fields were decked by a profusion of bright flowers*, among

* The well known *foxglove* (*Digitalis purpurea*) is very common along the road on the eastern side of the Fille-Fjeld, and grows freely in the pine forests, especially near Brufladt.

I do not know of any plant of the showy kind that struck me more than the *monkshood*, which we found growing luxuriantly on the lower slopes above the valleys of Tellemarken, and elsewhere, at a moderate elevation. It first attracted our attention on the Sunday we spent at Midbö in Lohoden, in the woods near the cascade, remarkable for its free growth, broad indented leaves, and pyramidal spikes of flowers. My younger friend, to whom I have already referred, favoured me with the following notice of it:—

Aconita napellus, Anglicè the monkshood, used in medicine, principally externally. Found about the Voring-Foss, and in the Sogne-Fjeld, but not much in Hardanger. I saw a little near Odde on the fjord. Locality, dry mountain sides, where there is but a small depth of earth, and no moss, and at an elevation not greater than that of the pines. The highest I saw was at Vettie-Sæter, opposite to Skagtolds-Tind. Flowers; purple, helmet-shaped.

which large patches of the delicate blue pansy contrasted with those of more brilliant hues. The peasants, in picturesque costume, were busy with the hay; and near the præste-gaard I passed some ladies walking; and sign of return to civilised life, carrying parasols! The temperature was delicious. Stripped of my drenched wrappings, which were spread in the sun about the carriage, I felt the genial influence in every limb benumbed by the cold rains and blasts, and stiff with alternately scrambling up the slippery steeps of the mountain ranges, and sitting in the carriage in a deluge of wet, which no coverings could effectually exclude. It is impossible to conceive a greater change than a few hours had effected. I had slept at Nystuen, at an elevation of 3000 feet: the level of the Strand-Fjord is little more than one third of that height. I had rapidly exchanged the region of storms, of wild desolation, of almost unbroken solitude, for valleys teeming with population and radiant with every imaginable beauty. The sky, the lake, the temperature were Italian; the features of the people, and the character of the buildings, and of the vegetation, were those of another clime.

Threading this charming landscape under such

Leaves; jagged, like the fingers of a hand. Grows to about four feet high. The leaves and other parts contain a most powerful poison, called *aconitina*, which is an alkaloid, like morphia and strichnia."

Aconita napellus, which grows so profusely, might be made a source of profit to the Norwegians, as it is at present an expensive drug.

circumstances, I felt almost an intoxicating sense of delight. All the difficulties of the journey were overcome, the mountain barrier was passed, and the road to the capital would be a succession of similar scenes. Hopes, destined to disappointment, like many a sanguine anticipation of a sunny hour ! For the remainder of this day, however, every thing continued auspicious. Towards the bottom of the fjord, where it much narrowed, but was still a fine sheet of water, it was spanned by a long bridge of most picturesque appearance, resting on twenty piers of timber. Soon after this we crossed a rapid stream, and the character of the country again changed. We entered a pine wood, and I had once more the pleasure of winding among its deep glades. We afterwards crossed some steep ridges; the river, which debouched from the Strand-Fjord, accompanying us all the way to Frydenlund, where we arrived at an early hour.

It is a considerable village, with a church and parsonage, and a large but not very comfortable station-house. The giest-giver was very civil, and almost ludicrously anxious to understand and supply my wants, which, however, I had the greatest difficulty in making him comprehend. With persons naturally intelligent (by far the greater majority of those with whom I had to do) I got on very well. The women, excellent creatures ! were particularly quick in catching my meaning, and sedulous in attention to the traveller's wishes. The good housewives sometimes reminded me of the Kelleren of the Tyrol ; but there

was no Kellere here. Neither was any kind of viand to be procured but flad-bröd and gammel-ost — rye cakes and old cheese: my haversack supplied the needful; and a fire in the stove was very welcome. Long before daylight I was awake by the crash of the casements which, not having been firmly secured, were driven in by a violent gust of wind. It blew a hurricane, accompanied by torrents of rain. Nor had it abated when, at the appointed hour, I took my seat in the carriage. A pedestrian traveller, limited to the lightest possible weight in his equipments, is ill prepared for other modes of travelling. The light overcoat, however water-proof, is a very scanty envelope for use in a boat or an open carriage. The apron of the latter will not prevent heavy rain from driving under it, and pouring down the thighs and knees. I was speedily in a pitiable condition; but to such casualties one becomes inured by habit. It had rained almost daily since we commenced our rambles; the Norwegians said that the summer was unusually wet. I should not, however, recommend travellers to commence their journey in this country before the middle of July, when the weather generally becomes more settled.

My favourable anticipations, during the bright hours of the preceding day, of a pleasurable progress failed in every point. The passage of the mountain from Freydenlund to Brufladt was a more severe trial than any thing I had met with in crossing the Fillefjeld. The ascent is long and desperately steep, the

inclination of the road being often at an angle of 60 degrees. It was with extreme difficulty that the empty carriole was dragged up some of the heights. I walked the whole way in a deluging rain, contending with a baffling wind. The summit is 4043 feet above the level of the sea. In about four or five miles we mounted upwards of 2000 feet, and were nearly three hours in accomplishing it. From this the severity of the ascent may be calculated. I observed little of the scenery; for the greater part of the way we were enveloped in a thick fog; but what I did see was on a scale of fearful grandeur. In fine weather the toil of the ascent may be compensated by the magnificent view of the Strand-Fjord underneath, backed by the snowy summits of the Hurungerne-Fjeld far away to the northward. After crossing the *plateau* of the mountain, when I again found myself among drifts of snow, the descent on the other side to Brufladt was equally rapid. It stands at the head of a long valley watered by the Etne-Elv, which we descended along the course of the river, by an excellent road, through woods of spruce fir, and among good farms with rich meadows on the water's side, till we struck the head of the Rands-Fjord.

Approaching it through a wood of magnificent spruce firs which clothed its eastern shore, this noble sheet of water presented, though on a much larger scale, some of the features which had so delighted me on the preceding day. But the Rands-Fjord is more than six Norsk (upwards of 40 English) miles

long, in a direction nearly south; its bays take wide sweeps, and the farms on its banks and on the slopes of the hills indicate, by the extent and number of the inclosures and the size and character of the buildings, a degree of opulence in the holders far beyond any thing I had yet witnessed. It is by no means singular that on descending from great elevations the temperature of the valleys should be found serene and undisturbed by the storms which are raging in the upper regions of the mountains; and there is nothing very remarkable in the weather, which has been foul in the earlier part of the day, clearing up about noon. It was my good fortune that these very common events, on two successive days, occurred precisely so as to give the fullest effect to the landscape, and at the very period of time at which I happened to touch its most interesting points of view. Now, as I was passing through the spruce wood at the head of the fjord the surface of the water, seen through the boles of the tall firs, was gleaming like a sheet of molten gold; the sun having just burst through masses of cloud which still threw some of the headlands and woody slopes on the opposite shore into deep shade. There was a partial shower; the feathering branches of the young spruce steamed with fragrance, and subdued light softly gleamed on farmstead and corn-field, glancing more vividly through an opening in the clouds on the picturesque form of a church some three or four miles forward on the hither bank, and bringing out the

warm tints of its bright colour in strong contrast with the fir-woods out of which the tower rose clearly defined: this was Fluberg.

At the station of Land just beyond, the route marked out for me by the forbud ceased, as I proposed leaving the direct road to Christiania and making a diversion to the Miosen-Vand. Finding some difficulty in obtaining directions for my further progress from the man who had accompanied me from the last post-house, I pulled up at the gate of the præste-gaard which stood by the roadside, to make inquiries. My arrival brought several members of the family to the door. The præsten was from home; but he was represented by his son, a student of the university, who gave me satisfactory information, accompanied with pressing instances that I would delay my journey and spend the night, or a day or two, if possible, at the parsonage. Such was the hospitable feeling towards an entire stranger. I could only accept the invitation to stay dinner, which was on the point of being served; my kind entertainers promising in the mean time to send to the station for a fresh horse which would convey me to Mustæd, a village on the road to Hun, on the shore of the Miosen. I learnt that a steam-boat would call there on the following morning, which would take me up the lake to Lillehammer. My new friend talked a little English; and having received this satisfactory information, I was delighted to spend an hour or two in such agreeable society as the family at the parsonage afforded.

We sat down to table a party of twelve ; the mother, a venerable grandmother, seven young ladies (five daughters and two visitors), the young man, a fellow-student, and myself. The meal was abundant and well served. I particularly recollect the profusion of strawberries at the dessert, a large bowl of which, floating in cream, was placed before each individual. On rising from table, with the usual ceremonies, we retired to a handsome saloon. The hall was strowed with tops of the small branches of spruce-fir. The student read to the young ladies. My friend showed me his books, and I gave him a lesson in Shakspeare. We walked out; the premises were spacious; a large yard was surrounded by buildings of every description; home manufactures, in all the stages of spinning, weaving, fulling, and bleaching were going on. The mistress, an excellent motherly creature, was everywhere busy among her handmaidens. The glebe extended to the banks of the fjord; a large field of hay was cut, the rye was nearly ripe, and luxuriant crops of barley were in full ear. The soil in this neighbourhood is very fertile; the farms are large, and the owners opulent. I learnt that there were proprietors worth 30,000 dollars, an ample fortune in Norway. Those possessed of from 5000 to 20,000 are independent. The district of Land contains five parishes, of which Fluberg is the mother or principal church, *Hoved-Kirk*. M. Aabel the præsten, has an assistant; and they serve the *Annex-Kirker* alternately. The clergy here live on

the best of terms with their parishoners. In the course of the afternoon several of the neighbouring gentlemen dropped in. There was a large garden at the back of the house, in which they played at bowls. Again, we assembled in the saloon for coffee, our party further reinforced. It was a most agreeable and unexpected reunion. A few hours before I had been battling with storms at a vast elevation, among wreaths of perpetual snow and scenery of the wildest and most desolate character; what a contrast with the views now presented from the windows of the saloon, which looked over the gardens and glebe to the rich farms on the opposite shore of the lake! And then, the circle with which I was surrounded of educated men and elegant and accomplished women. Some of the girls were extremely beautiful. There is a clearness and brilliancy in the complexion and a softness in the expressive features of many of the Norwegian women that is charming.

I should have been delighted to have prolonged my visit, but time wore on, though it had passed rapidly. The passage of a high ridge between two lakes I had generally found to be a very formidable affair, and I began to be uneasy, as it was seven o'clock before the expected horse was harnessed to my carriole, and I bade adieu to these worthy and hospitable people. Crossing the main road just opposite the gate of the præste-gaard, I entered a pine-wood, ascending rapidly. Arrived at some elevation, the Rands-Fjord, and the scenery of its shores, such as I

have already described, spread out far beneath, were seen to the greatest advantage. The lights were mellow, and on one particular spot at the head of the lake, the sun's rays were concentrated as on a mirror of burnished silver under a vast mass of the deepest shade. The forest glades opened from time to time into upland farms, and the tinkling bells of herds of cows browsing on the outskirts of the woods, or straggling homeward to the folds, gave my evening ride a very different character from what I apprehended. As I crossed the summit of the ridge, I caught a view of a broad reach of the Miosen, indistinctly seen in the gray twilight, far away to the south east. The descent to the village of Mustæd, through the same scenery of partially wooded slopes and scattered farms, was rapid ; and I found quarters at the station, which fully answered the recommendation of them received from M. Aabel.

I had desired to be called early, and soon after four o'clock the good woman of the house made her appearance at my bedside with the accustomed cup of coffee. I had leapt from my bed, and was enjoying from the open casement the effects of a glorious sunshine on the grassy falls of the hills, and breathing the perfume of a hayfield underneath the windows, when she returned, unsummoned, with some articles of dress, and seeming quite prepared to assist at my toilet, proffering all sorts of aid, with a disregard of the proprieties, which was a common occurrence, till a repeated and rather peremptory *ta bort* induced

her to retreat with the coffee tray. Presently the bell rung from a neighbouring farm to call the labourers to their work. Most of the farms in this district are furnished with bells, and the cupolas in which they are hung add to the picturesque effect of the buildings. The road to Hun was down an open valley, the sides of the hills in many places cleared of wood and well cultivated. The Miosen was in full view below, sweeping its broad sheet of water from north to south, as far as the eye could reach. I found at Hun a large station-house. A plentiful breakfast was served in a spacious apartment, decked with flowers in garden pots, and ornamented with portraits of Charles XII. of Sweden, Carl Johan the late king of Norway, Galileo, Newton, Ludvig Holberg, Rubens, and Lieutenant-General Stubell, "chef for den Aggershuus inf.-brigade;" a selection that did credit to the taste and patriotism of the proprietor. There was a large garden in the rear of the house, looking down on the lake and full of roses and fruits. A small steamer shot out from under a woody point, and darting across the bay stopped off a little pier about a mile below the station. Again she cut the bright water, proceeding southward on her voyage to Minde, at the foot of the lake. It was the signal for my departure, for the arrival of the "Jan Bart," was to be shortly succeeded by that of the "Droningen," on her upward voyage.

Leaving the carriole and part of my baggage in the care of the giest-giver, till my return on the

following Monday, I shouldered my knapsack and walked down to the pier. Again there was a dim speck on the smooth surface of the Vand, a little cloud of smoke, then came into sight the gaily painted hull of a long narrow boat, the red ensign of Norway floating at the stern. The Droningen rapidly approached the jetty; I threw my knapsack into a skiff, and was paddled alongside. As I stepped on the deck, my hand was seized, and I was asked if I were an Englishman. The questioner was a countryman: I had not seen one for a long time. Of his history something may be said hereafter. But we were away, steaming up the lake at a great rate, ten or twelve knots an hour. A steamer on a Norwegian lake was an unlooked for occurrence. There are strong objections to the search after the picturesque in such a mode of conveyance; the associations are any thing but agreeable. It had been my design to follow the road of the western shore to Lillehammer at the head of the lake, and to return by the eastern bank. The information I received from M. Aabel changed my plan. It offered an easier and quicker course, which saved me a journey of 120 or 130 miles, for which I had no horses bespoke; and it spared the wheels of my old carriole, which had become shaky with crossing the mountains.

It must be confessed too, that the deck of a steamer affords good views of both the shores of such a sheet of water as the Miosen, whose general width is about

two or three English miles. They are studded with numerous villages on each side, at which we took in and disembarked passengers. This was a source of much interest and amusement. The population seemed to be considerable, and the soil fertile; many parts of the banks of the lake, and wide breadths of the hill slopes being under cultivation, while on others the woods of birch, alder, and other deciduous trees sweep down to the water's edge. The outlines however seemed tame, and the heat was oppressive, after the bold and rugged scenery and the pure mountain air to which I had been lately accustomed. The shores of the Miosen doubtless present charming landscapes, but to my apprehension they should be seen before the traveller proceeds further into the interior. Then the Nisser-Vand, the Tind-Soe, and the Miös-Vand would present a succession of scenes continually increasing in the scale of grandeur, and the fjords on the western coast would complete the climax. I am persuaded therefore that there are good reasons for making Christiania the termination instead of, as is generally the practice, the starting point of the tour, the inquiring traveller having then opportunities of concentrating and correcting the results of the information he has acquired in his previous rambles, by aids which are best obtained in the capital.

CHAPTER XV.

LILLEHAMMER. — MANUFACTORY OF CORN-BRANDY. — STORE-KEEPERS AND TRADE. — SUNDAY. — CHURCH SERVICES. — OBSERVANCE OF “THE SABBATH.” — FORMS OF THE NORWEGIAN LUTHERAN CHURCH DIFFER FROM THE ROMAN — CORRESPOND WITH THE ANGLICAN. — REFLECTIONS. — NO SECTS IN NORWAY. — HAUGER AND HIS DISCIPLES. — NORWEGIAN CLERGY. — STATE OF EDUCATION. — ECCLESIASTICAL STATISTICS.

As we advanced towards the head of the Miosen-Vand, the character of the scenery improved; the hills becoming loftier, and the mountain ranges which bound the valley of Gulbrandsdal folding in with picturesque effect. Our course from Hun had been five Norwegian miles. About four o'clock in the afternoon the anchor was dropped in a little haven at foot of the hill on which Lillehammer stands. The town was formerly of considerable extent and the seat of a bishoprick. It is said to have had a cathedral and a monastery, both founded about 1160 by Adrian, an Englishman, at that time the pope's legate in Norway. He afterwards became a cardinal, under the name of Nicholas Breakspear ab Albano; and pope, under the title of Adrian IV.* The place

* It gives some idea of the predominance of Norwegian power in the northern seas during the middle ages, when we learn that this pope invested the Bishop of Drontheim with metropolitan jurisdiction over Iceland, Greenland, the Faro Islands, Shetlands, Orkneys, and Hebrides, and even the *Isle of Man*.

was burnt by the Swedes in the 17th century. It is again rising in importance, being the centre of an extensive traffic with the farmers of the rich valleys of Gulbrandsdal and the Heidemarken. It consists of a large open area with neat detached houses round the church, and a long street on the northern road, in which every other house is a store or shop. There is a distillery, newly erected at a cost of 18,000 spec. dollars, calculated for the consumption of 100 tons of potatoes per day, in the manufacture of brandy; a deplorable waste of food in a country which does not produce sufficient corn for the support of its inhabitants, and which is compelled to import near a million barrels of barley every year.* I fear the accounts given of the extent to which the people are addicted to the use of ardent spirits may be considered but too well founded, although no signs of the abuse came under my immediate notice. It was stated to me that 5,000,000 gallons of corn-brandy are distilled yearly, consuming in the manufacture about 250,000 quarters of grain, or a proportionate quantity of potatoes.

There was little to interest at Lillehammer, except some charming views of the Miosen, from the neighbourhood of the town. Having accomplished the day's journey at an early hour, I found that I had

* The average is between 700,000 and 800,000. In 1847, the importation was above 1,900,000 barrels, or 950,000 quarters of grain.

too much time on hand, and the sudden revulsion from the excitement of my late mode of travelling was far from agreeable. However I was in possession of a snug apartment, prettily furnished in the French style, commanding views of the lake, the church, and its surrounding area; a vase of flowers stood on my writing-table, which I wheeled round to the window, and determined to turn my season of repose to good account.

On the following morning the village green was enlivened by groups of people waiting the arrival of the præsten for the performance of divine service. Cars and carriages brought in others from the neighbouring district. I followed them to the church, a wooden structure in the form of a Greek cross, with a belfry and spire in the centre. There were galleries in each of the transepts, which were filled by the gentry of the place. The rest of the congregation sat below; the men on one side, the women on the other. The chancel, which occupied the whole of the eastern limb of the cross, was divided from the rest of the church by a screen reaching to the roof. It contained only the baptismal pew on the left, the minister's on the right, and a long desk for the choir, consisting of men and boys, and the *kirk-songer* or præcentor. The altar was covered with a white cloth, and above it rose an entablature carved in wood and gaudily painted and gilded. It presented in several compartments, first, on the lowest, the Lord's Supper carved in high relief;

then a crucifixion, with the Blessed Virgin on one side, and St. John on the other. In a niche above was our Saviour ascending; and, in the highest compartment, sitting in glory with his feet upon a globe. On each side were images of the apostles. No part of the church was painted or ornamented but the altar, except that the royal crown of Denmark was carved in the chancel-screen, and over the pulpit. The pine-logs, of which the walls were formed, the round boles of which were laid one above another in fluted tiers, gave it an air of great simplicity, as well as of massive solidity. Branches of young fir-trees, the spurs of which being polished resembled the tines of stag's horns, were suspended as hat-pins.

When I entered, the priest was giving the benediction to a number of young persons kneeling at the altar-rails, placing his hand on the head of each in succession. I failed to comprehend the nature of the office he was thus engaged in. Was it Confirmation? The rite is especially regarded in the Norwegian church, and the preparation of the candidates for it is attended to with particular care; but I had been led to believe that the performance of that rite is reserved exclusively to the bishop. The priest was habited in a black gown with close sleeves; over this, the young people being dismissed, he endued himself with the assistance of the præcentor, in a surplice very much resembling that used in our own churches. He then turned to the altar and chaunted the collect for the day; after which followed the epistle, the

people standing. He then divested himself of the surplice, and retired to the sacristy behind the altar, while the people sang one of those *Bede-psalms*, or prayer-psalms, which form the staple of their share in the public worship, four of them being introduced into the services of each day. Meanwhile the priest had ascended the pulpit, and the singing being concluded, offered a short extempore prayer, followed by the Lord's prayer. He then read the Gospel for the day, the people standing. It being the fifth Sunday after Trinity, it was (like that of our own Church) taken from a chapter of St. Luke, which relates the miraculous draught of fishes. Some of the present accompaniments to the recital of that striking narrative gave it a peculiar interest. The western door of the church stood open, and beneath were seen the placid waters of the Miosen, that inland sea, and the ships drawn to land in the repose of the sacred day. The fishermen had gone out of them; perchance they were among the worshippers and followers of HIM, one of whose many wonderful and merciful works on the favoured shores of the sea of Galilee was offered to our meditation. I was in hopes that the preacher would select it for the subject of his discourse, though I could have very imperfectly caught his meaning. But he preached from a passage in the prophecy of Isaiah. His manner was grave, earnest, and impressive, his figure commanding, his brow and features expansive and full, his hair and whiskers touched with gray. Such as he stood in the

close gown and starched ruff, familiar in the portraits of the foreign reformers, he reminded me of a Luther or Melancthon.

At the conclusion of the sermon, the priest gave the benediction, making the sign of the cross with the fore-finger, the people standing and receiving it with great reverence. The occupiers of the galleries then departed, but the whole of the congregation in the body of the church remained. The office of Baptism was then administered. Its forms very nearly corresponded with those of the English church. The infants were wrapped in long mantles of figured silk, tied in front with knots of white ribbon. At the conclusion of the service, the women who carried the children, went in turn round the back of the altar, and coming to the south side, laid an offering of money upon it, making a reverence to the priest; the same ceremony was also performed by six or eight men, who advanced in succession from the body of the church.

The office of Baptism was followed by the celebration of the Holy Communion, the congregation still remaining. Preparatory to this, the priest having returned to the altar, the præcentor invested him, over the surplice, with a rich vestment or cope of crimson satin embroidered with a broad cross of silver tissue before and behind.* Kneeling before

* I had seen them of velvet with gold embroidery, but the colour was invariably crimson.

the altar, he prayed for a short time in silence. Then standing with his face towards the altar, he chaunted some versicles in a low voice, the choir responding. The prayer of consecration followed, also chaunted in low measured tones of fine modulation; in the course of which he passed his hand over the elements on the altar, and took the patina and chalice in his hands. The communicants had now approached, and were kneeling at the rails, the women separated from the men. The sacrament was administered by the priest inserting the consecrated wafer into the mouth and holding the chalice to the lips, saying, in a low voice, to each. "This is the true body (blood) of our Lord Jesus Christ!" *Dette er Jesu sande* Legem. Dette er Jesu sande Blöd.* Having completed the circuit of the rail, standing before the altar with the cup in his hand, he gave a short address to the communicants, who then retired and gave place to others. The choir continued singing while the administration was taking place. When all had communicated, the priest again chaunted some collects, the choir responding, and then gave the benediction to the people, making the sign of the cross, as he had done before at the conclusion of the sermon. He then laid aside the surplice and cope, which the præcentor having placed on the altar, and advancing to the chancel gate, recited some prayers; while the priest himself communicated, kneeling in front of the altar.

* *Sand*, true, right, certain, sure. — *Dictionary*.

The bell in the steeple then rang, and the people departed. The number of the communicants was about ninety, the general congregation being from four to five hundred. Almost all had books containing the *Bede-Psalmer* and prayers. Nothing could exceed their grave and reverend demeanour during the whole of the service. With the exception of the ladies in the galleries, who were dressed as others of their class would be in most of the towns of Europe, there was little apparent inequality of condition. The men had nothing remarkable in their costume. The women wore braided jackets and stomachers, and petticoats gaily bordered. The general head-dress was a skull cap of silk or satin with a broad border of white lace, not plaited but fitting close and smooth to the side of the face. It was continued in a collar round the back of the neck, where it was met by a knot of ribbons corresponding to the colour of the cap. Those of the older women were black; but there were brighter colours in abundance. Some wore a kerchief, generally white, folded to a smooth keen edge over the forehead, and gathered into folds under the chin, the point hanging loose down the back behind; a costume familiar in the pictures of the Madonna by Carlo Dolci, and some still finer ones by Sassa Ferrata, and giving a fine oval to the contour of the face. The hair was not seen in either of these head-dresses, which harmonised with the fair complexions, blue eyes, and soft expression of the features. Young girls wore their hair parted from

the front in the present fashion, but drawn above the ears and gathered into a knot neatly braided at the back of the neck; a simple and graceful coiffure.

The *ménage* at the Giesthuus was conducted by five young women, some of them singularly handsome, the master and mistress giving themselves little trouble about it, being apparently people of wealth, and possessed of a large farm. These damsels served the early dish of coffee before I rose in the morning, entering the chamber on all occasions without the slightest reserve; a custom on which I have before commented, and which argues either great innocence and simplicity, or great laxity of manners. I am inclined to attribute it to the former. I found dinner prepared on my return from church; and it may give an idea of the scarcity of butcher's meat in this country, that in such a town as this, a red trout from the Laagen-Elv was the only dish, besides a plate of excellent white soup. I had thought of procuring a carriage and going some way up the valley of Gulbrandsdal, which, watered by the Laagen-Elv, extends from Tofte, at the foot of the Dovre-Fjeld, to Lillehammer and along the banks of the Moisen; 140 English miles. The valley is narrow, inclosed by chains of pine-clad and lofty mountains. Highly cultivated, it is the garden of Norway. The scenery, which has been described by almost every traveller, is represented to be extremely beautiful. I found that I must be satisfied with their reports, as my disposable time would not allow me to penetrate far

enough to form any idea of its peculiar attractions. I contented myself with a stroll in the environs of the town. Passing through the long street, the shops were all open. Among them was a bookseller's, which I entered, and was surprised at the number of volumes of a superior class which I found on the shelves. They contained also a large collection of Bibles, Prayer-books, and other religious works.

Speaking of what we should call the desecration of the Sabbath, Mr. Laing remarks in his *Residence in Norway*, that "it is a peculiarity in all Lutheran countries" (he might have said in all foreign countries, Catholic or Protestant), "which strikes the traveller, especially from Scotland, that the evening of the Sunday is not passed in quiet and stillness at least, if not in devotional exercises. He must be a very superficial observer, however," he adds, "who ascribes this to a want of religious feeling. It arises from the peculiar, and in the pure Lutheran Church universally received, interpretation of the Scriptural words, that 'the evening and the morning made the first day.' The evening of the Saturday and the morning of Sunday make the seventh day, or Sabbath, according to the Lutheran Church."

"Whether," continues Mr. Laing, "this interpretation of the Scriptural words defining the Sabbath be theologically right or wrong, it is politically wrong and injurious to society. The half day of Saturday is little regarded. The labourer cannot leave his work, make himself clean, and go to a distant church,

for a portion of a day. The half day of Sunday also is more liable to be encroached upon than if the whole were, as with us, a day of rest, on which no manner of work was to be done.”*

Mr. Laing adds some sensible observations on the position of the educated and religiously disposed working-man in Britain, as compared with that of the ignorant and uneducated of his fellow-labourers, who having no demands upon their time but the calls for food and rest, he is therefore in a worse condition than the untaught labourer, who has only his animal wants to supply. The conclusion is, that “the progress of education in Britain will probably make it necessary to unite the two plans, and at no distant time, to make the half of Saturday a period of rest by political institution, as well as the whole of Sunday by divine institution.” There seem of late to be some movements among us in the right direction, and consonant to the wants and habits of a people advancing in mental and, it is to be hoped, in moral culture. Wishing them all the success their importance merits, it will not be unseasonable if I pass to some general observations on the religious system of Norway. The subject occupied my thoughts during the quiet evening of the Sunday I spent at Lillehammer, and as I shall not again have occasion

* Laing's *Residence in Norway*, pp. 190, &c. The whole of Mr. Laing's remarks on this subject are worthy of mature attention. I would refer the reader to them, as my space does not allow me to quote them more at large.

to revert to matters connected with it, the result of the reflections I then made shall complete the present Chapter.

Travellers, looking at the surface of things, have generally asserted that the performance of religious worship in the Norwegian Church is so essentially ceremonial, as to differ but little from that of the Roman Catholic. They have been startled by the array of images on the altars; the display of rich vestments in the celebration of the Eucharist; and the use of the unleavened wafer, together with a high degree of reverence accompanying the administration of that sacrament; and from these appearances have been led to conclusions which are, I consider, by no means justified. Let us see how matters really stand. With respect to the images, there is not the slightest ground for supposing that in the Lutheran Church any mode or degree of worship is ever addressed to them, or that the saints are invoked in any form of supplication, public or private, as among the Roman Catholics. As to the assumption of an additional and peculiar vestment in the celebration of the Eucharist, I believe the *cope* is recognised, and has been in use in our own Church *since the Reformation*. The use of the wafer, instead of leavened bread, is surely a matter of little importance; perhaps it is more consonant to the usage of the primitive Church and the original institution of the sacrament. The Lutherans reject the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation, but they hold that of a spiritual and ineffable union of

the Divine nature with the elements, the substance of which remains unchanged. This is called consubstantiation. But the doctrine of a real presence, the mode mysterious and undefined, and beyond all human power of comprehension is admitted by the formularies of our own Church, and has been held in every age by numbers of its most pious and learned members; and it is as far removed from the Romish tenet as it is from the Zuinglian and Hoadleyan system, which reduces the sacred ordinance to a mere naked symbol. This doctrine in any shape involves a higher degree of reverence in the administration and participation of the sacrament.

I consider it would be more correct to say that the public worship of the Lutheran Church essentially differs from the Roman Catholic, and has a close affinity to that of the Church of England. It is indeed ceremonial and liturgical, marked features which distinguish its ritual, as well as our own, from the forms of worship of the other foreign reformed Churches, and of the various classes of dissenters among ourselves. And, so far, both the former coincide with the Church of Rome. All three unite in deriving the staple of their formularies from the earlier ages of the Church; and these are still nearly identical in their general scope and in many portions of their details. But at the time of the Reformation, the Lutheran and Anglican Churches, protesting against the corruptions of the Church of Rome, purged their ritual of the errors and excrescences which had

crept into it in the course of time, and brought it back to the pure standard of primitive antiquity.

The Lutheran Church, then, essentially differs from the Church of Rome; for there is nothing superstitious in her ceremonial, and her ritual, like our own, contains nothing that is contrary to the Word of God.

I have given minute details of the services of the Norwegian Church, at which I had recently, as well as on other occasions, assisted, for the purpose of showing how analagous they are in their general character to our own forms. Celebrated in the common language of the people, the congregation in the *Bede-psalmer* take their share in the performance; and the tone of the whole liturgy, as far as I was able to understand it, and have learnt from a subsequent examination, is spiritual and evangelical, in conformity with the title which the communion established in Norway assumes, of the "Evangelical-Lutheran Church." The liturgy and offices for administration of the sacraments are contained in a book set forth by the authority and under the sign-manual of Christian king of Denmark, in 1688. It would require a volume to point out in detail its close approximation to our own Book of Common Prayer. Suffice it to observe, that many of the collects are nearly identical; there is a litany, shorter than ours, but presenting similar forms of supplication. The Christian year is divided into the same course of seasons from Advent to Trinity; and

the passages selected for the Epistles and Gospels for each Sunday are the very same as those adopted in the English Church. The beautiful office of Baptism scarcely differs from our own in language or ceremony. The slight variations in the administration of the Holy Communion have already been pointed out. The tenet of "Consubstantiation," whatever it means, seems, as it is generally accepted, to convey nothing further than is contained in the words, "This is the true (*sande*) Body of Jesus Christ," corresponding with the language of our own office and of the catechism. There is no worship or elevation of the Host, and the elements in *both* kinds are administered to the laity.

When in connection with this close identity to our own forms of worship, now widely diffused in the eastern and western hemispheres, it is recollected that the Lutheran Church is not only established in Norway, in Sweden, in Denmark, but that large portions of the population of Prussia, and several states of Germany are of the same communion, it must afford satisfaction to persons of a truly catholic spirit to reflect that, throughout so wide an extent of Christendom and the world at large, there is a general community, not only in the faith, but in the institutions and public services of the several branches of the Christian Church. We do not stand alone. There is a broader basis for the constitution, and a closer unity even in the exterior forms of the great majority of the "Protestant" Churches than is gene-

rally supposed. The ground on which we take our stand, between Romanism on the one hand, and Calvinism or Puritanism, so to speak, on the other, is not so narrow but that it is occupied by the people of many nations and languages as well as our own. It is surely an ennobling thought that, among all these, the voice of prayer periodically ascends clothed in "common" or similar forms of supplication; the same identical passages of Holy Writ are recited for the edification of the faithful in the services of the day; and usages, consecrated by the practice of the primitive Church, are adhered to with a common uniformity.

In making these remarks, I would be understood to make no uncharitable reflections on other reformed Churches abroad, or nonconformist communities at home. One cannot help thinking that the present is an imperfect state of things, allowed for a season for wise and good purposes; a scene in the grand drama which, before the consummation of all things, will be followed by the restoration of that visible unity of which the Scriptures, taken literally, seem to speak, and which subsisted in the first and best ages of the Church. Still a truly catholic spirit, making allowances for that diversity of opinion which seems inherent in the constitution of the human mind, and for circumstances which, at and after the time of the Reformation, led to the breaking up of the Christian community into a variety of sects and parties, will embrace, at least in a certain bond of brotherhood, all

who profess the true faith, however they may differ in shades of opinion and modes of worship. The circles are concentric, though somewhat fainter as they successively recede from the common centre; but that centre is ONE and the same.

I can easily understand that, if it were thought allowable to reject the testimony and the practice of primitive ages, which favour the form of government, the discipline, and the ceremony retained in most national Churches, and we had to form a new system from "the Bible, and the Bible alone," there would be much to be said on behalf of simpler, more popular, and, apparently, more spiritual forms. The germs, indeed, of a liturgical service and hierarchical constitution may be discovered in the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles; but not so distinctly, perhaps, as authoritatively to enjoin the same practices as of paramount necessity or importance. The services of the Synagogue may appear more conformable to the genius of Christianity than those of the Temple, however modified; and the "upper room" of the infant Church may be fairly appealed to as the model of the conventicle, with its service of reading, preaching, singing, and extemporaneous prayer, devoid of all appliances of vestment and external ornament, and bare of all ceremonial, except the breaking of bread, the sprinkling of water, and the laying on of hands. Such views may not unreasonably be held by those who are unwilling to acknowledge that in the first years of the infant Church curtailed rites were

permitted under a temporary necessity imposed by the persecuted state of the Church, and who regard all subsequent additions to its exterior forms as corruptions of its primitive simplicity. Great allowances ought therefore charitably to be made for the class of persons who, in the exercise of the right of private judgment and appealing to the Bible, and the Bible alone, as their standard (the two distinguishing principles of Protestantism), reject all modes and observances which are not distinctly enjoined in the New Testament.

Sectarianism has found no footing in Norway. If religious divisions are a great evil, contrary to the spirit and the literal injunctions of the Gospel, a snare to the doubting, a triumph to the unbeliever, and injurious to the frame of society, as I believe they are,—notwithstanding all that can be said of the advantages of religious controversy in quickening the intellect, stimulating inquiry, and awakening men from the passive state of mind produced by uninquiring conformity,—from such evil Norway is happily exempt. Out of the pale of the Evangelical-Lutheran Church, there is no place of worship, except, I believe, a Roman Catholic chapel at Christiania.

Towards the close, indeed, of the last century, a party was formed, it cannot be properly called a sect, for it never seceded from the established communion, having nearly the same character with the movement which had its origin about the same period in England, and corresponding with the original phase

of Methodism. Hauger, the founder, who has been called the John Wesley of Norway, was a man of earnest, but by no means enthusiastic zeal. He inculcated on his followers a tone of higher spirituality, the necessity of conversion, the new-birth, in short, what are generally called the doctrines of grace. But his piety was eminently of a practical kind: a layman and a merchant, he amassed a considerable fortune, which he was ever ready to devote to the service of others and the promotion of objects of national importance. In the journeys which he undertook for the purpose of propagating his opinions, he embraced every opportunity of detecting new resources in the national economy. His shrewd eye marked localities where sawmills and ironworks might be established, and moor-lands drained with advantage; and he not only pointed out these capabilities, but liberally advanced money to such as chose to adventure in the suggested speculations.

Although his strong religious opinions led him to attack the clergy, whom he accused of lukewarmness and worldly-mindedness; to deny the necessity of ordination (holding that all who felt an inward call, and even women, were entitled to preach); and to repudiate Episcopacy; he was, like his compeer Wesley, indisposed to make a schism in the Church, and his followers remained in its communion and joined in its services. They grew rapidly under the influence of his teaching and his voluminous writings; and still form a considerable, but not, I under-

stood, an increasing, body. Cultivating a more spiritual life and stricter practice, their adherence to the established forms of worship has spared the country the evils of a divided communion. They occupy, I should conceive, very much the position of what is called the Evangelical party in the English Church.

Notwithstanding the forbearance of Hauger and his first disciples, and the care with which he inculcated upon them all the offices of good citizens in common life, his zeal drew on him persecution. He was frequently imprisoned, his fortune was confiscated, though afterwards in part restored; his health sunk under the repetition of his confinements, and he died in 1824, worn out by his labours and sufferings of mind and body.

It would be presumptuous for me to pretend to offer any opinion on the state of religion in Norway as a vital principle. What I heard and saw left a favourable impression. I found religious books in almost every house; the churches were well filled, and the congregations devout and attentive. Many of the farmers and their families came long distances to attend public worship. There is one feature in the Church system which must essentially contribute to form the character of its Communicants, and that is the importance attached to the rite of Confirmation, and the extraordinary care with which the candidates are prepared for its administration. After a long course of private instruction by the parochial minister, there is a strict and public examination by the Bishop

or probst, in the presence of the congregation, into the young people's knowledge of their moral and religious duties; so conducted as to be a searching trial into the real state of their religious knowledge, and to ascertain that each individual attaches the real meaning to the words he makes use of, and actually understands what he has been taught. The clergy devote themselves with great assiduity to this duty.

The service of the churches is, indeed, the smallest part of the duty of the clergy of Norway, though the number of the *annex-kirker* in each living renders that sufficiently laborious. It may be wondered, perhaps, that with a government so popular and eminently practical, and a people so disposed to attend public worship, the provision for its performance is on so low a scale. I have had to observe, on more than one occasion, the number of parishes, each having its own church, which are united to form one living, to the extent of five or more. These are served alternately, and even with the aid of a *candidatus* as assistant to the pastor, the *annex-kirker* are frequently without any service for two Sundays out of three. The *præsten* are pluralists on a large scale. Here are parishes and churches of old foundation; they only require *præste-gaards* to be erected, and resident pastors with competent incomes. There are hundreds of candidates qualified and anxiously waiting for the vacant benefices. The unions above mentioned secure to the present incumbents rather a high rate of average income. Some Church reformers would readily

solve the question. The formula would be; dissolve the unions as they fall in, divide the incomes, and give to each parish a resident minister. But the Norwegian legislature is not disposed to reduce the incomes of the national clergy, to the pittance which is thought adequate to the support of a clergyman in the majority of our own vicarages or newly formed parochial districts.

The Norwegian clergy are at present placed in a respectable and becoming position. They form, with their families, a valuable link in society, and have many important duties to execute, and there is no wish to lower their *status* and reduce them to the necessity of struggling with a narrow income and insufficient means. The widow of the parish priest, it has been already remarked, has a residence and a maintenance provided in one of the farms belonging to the Church. With these arrangements the government hesitates to interfere, dreading as prudent men to meddle too freely with old institutions. Perhaps it may be thought that the advantages of such a new arrangement would be dearly purchased by changes which would tend to substitute a class of men of inferior qualifications for the present enlightened and highly educated clergy. It may be that so much importance is not attached to frequent services. That which is obtained at intervals and with some difficulty, is sometimes most highly prized. So pluralism and nonresidence are allowed to remain under a system of government essentially democratic and

economical. In the mean time it must be allowed, that the clergy are indefatigable in their ministrations, both public and private, among their parishioners; and the people are not wanting, on their part, in making the most of their opportunities.

The deficiency, if it had been felt, might have been supplied in another way. The church of Norway was of old richly endowed. Since the new order of things, all its property, except the glebes of the parochial clergy and certain other reserved farms, have been sold, to the amount of two millions of dollars. The capital has been funded or invested on securities. There is an "appropriation clause" in the constitutional act, under which the proceeds are, I believe for the most part, applied to educational purposes. But if the Storthing had been of the opinion that the demand for the endowment of the *annex-kirker* had been predominant, here was a fund ready formed and at their disposal for the purpose.

There are schools in every parish, supported by rates (which are compulsory) and a small payment by every scholar. In these are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, singing, and geography. The clergy use great efforts to promote education among the lower classes, superintending the schools, and examining the scholars in their proficiency. Sunday schools have also been extensively established, and it is rare to find any young person in Norway who cannot at least read and write. The children on the farms which lie scattered in the remote districts, are in-

structed by itinerant teachers, who migrate from house to house.

Besides these primary schools, there are in certain of the towns others of a superior description, in which the classics, mathematics, and modern languages are taught. These are preparatory to the university; and, as I have elsewhere observed, certificates of proficiency from the rectors of these schools are required of candidates before their matriculation.

The statistics of the Norwegian Church may be shortly stated. There are five bishopricks, whose annual revenues average 4000 spec. dollars each. The oldest and most valuable of these is Drontheim. The Præste-gields, or mother-churches, are in number 336, many of the parishes being very extensive. Some in the northern districts of the kingdom reach from the coast to the Swedish frontier, and contain from 5000 to 10,000 inhabitants. The incomes of the parochial clergy in country parishes, range from 800 to 1600 dollars, arising from commuted tithes of grain, the rents of farms attached to the livings, accustomed, but voluntary, offerings at Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost, and for marriages, baptisms, &c.; with excellent glebes. By the assistance of these, which supply the main staple of the household consumption, and according to the style of living in the fashion of the country, the clergy and their families are placed in comfortable circumstances, and able to maintain the hospitality and charities becoming their station. Their incomes are equal to double the amount in England.

A certain number of parishes is superintended by one of the parochial clergy under the title of probst, who, with functions similar to those of an archdeacon or rural dean, and in communication with the bishop of the diocese, superintends the fabrics of the churches, the buildings and property of the Church, and the due performance of their duties by the parochial clergy within his district.

The ecclesiastical patronage is vested in the Crown. On the vacancy of a living, the bishop recommends a candidate, who is presented by the council of state. A report of all such appointments and other ecclesiastical affairs is made to the Storting, of which there is a committee appointed for Church affairs; a wise institution, which might be adopted with advantage in our own administration of ecclesiastical concerns, so far as they come under the cognisance of the House of Commons. Experience shows that a large popular assembly, composed of members of different creeds, is ill fitted to regulate even the exterior relations of the Church. Might not these, when legislative interference is required, be dealt with on the report of a committee composed of intelligent and experienced members of its own communion? Unhappily, however, with us there are not only schisms without, but divisions within the Church, which might render unity of counsel unattainable even in so select a body.

CHAPTER XVI.

RETURN VOYAGE ON THE MIOSEN. — STEAMERS. — TRADE. — BATHS OF EIDSVOLD-BAKKEN. — CONSTITUTION-HOUSE. — CONVENTION OF 1814. — PROCEEDINGS OF THE DELEGATES. — THE GRUNDLOV, OR BILL OF RIGHTS — ITS LEADING PROVISIONS AND CHARACTER. — JOURNEY TO CHRISTIANIA.

THERE were two steamers on the Miosen, which performed the voyage between Minde and Lillehammer alternately; one starting from the former place which lies at the foot, and the other from the latter at the head of the lake, every day. It is, I understand, a very prosperous speculation, as, independently of the number of passengers carried between those extreme points and various stations on both shores, the quantity of merchandise transported is enormous; and many packages were daily left at Minde for want of room. The *Droningen* (or *Queen*), in which I had arrived at Lillehammer on the Saturday afternoon, and again embarked on the return on the following Monday, was an iron boat, which, with her machinery, had been manufactured in England, and was sent out and put together at Lillehammer. The Englishman who had hailed me on my first setting foot on her deck, was the foreman of the works who had been sent over to superintend her construction. He in-

formed me that he had experienced great difficulty in getting the work accomplished; not only was it novel, but the Norwegian in general, he remarked, is accustomed to put his hand to so many trades that he is master of none. So spoke the English overseer, used to skilled artisans and the division of labour. The wages of his operatives were from one to two marks (five to a dollar) per day; those of the common labourer ten or twelve skillings (sixpence) and their maintenance. The Droningen cost 20,000 spec. dollars. Even her figure head was sent out from England, though the Norwegians are skilful carvers. It was intended for an angel; but the name of the boat having been altered, the wings were sawn off, and, with this slight change, at the same time economical and flattering, it now represents the beautiful Josephine, queen of Oscar the First. My honest friend had been twelve or fifteen months in the country, and talked the language pretty fluently; he had become quite at home in the habits of the people, and described the classes with whom he had been familiar as kind-hearted worthy folk. He had come to Lillehammer to wind up his affairs and take leave of his friends, and was now on the point of returning to England. He had set up another iron steam-boat, also sent out from England, and now plying on the Rands-Fjord. She had not so much regular passenger and goods traffic, but was employed in towing rafts of timber down the fjord in their transit for shipment at Drammen. These steam-boats on the

inland waters of Norway will give a new impetus to its trade. I had made some acquaintance with one of the proprietors of the Droningen, who was owner of a large general store at Lillehammer. He informed me that it was their intention to import from England a larger and more powerful boat; and he hoped that ere long, in connection with the transit by the lake into the interior, a railway would be made from Christiania to Minde. An English engineer, Mr. Stephenson I think, had surveyed the line, about six Norwegian miles, and reported favourably. The traffic, as I myself had an opportunity of observing, is very considerable. It was proposed that the Storthing should find half the money, and the residue be raised in shares. At the period when the survey was made, they hoped for aid from England; but times are changed. English capital has often been worse applied. It appears, however, by the importation of steam machinery of which I now heard, as well as of the improved engines of English fabric which I saw in the ironworks at Mæs, how England benefits by the advances of other countries in the arts of civilisation. My friend complained of the heavy customs-duties. He imports largely from London, as well as Hamburgh. The cottons of Germany come cheaper; but the patterns were not so good, nor the colours to be depended on like those of the fabrics of Manchester. He, as well as others of the mercantile classes whom I met, complained that the farmers had it all their own way in the Storthing; trade and com-

merce were burthened to support the revenue, while all taxes bearing on the land had been repealed. I afterwards had an opportunity of testing his statements by inquiries of Mr. Crowe, our intelligent consul at Christiania. He informed me that the import duties on cottons were from 30 to 40 per cent; but as they are taken by weight, they bear heavily on the coarser goods which are most in demand. I do not know what our free traders would say to import duties on corn (on wheat and rye at 5s. 6d. barley at 2s. 6d. and on oats at 1s. 9d. per quarter) in a country where nearly a million of barrels are required to be annually imported for food*; but, as my friend from Lillehammer observed, the protectionists here have it all their own way. Mr. Crowe however said that it was a duty imposed, not for the purpose of protection, but of revenue.

My first impressions of the Miosen were confirmed. It has all the grandeur of so noble a sheet of water, and all the beauty which shores, for the most part teeming with cultivation and studded with farms and villages, can present. But it lacks the bold and picturesque features of other Norwegian scenery. After calling at several stations (at one of which we took up the amptman, or lieutenant, of the county, his family and servants), a large and interesting

* The average prices of corn were stated to me as, for wheat, $4\frac{1}{2}$ spec. dollars; rye, $3\frac{1}{2}$ spec.; barley, 2 spec. 2 marks; oats, 1 spec. 3 marks, per *tönde*. The *tönde* being taken at the rate of $1\frac{3}{4}$ to an English quarter.

party of almost every grade in society were assembled on the deck of the *Droningen*. I was struck with the kindly tone which prevailed in the communications between the various classes, so entirely different from what one sees elsewhere; frank and respectful on the one hand, and gracious and familiar on the other. We sat down to table in the saloon on the afterdeck, which was light and airy, and painted a brilliant green, a goodly circle of ladies and gentlemen. The fare was excellent, including a fine red trout eighteen pounds weight. It was from the *Laagen-Elv*, where they are sometimes caught weighing thirty-six pounds.

The Miosen, like all the waters of central Norway, has its course somewhat to the south of east. Its broadest reach is about the centre, where, opposite the island of *Helgö*, it expands to the width of seven or eight English miles, and there is a deep inlet running up to *Vang*, which shares with *Lillehammer* the claim to have been the site of an ancient bishoprick, under the name of *Stor-Hammer*. After this the scenery becomes still more tame in its outlines, till we reach *Minde*, charmingly placed among sloping woods at the foot of the lake. So much time had been spent in taking in passengers and goods at the several stations, which, there being no piers (for these things are in their infancy, and movements are slow in this country), were brought off in boats, that it was late in the afternoon when, rounding the point of *Minde*, we entered the *Vormen*, which discharges the

waters of the Miosen into the Glommen. Running up the Vormen between banks feathered to the water's edge with birch and alder copse, we dropped anchor at the little port of Eidsvold-Bakken. The scene here was busy; a great number of cars were bringing down shop goods of all descriptions from Christiania, and waiting to receive the freight of the Droningen; and there was the bustle of disembarking the passengers, for some of whom post-horses were in readiness. Others were bound to the baths, for Eidsvold-Bakken possesses a mineral spring, and is a place of considerable resort in the summer.

Anxious as I was to reach Christiania the same night, I could not have accomplished it but for the assistance of my friend the merchant of Lillehammer, whose carriole was standing ready harnessed, and who kindly undertook to order relays for me on the road. Having seen my own carriage, which we had taken on board at Hun (where I left it on the preceding Saturday) disembarked, I had time, while a horse for the first stage was procured from the station, to saunter about the environs of the baths. They are placed at the top of the bank, at the foot of which the Droningen lay at anchor, and the busy scenes connected with the lake traffic were going on. From the buildings — a long boarding-house for the accommodation of the company, and a bathing-house in a wooded glen — there were pretty views down the ravine and over sloping meadows towards the river and the lake; and groups of gaily dressed ladies gave

a very different character to the scene from that of any with which I had lately been familiar.

Eidsvold has been called the Runnymede of Norway. It was there that the constitution of 1814, which secured its liberties, was framed by the assembled representatives of the nation. Soon after leaving the baths, I passed the building in which they met and deliberated; a spacious white-fronted house of timber, standing on a bank above a stream which is tributary to the Vormen. The place was formerly an ironwork; at the time referred to it had become the property of the Kammerherr Anker, and was afterwards purchased by subscription as a national memorial of the great work of which it had been the scene. There is a graphic account in Mr. Latham's book of the proceedings of the delegates, compiled from the papers of the Pastor Wergeland, at that time one of its members, and afterwards, when Mr. Latham visited him, clergyman of the parish. Henrik Wergeland, the son, has a name distinguished in Norwegian literature. On that subject I am not qualified to offer any remarks: those who wish to pursue it, will find some agreeable sketches in Mr. Latham's work. The Norwegian constitution is a subject of some interest, at a time when many theories are afloat, and new experiments are hazarded in various quarters, in what are called liberal institutions. I shall shortly have occasion to make a few passing observations on its present working and future prospects; meanwhile, the reader may wish

to learn something of its origin and general character.

The period when the representatives of the people assembled at Eidsvold was a great crisis in the history of Norway. It had for many centuries been virtually a province of Denmark. Reference has been already made to the circumstances under which it was agreed to be made over to Sweden as an indemnity for the cession of Pomerania and the Isle of Rugen, and an inducement to the Swedish government to join the grand alliance. The time was now come for the stipulations of the treaty of Kiel to be carried into execution. The king of Denmark had abdicated: he had absolved his Norwegian subjects from their allegiance to himself; and the king of Sweden, Charles XIV. had issued a proclamation to the people of Norway, declaring that the treaty had imposed upon them the indispensable duty of contracting with the crown of Sweden the same obligations which had previously attached them to the Danish monarchy. The Norwegians took exceptions to this transfer of their allegiance. They had not been consulted in the matter; they were generally unfriendly to the Swedes, their neighbours and rivals, and, on the whole, loyal and attached to their Danish rulers. Christian Frederick, the hereditary prince of Denmark, was then resident in Norway, as viceroy. The hearts of the people were with him: he was proclaimed prince regent. From Drontheim to Christiania they flocked round him, determined on resist-

ance. He promised a constitution; took the oath as regent in the cathedral of the latter city; and the Danish flag was hauled down, a dead march being played the while, and the colours of Norway were hoisted in its stead.

It was under such circumstances that the representatives of the nation, drawn from every class, nobles, clergymen, statesmen, lawyers, and peasants, assembled at Eidsvold to frame the constitution. The prince regent was there, but did not interfere with their deliberations. The delegates commenced their proceedings by attending Divine service in the parish church. A select committee was appointed to prepare the draught of the fundamental act, the bill of rights, or "*Grund-lov*" of Norwegian independence.

"I have often asked," observes Mr. Laing, who wrote before any detailed account of the proceedings of this convention had been given to the English reader, "by whom this constitution was originally framed? From the contrivance of the safeguards with which it is protected against everything but the hand of open violence, it appears more like the work of some philosophic mind, a Sièyes or a Bentham; long meditated upon before it was produced in such perfection in all its details. On the other hand, although the principles and machinery of this constitution might lead to the supposition that it was the production of one of these master-minds, the perfect adaptation, from the first, of every arrangement, to the local and very peculiar circumstances of the country,

as to law, property, and state of society, could only have been the work of a native."

The author of a pamphlet containing some severe strictures on Mr. Laing's work, as vaunting too highly the democratic spirit which prevails in the Norwegian constitution, throws some light on the sources from which the committee derived the framework of their scheme. The pamphlet is attributed (I believe correctly) to Count Bjorstjerna, the late Swedish ambassador at the court of St. James's.*

"This masterly production," says the author, "is, with few modifications, a translation of the constitution framed at Cadiz in 1812. The Spanish constitution itself was a copy of the French constitution of the year 1791, which led in the short time of two years to that of the national convention and *comité de salut public*. To this ground-work was added whatever the Swedish constitution of 1809 contained restrictive of the power of the crown."

Mr. Latham gives the following account of the affair from pastor Wergeland's memoranda:— "The committee have had all sorts of models to go by; constitutions being things of which the supply is always greater than the demand. Amateur legislators, with names and without them, contribute to their collection. The Swedish constitution of 1809 was accurately looked into. So were the printed works of

* "On the Moral State and Political Union of Sweden and Norway, in answer to Mr. S. Laing's Statement."—Murray, 1840.

Adler and Falsen. Gyllenberg, a Swede, sent in an anonymous plan of one, which was presented to the meeting by Sorenskriver Falsen. So did Wrideman, a Norwegian. So did *not* Bentham, an Englishman. The essentials are ready, the trimming and paring, and modifying and qualifying, and drawing up, are all that had to be done."

From whatever sources the founders of the Norwegian constitution, assembled at Eidsvold, drew their materials, there is no doubt of the purely patriotic spirit which animated the whole, and the ability which inspired the leading members, of that body. Neither concocted in the closet of a philosopher, nor struck out under the influence of a revolutionary spirit, whatever be its defects, it has had a not merely ephemeral existence, and seems on the whole adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the country. The practical character of its provisions constitutes its main, if not its only value, and has given it a prospect of permanency, which it would have been idle to expect from any merely theoretical production of a "master-mind." The traditions of the country afforded no guide to the labours of the committee. Its annals would have been searched in vain for a wittenagemot, an assembly of the states, any exhibition of the popular element in the government. Though they adopted for the title of their legislative body the venerable name of the "STOR-THING," the Great Assembly, the ancient *Things* were mainly courts of judicature, held in the open air,

and had neither legislative nor fiscal functions.* That the Grund-lov was the work of only four days has been stated with a sneer. And such is the truth as respects the original draught of the constitution framed by the committee. But there was good reason for this seeming haste. While the *patres conscripti* were in the senate, the enemy was thundering at the gates. Reports were received that an embargo had been laid upon the Norwegian vessels in Danish ports, and that 20,000 Swedes and 12,000 Russians were ready to pour into Norway the moment the sea was clear. The embassy to England had failed; the ministry there took one view of the question, popular feeling the other. The national force was to be organized for defence. The finances were in disorder. There was much to be done. No time was wasted in speeches and speculative theories. Great unanimity prevailed in the assembly, and in about a month, after some debates upon a few of the most important clauses, the frame of the constitution, with little variation from the original draught presented by the committee, was finally adopted.

* Mr. Laing endeavours to show that the assemblies of the people called *Things* had certain constitutional powers, especially that their assent was required in the election or acknowledgment of the kings of Norway. This may have been the case; but with regard to the statement in the text, I should have hesitated in making it, not having an opportunity of consulting the authorities, if the character of the ancient *Things* had not been so represented to me by one of the best-informed men and most able political writers of Norway.

On the 17th May, 1814, the Prince Christian Frederick was formally elected king of Norway. The next day the members put their signatures to the constitutional act. On closing the sitting, the president, rising from his seat, pronounced the following words:—

“The ancient throne of Norway, whereon the Adelstens and Sverres ruled the land with strength and wisdom, is again upreared. God preserve and bless old Norway!”

There was no applause or hurraing. The whole of the assembly was too deeply moved. The members simply rose and repeated the last words of the president, “Gamlé Norgé!”

In the events which rapidly followed, Norway was under the necessity of transferring her allegiance from the old dynasty, but saved her new constitution. The allied powers, England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, interfered. Their envoys demanded an absolute cession of the kingdom to Sweden. On their departure unsatisfied, recourse was had to arms. The coast was blockaded by an English fleet: the Swedish army, under Bernadotte, the crown prince, crossed the frontier. It was gallantly met; but against such odds as the combined powers, prolonged resistance was vain and success hopeless. However, the Norwegians succeeded in obtaining such terms as their national honour, and the sturdy spirit of independence which they had manifested, demanded.

By the Convention of Moss, entered into on the

14th of August of the same year, Christian Frederick resigned his brief authority, and Charles XIV. of Sweden was acknowledged king of Norway. The king engaged to accept, and afterwards solemnly swore to the maintenance of the new constitution.

The advocates of great organic changes are apt to refer to the institutions of Norway as models for other countries, and successful examples of the happy effects of a social equality, and of the predominance of the democratic principle. Some observations have been already offered on the actual results of the former of these ingredients in its social and political system.* As to the latter we shall shortly have opportunities of examining its bearings. It may, however, be fairly admitted that, if "*Une monarchie entourée d'institutions républicaines*" has ever been realized, it is certainly in Norway. In the meantime, a passing glance at the principal features of the Norwegian grund-lov will prepare the reader for forming a distinct idea of the points of view in which we shall have to present its character and operation.

At the very threshold of the discussions in the assembly at Eidsvold, there was some slight question as to the title of the state and its chief magistrate; there were whispers about a regent or a president, but the first article of the constitution, as to "the form of government," was voted with unanimous consent.

* See remarks on the operation of the udal tenure, Chap. IV.

“ The kingdom of Norway is a free, independent, indivisible, and inalienable kingdom; united with Sweden under one king. The form of its government is that of a limited hereditary monarchy.”

By subsequent articles the executive power was vested in the king; who was to be assisted by a council of state, selected by himself, of Norwegian citizens. The king appoints, having heard his council, all civil, spiritual, and military officers. He is invested with the supreme command both of the land and sea forces; and with the power of declaring war and of concluding peace, forming and breaking off alliances, and sending and receiving ambassadors, first consulting his council, but “ determining as he thinks best for the kingdom.”

The king has power, in the council of state and with their concurrence, to pardon all offenders, even after the sentence of the high court has been passed upon them.

His person is sacred. He is neither to be blamed nor accused. The responsibility lies with the ministers.

In all these provisions, and in other matters of less importance, the royal prerogative is established to the fullest extent admissible in a constitutional monarchy.

It was limited with respect to the power of creating titles of nobility, which was disallowed. A warm discussion took place in the convention on the subject of abolishing those which were already in existence.

The argument in favour of the suppression was sustained, not by any reference to feudal rights or exclusive privileges burthensome to the people, for such there had never been; nor by any apprehensions that the Norwegian aristocracy was sufficiently formidable to threaten the stability of a popular constitution; but from the unsuitableness of titles of nobility in a small state, and in such a general equality of fortune and condition. As the deputies could not come to any agreement on the subject, it was referred to the decision of the next Storthing.

Another class of restrictions was added to the grund-lov, on the ratification of the union with Sweden, not so much, as it appears to me, for the sake of limiting the royal prerogative, as of jealously guarding the independence of the people of Norway against every possible danger of encroachment on the part of the Swedish cabinet. These are of the most stringent description.

The king is required to reside in Norway a portion of each year, unless weighty hindrances prevent him. None but the crown prince, or his eldest son, is entitled to be viceroy. The king may appoint a lieutenant or statholder, who may be either a Norwegian or a Swede; but no Swede can be a member of the council of state, and none but Norwegian citizens can hold any office in the country. No Swedish or other foreign troops can be admitted into the kingdom (except as auxiliaries in the case of a foreign invasion), without the consent of the Storthing. The Norwe-

gian troops are not to be employed in Sweden; and the men-of-war of the one nation are not to be manned by sailors of the other, except as volunteers.

Whenever the king is in Sweden, he is to be attended by the Norwegian minister of state and two members of the council. Their duties and their constitutional responsibilities are the same with those of the government at home. The king is required to lay before them all matters appertaining to Norway; and they are answerable for the acts of the Swedish, corresponding with those of the Norwegian part of the ministry. Finally, all matters connected with Norway, as well as all proclamations, must be drawn up in the Norwegian language. And Norway was to have her own treasury, coinage, and national flag.

We now come to the popular element in the constitution. The chapter which regulates the legislative power is introduced by the following significant article: —

“ The people shall execute the legislative power in the STORTHING.”

The chapter contains forty-two sections; but without going into unnecessary details, its general scope may be thus given: —

The franchise is vested in Norwegian citizens, of not less than twenty-five years of age, consisting of those that are or have been in official situations, landowners or occupiers of above five years' standing, and the burgesses of towns, or owners of houses and lands in them of the value of 300 dollars. The elec-

tive franchise is lost by having been condemned to the workhouse, slavery, or degrading punishment; by entering foreign service; or by being convicted of bribery in an election.

The voters do not directly name their representative, but choose certain electors, who subsequently elect the member who is to represent the district in the Storting.*

The whole number of representatives is limited to 100; and it is enacted that, if at any time the town representatives constitute more or less than a *third* of the whole, the Storting shall make the necessary alterations in the representation, subject to the law *that the town representatives shall be to those of the country as one to two*; a provision which permanently secures the predominance of the landed interest in the Norwegian parliament.

No member of the council of state, no person holding high office under government, no attendant of the court, and no pensioner, is eligible as a representative.

* The voters assembled triennially in the council-houses in towns, under the presidency of the chief magistrate, and in the chief parish church of the county, under that of the parish priest, choose *electors*, in the proportion of one for every fifty voters in the towns, and one for every hundred voters in the country. These *electors* subsequently assemble, and name, in the towns one-fourth of their own number, and in the counties one-tenth to be members of the Storting. The members may be selected from among the electors or the body of voters. But the number sent by any single town is limited to four.

The members are allowed their travelling-charges and expenses of living during the sitting of the Storthing; they are free from arrest, and are not accountable for language held in the debates.

The Storthing meets of its own right, and without any royal summons, every third year; and continues its sittings, without the power of prorogation by the crown, as long as it deems necessary, so that it does not exceed three months, unless by permission of the king. He has the power of calling an extraordinary Storthing, and dissolving it when he thinks fit.*

Strictly speaking, there is but one chamber in the legislature of Norway; but the Storthing names one fourth of its members at a LAG-THING; the other three-fourths constitutes the ODELS-THING. But the Lagthing is virtually nothing but a select committee, to which bills are referred. It has neither the power of originating or of ultimately rejecting them. The mode of proceeding is this:—All bills are first laid before the Odelsting, either by an “independent member” or by the government. If they pass, they are sent to the Lagthing, which may, in the first in-

* The Storthing has the power of making and repealing laws; of imposing taxes and other public burthens (such ordinances to be in force only till the ensuing triennial meeting of the assembly); of raising loans; of voting all supplies; of determining the amount of yearly grants to the king and royal family; of revising and altering all salaries and pensions; of deciding upon the protocols of the government in Norway and the Norwegian states'-minister and councillors in Sweden; and of “taking a part in all treaties and alliances which the king shall enter upon with foreign powers.”

stance, either approve or reject. If the latter, the bill is returned to the Odelsting, with the reasons for so doing. It is then either laid aside, or again sent back to the Lagthing, with or without alteration. When a bill has been twice sent up to the Lagthing and twice rejected, the whole Storthing meet upon the question, which, if the bill be approved by two-thirds of the aggregate members, then passes.

When a bill has passed the Storthing, it is presented to the king for his sanction. If it be disallowed, the refusal is couched in courteous terms, corresponding with the phrase recognised by our own constitution, *Le roi s'avisera*. In that case the resolution cannot be sent up a second time by the same Storthing. It may be presented again by a different Storthing, and again rejected. But if it be a *third* time considered by an ordinary Storthing and passes both the Odelsting and the Lagthing without alteration, then it is sent up to the king, with a request "that he will not withhold his consent from a measure which, after the maturest deliberation on the part of the Storthing, seems advantageous to the nation." The resolution then becomes law, even if the king still withholds his sanction.

The constitutional act contains a variety of other provisions; but I shall only notice the following:—The "Evangelical Lutheran" is declared to be the religion recognised by the state. Jesuit and monastic orders are not tolerated; and Jews are wholly excluded from admission into the country.

The king is required to profess the established religion, and to defend and advance it. He is to regulate all matters connected with the religion of the state, the public worship, and all meetings and convocations on ecclesiastical matters; and to see that the public teachers of religion follow the canons prescribed to them. It is also provided that all persons appointed to offices of state shall profess the established religion.

Such are the leading features of the Norwegian constitution. Notwithstanding the praises that have been lavished on it, the reader will not have failed to observe that in many points it falls very short of the purely democratic spirit which might have been expected to prevail, and is attributed to it.

For a liberal code its exclusiveness in matters of religion is remarkable; particularly as it asserts a merely abstract principle, there being no dissenters from the state religion to whom its restrictive clauses can apply.*

The executive power is vested in the sovereign, as has been already remarked, with hardly any restrictions but such as are inseparably connected with a limited monarchy.

The democratic element in the legislature appears in its triennial sessions, as of its own right and not

* By a recent act of the Storting, I understand, all forms of religion are *tolerated*; but the exclusion of Jews from the country is continued.

subject to prorogation; a single chamber; paid representatives; the number of the members being proportioned to the population; and the limitation of the royal veto, which ultimately vests the whole power of legislation in the representatives of the people.

On the other hand, we neither find "annual parliaments," "vote by ballot," nor "universal suffrage." They were never, I believe, even mentioned in the convention of Eidsvold. The right of election is either attached to freeholds on somewhat of a high scale, or to parties occupying a position of personal independence. There are other important checks to the influence of the popular element, in the provisions which interpose a select body of electors between the mass of the voters and the members returned to the Storting, whereby all immediate sympathy between the representative and his constituents is destroyed; and in the limiting of the town representation to a proportion with that of the country, which effectually secures the preponderance of the landed interest.

In conclusion, the clauses which limit the exercise of the royal *veto*, though intended to secure, as they undoubtedly do, the ultimate prevalence of the popular will, are accompanied by reservations which must afford important checks to its sudden and too great effervescence. The power of the *veto*, to the extent to which it is allowed, is not, as in our own case, a constitutional fiction which can never probably again practically be resorted to, but an acknow-

ledged principle of the Norwegian constitution which has been acted upon, and no doubt would be resorted to again on fitting occasion, without any injurious results. Now, the power of postponing a measure, which may seem to the government dangerous or inexpedient, for *nine* years, and until it has been three times under the consideration of successive parliaments, is no slight safeguard against rash and inconsiderate legislation.

This forms some equivalent for the want of the peculiar functions of a second chamber. The founders of the constitution intended to supply this deficiency by means of the Lagthing, which, though its constitution is so imperfect*, and the powers with which

* Mr. Laing compares the Lagthing to the British House of Lords.

“Is this a joke?” asks Count Bjorstjerna. “The Storthing generally transfers to its so called first chamber (which is nothing else than a subdivision of the Storthing itself, under the name of the Lagthing) the members of whom it wishes to get rid in the second chamber. Thus, in the last Storthing, the great majority of the members of the Lagthing consisted of peasants, non-commissioned officers, parish clerks, provincial vaccinators, and the rest of lawyers. Is this a chamber,” he repeats, “to be compared with the British House of Peers?”

“But,” he continues, “let us set aside all comparison; and taking the chamber on its own merits, it cannot even fulfil the intention of the Norwegian (or Spanish) legislator, that of arresting the second chamber in its too precipitate measures, inasmuch as it does not possess any thing like the veto, so indispensable for the independence of a branch of the legislature. For as soon as its opinion differs from that of the second or larger fraction of the same chamber (named Odelsting), it is resolved into the latter, and as its members are composed of only one fourth, it is clear that amal-

it is vested are so restricted, may afford some time and opportunity for the reconsideration of questionable measures.

With these remarks I dismiss, for the present, the subject of the grund-lov of Norway. The reader has been made acquainted with its aspect and general bearings, and will be able to form his judgment on what I may have to offer hereafter in reference to its past and present operation and its promise for the future. The Storting was now sitting at Christiania, and in the capital I had reason to expect that the points of view from which these might be considered would best be obtained.

Enough then of Eidsvold, and the reminiscences which it suggested. I wished to have paid a passing visit to the halls in which a transaction so important in the history of Norway—its new birth, the cradle of its independence—had place; but the evening was

gamated with the latter it must constantly be in the minority, and does not possess any means of arresting the impetuous course of a democratic faction.

“The history of the world,” observes the count in conclusion, “confirms in its every page that a national representation formed in *one* democratical chamber will, besides its frequent mistakes, always be *despotic*; and will by its single position against royalty get into conflict with it, which must naturally lead either to *absolutism*, or, what is still worse, to *anarchy*.”—*Pamphlet in answer to Mr. S. Laing's Statement*, already quoted.

closing in, and there were seven long Norwegian miles between me and Christiania. The first of them lay through a deep forest, broken by few and rough patches of cultivation. A Norwegian gentleman, to whom I had been introduced on board the *Droningen*, led the way in his carriage. Thanks to my friendly forbud, we found horses in readiness at Raaholdt, and Lie. Soon after it came on to rain heavily; and at the next station of Kloften my companion declared his intention of going no further that night. My impatience to reach Christiania, and the certainty of finding comforts at the end of the journey, which the wretched post-houses on the road failed to offer, induced me to proceed, after partially drying my clothes and obtaining the refreshment of a draught of milk.

It was now pitch dark, and it continued to rain in torrents. The country is, I believe, uninteresting. I knew nothing of it but that it was very hilly, and the road of the roughest description, worn deeply by the immense traffic along it from Christiania to the shore of the Miosen, and full of loose rolling stones. It was with no small difficulty I cleared the trains of cars, which were slowly wending their way to Eidsvold-Bakken, heavily laden with goods to form the freight of the steamer on the following morning. But the post-horses were excellent; and, spite of the darkness, rain, and bad roads, I drove at a reckless rate, though my fingers were so benumbed that I could with difficulty handle the reins and tell out

the small coins in discharging the fare at the stations. At the last post before Christiania I had the good fortune to come up with the merchant from Lillehammer, who had acted as my forbud. Delayed by the rain and the attractions of a friendly bottle with a weather-bound acquaintance, his carriole stood at the door of the station as I drove up. We went on together at a more moderate pace; the rain abated; and, on reaching the brow of a long hill about a mile from the city, a faint light was dimly gleaming on the waters of the fjord.

Midnight tolled from the tower of the neighbouring cathedral, and the watchmen broke into their melancholy chaunt, as, under the conduct of my companion of the road, our carrioles stopped, and I thundered at the gates of the court-yard of the *Hôtel de Scandinavie* in the capital of Norway.

CHAPTER XVII.

SIMEDAL. — CROSSING FROM EIFJORD TO URLAND. — WEEK'S EXCURSION INTO THE HURUNGERNE. — FJELD LIFE. — THE SÆTER DAIRIES. — TRACKING REINDEER IN THE SNOW. — THE HURUNGERNE PEAKS. — THE MÖRKE-KOLD-DÄL. — RETURN TO LIERDALSOREN.

HAVING brought my own narrative up to this point, I interrupt it for the purpose of introducing some account of the rambles of my fellow-traveller in which I was not associated, which will occupy this and the two following Chapters.

The first contains a short notice of his journey in company, as already mentioned, with two friends in 1849, from Eifjord to Lierdalsoren, which was the centre on which all these movements turned; and to this is added a more detailed account of an excursion they made from thence into the Hurungerne. The two succeeding Chapters comprise his narrative of the long journey he accomplished the preceding year after parting from me at Lierdalsoren, across the centre of the kingdom to the Swedish frontier. Though earliest in point of date, it will be seen on reference to the map, that the proper position is assigned to this part of the narrative; regard being had to a geographical arrangement of our rambles.

My fellow-traveller realised his hope of visiting the

Voring-Foss again, in July 1849; having ascended the fjord from Ullensvang to Eifjord, and from thence pursued the same track as the preceding year. It lost nothing of its magnificent character on a second inspection. It was in full volume, from the melting of a great accumulation of snow. The contrast which I had anticipated, from the great difference in the general elevation of the country, as existing between it and the Rjukan-Foss, was fully established. I have described the accompaniments of the latter as beautiful and graceful, as well as sublime. The scenery of the Voring-Foss is altogether desolate, the features are stern and vast, the effect terrific; no fir-forest clothes its base, no birch-woods spread up the mountain sides. Only a few stunted bushes hang about the verge of the black naked crags. On their summit, through a bleak moor, rendered more dreary by patches of snow scattered to the edge of the cliffs, rushes the broad river, and thence madly plunges 900 feet into the caverns beneath. The world offers few scenes more awfully grand.

Both summers, in passing the mouth of the north-east branch of the fjord, which runs up to Simedal, he had been so much struck by the great apparent depth of the valley, caused by the vast perpendicular escarpments with which it is inclosed, that he determined to cross the fjeld into that valley, instead of returning, as before, to Sæbø and Eifjord. The view backward from the fjeld after leaving the Voring-

Foss extended far over the folds of the Hardanger, above which rose the summit of Harteigen, distinguished by a rectangular mass of rock in which it terminated; and still further in the horizon, at the distance of forty miles, appeared the dome of the Folgefond. On approaching the head of the valley, the party saw the top of the Skyttie-Foss, which, issuing from a small lake on the level of the fjeld, curled over and made a fall of 700 feet. Though but little known, it is one of the noblest waterfalls in Norway. The Rembis, another very fine fall, issues from the fjeld at no great distance. They had been told that there was "a fine *creätüre vei*" into the Däl. This vaunted path, it turned out, first led down a snow-drift, and then became a winding rugged track in the side of the valley, which was but little out of the perpendicular. A deep and dark valley is Simedal; the cliffs that bound it cannot be less than 3000 feet high. The steep stair-like descent, turn after turn, seemed interminable. My friend could not help wishing that it was winter and the snow drift continued the whole depth. What a slide might have then been made! However the bottom was fertile. The valley led down to a fork of the Hardanger-Fjord, near which a good homestead, surrounded by gabled offices of various sizes, stood on a knoll, the sides of which were cropped with corn. After a rough day's journey of thirty miles from Eifjord, the travellers would have been content with fare and accommodations much inferior to what they found;

but they determined that, *coûte qui coûte*, their next lodging should, if possible, be at the Hotel at Lierdalsoren.

The following morning they were rowed 17 miles under a burning sun; landing about noon at the little station-house of Ulvik, at the head of the northern branch of the Hardanger-Fjord. Their design was, avoiding the usual route through Vossevangen on the post-road, to cross the country to Urland on the Sogne-Fjord, by paths marked in Munck's Map. There was a remote farm called Aldminigen, about four Norsk miles distant, which lay in their track. The roads they knew were extremely difficult, and as their packs were heavy, they wished to obtain some assistance in carrying them; on inquiry they found that horses could not make the passage, on account of the ruggedness of the path and the depth of the snow. The heat was now quite tropical, and with some difficulty they got on to the last farm at the foot of the pass, where they could obtain help in carrying the knapsacks, and, taking some rest there, be prepared for a cool night march.

The scenery of the path to these upper farms was new and very beautiful; having more of a Welsh character than any thing they had seen in Norway; the path winding among knolls of hazel-copse overhanging a stream which flowed gently through pleasant meads. It could scarcely be supposed that it had just issued from a half-frozen lake, or that within a mile it commenced a descent of upwards of a thousand

feet into the fjord. While supper was cooked, the party refreshed themselves, after the heat of the day, with a swim in a pool of the stream; and by six o'clock, like prudent travellers, were asleep in a clean storeroom attached to the farm at which they had found quarters.

They were roused, by appointment, before midnight; and, after a cup of coffee, set forth, attended by two bearers carrying their baggage. Crossing a little cleared space of cultivated ground, they entered the forest. While the morning was yet gray, and no colour tinged the eastern sky, they reached a sæter on the edge of the upper pine-forest on a level space where several valleys opened, from which the tall firs standing out singly or in small clumps told well against the sky. The travellers halted to refresh themselves; and treading lightly among groups of sheep, goats, and cows, which had settled themselves for the night about the sæter, they struck for the deep defile they had to pass. The valley was only wide enough for a channel to the torrent, through the bed of which the track occasionally led, sometimes crossing huge streams of boulders, at others it was absolutely necessary to leap from rock to rock. Six or seven miles brought them to a yet steeper part of the pass by a frozen lake, where the valley appeared to be altogether closed by a drift of snow, so long and so deep that it seemed impossible to climb it. However the ascent was at last accomplished by slow and measured steps, the party winding up its face, and

driving their feet into the snow, which fortunately was firm. Thus, with a few slips, the summit of the pass was gained, an elevation of not less than 4200 feet above the level of the fjord. A scene of great magnificence now presented itself. Vast masses of cliffs rose above the snowy valley, which were broken as they receded, and formed the shore of the frozen lake. Then were seen the deep precipices of the defile, and below the windings of the forest valley, with line after line of the fjelds rising from the shores of the fjord, till Jokeln in the far distance towered over all.

The descent was comparatively easy. The travelers reached the river, on the opposite shore of which stood Aldminigen. They were ferried over in a wretched cobble, and proceeded to examine its capabilities for furnishing breakfast and the means of proceeding onward. After some hours' delay, two horses were procured to assist them in their march or thirty miles to the Urand branch of the Sogne-Fjord. The track at first was through a valley remarkable only for the difficulties which it presented to their progress, a combination of tangled birch-thickets, deep bog, and rugged steeps. Towards evening, as they descended into the fertile valley of Flaam-dalen, the scenery became very interesting. At no great distance from the fjord, the last of many falls which discharge their waters into the valley, is mentioned as one of remarkable beauty.

The walk of not less than forty miles (for the horses from Alminigen had been of little service), in the

course of which the travellers had twice ascended to the height of 4000 feet, brought them at eight o'clock in the evening to a farm on the shore of the fjord. After supping luxuriously, the night being fine they procured a boat with three men; and being comfortably stowed in berths arranged in the stem and stern, they speedily sank into a happy oblivion of rugged mountain paths, and, borne on the smooth waters of the fjord, landed at Lierdalsoren early the following morning.

A couple of days' rest prepared the party for a fresh undertaking. The particulars of it — and indeed all the further notices of my friend's wanderings — will be transcribed from his own narrative. There are frequent references throughout these pages, to the phenomena of those mountain ranges, the passes of many of which it was our lot to trace; but the story of a week spent amongst the recesses of one of the wildest of these, and for the most part at an elevation far above that of any permanent habitation, will give a more complete idea of *fjeld life* than it would have been otherwise in my power to furnish.

With this preface, the narrative proceeds.

“There was every reason for our expecting to find much pleasure in our excursion from Lierdalsoren through Aardal, into the district of the Hurungerne. This range is known to be the most rugged and lofty of all the Norwegian mountains, approaching more

nearly to the Alpine character than any we have yet seen. Here, too, it is said the fjelds abound with reindeer; and we were very anxious to see, in its natural state, an animal which, when domesticated, becomes so gentle and docile. When wild it, perhaps more than any other, seeks the highest and most desolate mountains. Its food being found only at an elevation where man can find no subsistence, and endowed by nature with the most extraordinary powers of enduring cold, it roams at large over these snowy wastes, almost the only possessor of them. We had hoped to have seen, or perhaps been present at the death of a bear during some portion of our rambles, and this might have been the case if time had allowed, though bears are not to be seen by the road-side even in Norway. One had been killed but a few days previous to our arrival at Lierdalsoren, and the peasants were to gather again in a short time to destroy another which had been committing much havoc in a neighbouring valley. But for sport it is necessary that one should come regularly equipped, and make Lierdalsoren, or some such place, head-quarters for a time. However, I hoped to find some experienced hunter in the valley of Aardal, who would guide us through the districts we all wished so much to explore, and I was not without expectation of returning with a pair of antlers of my own stalking.

“We were furnished with a letter to the giestgiver at Aardal, the chief man of the valley; and, lightly equipped, with but one knapsack between us, and

having added to our stores a piece of reindeer venison, part of our yesterday's dinner, and a fine trout from the river, we pushed off in a boat for our week's expedition. The row to Aardal was not less delightful than many other of the sunny cruises on these splendid fjords, which have been dwelt upon. Four hours of easy pulling (it is all *easy* pulling in Norway) brought us to the little village or hamlet of Aardal. The *Lanhandler*, or shopkeeper, who combined also the occupation of giestgiver, we found an intelligent sort of fellow. His information was at first rather perplexing. The rivers were flooded, or the bridges had been washed away, so that it was not possible to reach Svaleim, the farm of the guide to whom he wished to have recommended us. This fortunately, on inquiry, proved to be incorrect; and a boat having been ordered to cross the lake which filled the bottom of the valley for about the length of a Norsk mile, the men were directed to bear a verbal message to the farm, making known our wants and entreating the civility and attention of its owner. High dark precipices of many thousand feet rise above the lake, through clefts of which pour streams from the melting of the snows on their summits, exquisitely beautiful in their endless variety, sometimes pouring in a broad sheet of fine-drawn lines, at others a single silken thread curls and waves till wreathing more and more in its descent it is lost in air. Yet we almost wished these noble cliffs cut away, that we might at once see the tops of the mountains; but these were not

yet visible, as we were too immediately under them ; and probably, if they had been double the height, we could not have seen them. We landed on the south side of the river. The valley, at first level—the smooth deposit of still water, is well calculated for cultivation, and there are farms and well-cropped fields.

“ A walk of two miles, for some part across rough stony ground, brings us to the river which was supposed to be impassable. We cross it by a crazy bridge in the icy blast of a fall which the Thy-Elv makes as it descends from a valley running to the southward. The main däl is here completely blocked up by a ridge of *débris* not less than a hundred feet high, having a steep scarp of upwards of 60°. This was apparently formed when the level of the sea was at least 100 feet higher, and when, therefore, the fjord extended far up into the valley. This scarp was at one part fresh and bare ; but where we ascended by a steep zigzag path, old birch-trees were scattered along the ridge, and grass covered the surface. The bank is just such as might have been formed as a delta to the lateral stream, and the greater part of it was no doubt washed away as the water level fell, and thus the steep scarp was cut down by the river. Traces of this kind are to be met with in many of the valleys in Norway. I have often remarked, where the water current has eddied behind a huge buttress or promontory, the deposit of earth and gravel carried down by the force of the current ; and it is curious to notice how, when the

débris carried down has become firm, these banks have been pitched upon as the sites for the little farms above the level of the *däl*, while all around may be bare granite rocks or streams of immense boulders.

“ A walk of five miles brought us to an open part of the valley, and we halted early in the afternoon at Svaleim. The news that Englishmen were in this remote valley brought some of the inmates to the door; but the farmer was away at the *sæter*, a Norwegian mile distant, on the *fjeld*. Our prospect of comfortable entertainment was gloomy enough; for the state of affairs was unsatisfactory in more senses than one, as when the cows are away from the valleys one great ingredient in the hungry traveller’s supper is wanting. However matters afterwards mended; a lad was despatched to the *sæter*, and the farmer arrived about supper-time. As soon as it was finished, the map was unrolled by the light of blazing pine logs, and we pointed out to him the track we wished to pursue. He was a good-humoured fellow, and entered into our plans with much readiness, though there was an air of great independence about him. In person he was well fitted for the rough kind of life which seemed to be his lot — thick-set and strong, and apparently very active. He found for us a sweet resting-place in the storeroom, but the beds were not such as to induce us to take off our clothes. Unfortunately I was suffering from a strain in my back which, occasioned in the first instance by running down some snow drifts burthened with a

knapsack, had been rendered worse by a fall in my walk to Svaleim. In the morning I was scarcely able to raise myself without assistance. By the use of fomentations I was enabled to hobble about; but we were on this account prevented from making an early start, and consequently our guide informed us we could not do more than reach a sæter situated on the Thy-Elv, about ten miles up. At twelve o'clock our new friend, carrying a wallet stored with four or five days' provisions, and his rifle stuck through the slings of the pack, led the way, and was followed by us in Indian file; the first bearing our knapsack, the second our three cloaks, and I brought up the rear, scarcely knowing how soon I should have to give in.

“Retracing a few miles of our previous march, we entered upon the valley of the Thy-Elv, which we had crossed by the crazy bridge the day before. We at once perceived it to be one of the grandest of Norwegian glens, in distinction from the valley or däl, though it was on a large scale; a noble torrent bounding down its bottom. It proved to be the most rapidly ascending valley I had yet been in; the river forming a succession of the most splendid falls, second only to the Voring- and Rjukan-Foss. One which I crawled down to examine was remarkable, the river making a clear leap of upwards of 400 feet into a perfectly formed pool, bounded by perpendicular cliffs. There was a repetition of such falls up the whole course of the river. The path, as may be supposed, was rugged and steep, and the

party had on my account to proceed very leisurely and make frequent halts. At the end of my ten miles' walk, our last scramble brought us up by the side of a furious rapid to the shore of a little lake, across which, at the distance of a mile and a half, the guide pointed out to us the sæter we were in search of. We gained the other side of the river by a bridge, which crossed it just above its impetuous fall into the valley. The scene, looking up and down the valley, was highly picturesque. Arrived at the sæter, we found the herdsmen preparing to depart to the lower valley with the produce of the dairy; cheeses of several kinds, butter, and sour milk for the use of the family, a pony carrying what would have been considered a heavy load for the beast on a level road, and the party also being heavily laden. Two girls only remained to tend the flocks and herds belonging to the farm, and to their hospitality we consigned ourselves.

“The outer apartment of the hut was appropriated to us; the cooking we performed for ourselves. As the evening drew on, the sound of tinkling bells gave notice of the approach of a part of the flocks. The girls hastened forth to meet them, welcoming the sheep with their voice and caresses, and at the same time treating them to handfuls of salt. A while after came the goats in long files, more boisterous and importunate in their demands; and last, with more sober tread, a goodly file of twenty-five cows came down the snow-drift which lay at the back of the little hut.

The business of milking now commenced; each cow was called to the pail, a little salt administered, and the operation over, the quiet animal received another taste, and walked away, another answering to the girl's call. The goats were similarly dealt with; and soon afterwards the mixed herd settled themselves for the night in picturesque groups on the uneven ground around the sæter.

“It was now time to seek some resting-place for ourselves. The poor girls had no place but their own bed to offer, on which indeed four people might have closely packed themselves; but, upon inspection, it did not prove tempting, nor indeed did they propose to relinquish it, as is generally done. The outer apartment had a moist muddy floor, and there was no bench; but in one corner lay a heap of crooked birch billets, on which the most angular of the party speedily laid himself, glorying in having at any rate a dry couch, though a most uneasy one. Birch-boughs there were none; but we had noticed abundance of reindeer-moss, and of this we soon gathered sufficient to make a bed; enclosed with the billets, and wrapped in our coats, we succeeded in obtaining some sort of a night's rest. The morrow was Sunday, and my sprain being still troublesome, it was resolved to remain at the sæter. Milking commenced the day, and that completed, each animal was turned adrift with a pat on the back, not venturing to depart till thus dismissed. The cows betook themselves up the valley to the more level pasture;

the goats were soon seen climbing the dizzy heights that overhung the spot. We spent our noon on the mossy slope of a sunny bank, luxuriating in our day of rest, and enjoying the calm and pure atmosphere of that great elevation. The girls, having completed the operations of the dairy, occupied themselves in a general combing and washing, which is, I grieve to relate, only a Sunday practice. It is much to be wished that they were as cleanly in their persons as they are in all matters connected with the dairy and cooking.

“The early morn saw us preparing for departure. The clouds had hung low and occasionally completely enveloped us for the last two days, but they were now higher and broken, and promised to disperse. I was so far recovered that I was able to undertake my share of the burthens. At once striking up the almost perpendicular side of the fjeld, we sought the *plateau* of the range supposed to be now about 1800 feet above the sæter. The ascent was steep, leading up ridges of rock, the narrow path of the goats. Soon we came to the long snow-drifts which it is so laborious to ascend. The sun had by this time dispelled the clouds and shone with a fierce heat, creating a most dazzling light. We had halted for rest, after having gained about 1000 feet. Our guide suddenly starting up pointed to a broad track across a snow-drift, which he called *rein-schlack*, ‘rein-slot, or track.’ We hastened to make a minute inspection, and were disappointed at finding it was

one of the higher paths of the goats. We now kept a watchful look out; and having again come to halt at a point from whence we could look up a long expanse of snow, we discovered a faint whiter line crossing the drift at some distance above us, which, on inspection through a small telescope, proved to be the stale track of two deer. It was yet some distance to the summit, which climbing with great toil we at length reached about 10 o'clock. We were now about 4500 feet above the level of the sea, and the prospect looking back to the north took us quite by surprise. We had gained a point of view which commanded the whole range of the peaks of the Hurungerne. Not a cloud obscured our vision, -and there they extended in three groups of most fantastic outline, some of the points actually overhanging the base. Before us was a scene of snowy fjelds — a glacier at no great distance; we caught a glimpse of the fjord; and on the right the folds of the mighty Sneebraen stretched away till they were lost in the distance.

“ But while we were gazing on this magnificent prospect, almost beneath our very feet was the trail of fourteen reindeer. These we could easily trace and count, as they had leisurely pursued their way. The deep tread of the old buck, and the lighter and smaller slot of the young hind, was clearly distinguishable. It proved, however, to be Saturday evening's trail, a date I should have assigned it from its appearance. I found, from the guide, that they often follow a trail of that age with success, so we com-

menced the pursuit. The deer had come from the S.E., and appeared to have gone off to the W. The course we had planned lay in the contrary direction; but however we were willing to try what we could make of following the trail. By looking a-head with the telescope we occasionally crossed the windings they had made; but often the nature of the ground prevented our seeing above a few yards beyond our feet. The guide, who was quite enthusiastic, displayed much acuteness and activity. Running forward, he would ascertain the direction the deer had taken, and, by a wave of the hand, save us a long circuit. Once we halted on the edge of a steep descent, and could not perceive which way the herd had gone; and seeing no trail in the original direction, the guide pronounced that they had gone off under a steep to the N.W., to an isolated part of the fjeld, where we should be sure to find them; but to follow up the chase would entirely change the plan of our excursion. 'Follow!' was the word, and again we hit off the trail. Our general course was now down into one of the field valleys; and here we were again at fault. The deer had separated; some had tried the river in one place at a ford, and others had attempted to cross a snow-bridge, but apparently not liking the look of it, had retreated. We could scarcely make out where they had crossed, if they had done so at all. A line in the snow of the opposite height, however, looked like their trail; we made for it. It was now doubtful how far they

might have gone, but still we kept on, till, having gained the height, we halted soon after mid-day on a bare patch, exposed to the rays of the bright sun. We were all glad to rest a while, and partake of some refreshment, but were careful enough about the water we drank, having learnt a severe lesson that snow water is not always to be drunk with impunity.

“ Having rested an hour stretched on the moss*, and again a-foot, we shaped our course to the westward, and were brought to the edge of another and deeper valley, across which it appeared the deer had directly taken. It was necessary here to decide which plan we should pursue, either continue the chase and make a night of it on the fjeld, or, carrying out the original purpose of the excursion, make for the nearest roof, and that a deserted one, little less than two and a half Norsk miles to the S.E., on the Thy-Elv, not far from the lake of that name. For my own part, I was for proceeding after the deer; but considering the hardships and uncertainty attending it, and that

* “ Among the mosses was a curled lichen with beautiful red trumpet-shaped flowers, rising to the height of about three inches. We found it also on Gousta-Fjeld and on most of the mountains. We noticed also that in some places there were patches of snow of a reddish colour, similar, I apprehend, to those which have been mentioned by Arctic voyagers. The colour is occasioned either by insects or a very minute lichen. As a proof how all things contain life, we were surprised at finding on the summit of the fjeld a number of little black beetle-shaped insects, crawling on the snow. They were quite lively, and apparently enjoying their brief existence. They were about the size of a small pin’s-head.”

although it was sport to me, it could not be so to the unarmed members of the party, and also that we should probably see no more of the Hurungerne, we left the trail, and crossing steep crag and snow drift, found ourselves, after a long day's work, quite prepared to make the most of the deserted, doorless sæter Sletterust. We were obliged to sup without venison, on a most uninviting conglomeration of broken flad-bröd and butter well melted, and kneaded together by being carried and shaken about in a hot sun. For drink, we had hot thin soup, which, to save time, we cooled down to drinking temperature as fast as it was boiled, by the addition of snow from the drift close by. Fortunately, there was a stock of fire-wood ready for use, left from last summer. So far up in the fjeld is this sæter that it would not be occupied for yet another week. The valley which here opens is above the line at which the birch grows, and now was occasionally crossed by broad snow patches. Thy-Vand, which we had seen only a short distance off, was still partially covered with ice. It was an inhospitable spot; yet where the snow had melted from the flat in front of the hut, grass of the greenest hue was springing up, and abundance of a species of sorrel of which the cattle are particularly fond.

“Fortunate in being able to make a good fire, we in some measure tempered the cold of our well-ventilated apartment. And now (ten o'clock) having collected a pile of wood ready to add to the fire, by any

one of us who might be awake, we huddled together in a corner of the hut, a log forming our pillow, and a scanty sprinkling of moss our mattrass. It had been an arduous day's work, but we were not disposed to grumble at the accompaniment.

“ At three o'clock our sturdy little guide was stirring, and said it was no use lying there in the cold any longer, we must start with the daylight, and get a nap in the day-time on some sunny bank ; a practice I fancy they frequently adopt. A little soup was cooked for breakfast, the last of our stock, with the remainder of our rice. Unfortunately our brandy was at a low ebb, and we were forced to adopt the guide's plan of tempering the snow water for quenching our thirst with a pungent kind of cheese, of which we had a little with us. The clear sky of yesterday had changed to thick and heavy clouds, but a break here and there gave us hope we should yet have it clear. To-day we were to cross the fjelds to Svaleim-Sæter, still on the look out for reindeer. We were not sorry that we had some inhabited resting-place to look forward to, and resolved that should this day also pass without venison, one of our guide's flock should be sacrificed to our now not unreasonably carnivorous appetite.

“ We crossed the river by a bridge of snow, and having gained a considerable height on the eastern side of the valley, we turned to breathe before we ascended a steep snow drift, and bade farewell to the green patch which pointed out the desolate Sletterust

with far less of interest than we had yesterday welcomed it from the opposite heights. We were soon again on the fjeld; the day was dark and lowering, and masses of mist occasionally enveloped us. Snow extended in every direction, and the scenery was altogether of the most desolate character. Traces of reindeer were abundant; the deep hollows formed by the night resting-place of more than one herd were seen, but none were recent enough to be worthy of our notice. Our guide assured us there were plenty of reindeer on the fjeld, and promised me if I would come some Norwegian miles further to the eastward, abundance of sport, and the antlers of many a '*storbock*.' Following the shore of a frozen lake, we crossed a mass of mixed snow and gravel, which was remarkable at this elevation, appearing to have been brought down from some heights on the south of our track, which, being of a bare, rocky character, were, from their power of attracting the rays of the sun, likely to have melted sufficient snow water to have caused these traces. The whole of the centre of the lake was unbroken ice, covered with a deep coating of snow; our course lay directly across the lake, yet the guide avoided traversing it, though we stepped over several rents and fissures, and coasted along near the shore. We now met with the trail of eleven deer, two days old, and, almost immediately after, the morning's track of two deer, which had gone at a gallop up the hill-side to the southward. At the look of this, our guide at once

shook his head: 'They may have gone for ever!' he said. The trail of the eleven deer led round the lake shore, rather in the direction we were taking, but neither seemed to promise much; so we proceeded. Soon after, our guide remarked that he had killed many deer hereabouts, and one, a fine buck, just in this spot, last season, late in the evening. He skinned it, and buried it in the snow, putting large stones over the pit, to keep off any stray bears or wolves. A little further on, he showed us a place he had cleared out under a sheltering rock, and had built up a little berth where he had slept, comfortably wrapped in the warm skin of the beast he had just slain. At ten o'clock we halted to rest and eat on a green bank overlooking the frozen lake, a spot of rare occurrence in these wilds. We found here abundance of a plant like wild celery, which we found pleasant eating. We had seen it before, and it was not a bad addition to our soup; we now devoured it with avidity. After a short rest, we again set forth; the spot was too exposed for a nap, and, alas! there was no sun, and no prospect of obtaining a view of the Hurungerne peaks. We should now have been at a desirable distance to have seen them distinctly.

"Not long after we had again resumed our march, keeping a watchful look out for the track of the eleven deer, which our guide knew if we did not cross, it must be a proof that they were still at no great distance, as all that part of the fjeld was bounded by deep valleys; we espied a long way off a single dark

speck on the snow of an opposite height moving towards us. This our guide soon pronounced to be a man, and soon after, by the aid of the glass, made out the figure of an old hunter well known to him. We sat down and awaited his coming. It was remarkable and interesting enough to meet with a human being so far in the wild. How surprised were we to find that the hunter was so old that he required the assistance of a stick in each hand to assist him down the snow-drifts and over the rough ground of the fjeld. His rifle was slung horizontally behind, in the sling of his wallet. His astonishment at meeting a party of Englishmen was as great as his relish of the welcome sup of brandy we gave him. Our guide had now a consultation with him on the *deer-schack*. He seemed anxious to follow it, and I was no less so, if I could be relieved of the pack I was carrying. After some consultation, it was decided that my two companions, having the bearings of the sæter distinctly given them, should by compass, if the weather was thick, and by the assistance of the old man's trail, make their way over the fjeld to the appointed resting-place. We therefore parted, and I could see them for many a mile, like specks on the snow, as they made their way up one mountain-side and we another in a half retrograde direction; the old hunter followed us as well as he could, while the young one pushed rapidly on. In an hour's walking we expected to meet the trail, but having been unsuccessful, and being suddenly surrounded by clouds, we

sat down on the edge of a precipice till it should clear. The guide and I were glad to roll ourselves up and take a nap, an example the old man followed also. We might have been so occupied about an hour, when, rousing ourselves and finding it clearer, we descended, and found the trail at the foot of the precipice. We followed it rapidly for some time, but the deer having doubled, and it coming on thick again, we were unable to look a-head and get sight of the trail at a distance; we could therefore make nothing of it, and were obliged unwillingly to give up the chase. Wet and weary, we were not sorry to make our way direct to the sæter, not above seven or eight miles off, and we soon left the poor old hunter far behind.

“ My hunger was now extreme, and I was determined to carry into execution my threat of having a young lamb killed. I found my friends, satiated with gröd and cream, resting their weary bones on a clean pallet in the comfortable sæter. But, although fresh porridge had been prepared for me, my craving for animal food was not to be baulked. I proceeded, therefore, to examine the flock, and a young kid was selected, which, after some little bargaining, was purchased for three orts, or thirty pence of English money, and it was immediately sacrificed to my wants. The necessary processes were effected amusingly near to the sleeping-place of my two friends, whose disgust was extreme; notwithstanding which they contrived to enjoy a second supper of goat's-flesh. The scene we thought

would appear very shocking to well-fed people at home, but let them have worked as we had done for the last two or three days, and their nice feelings would have given way to the demands of their appetites. At the same time the family attacked a mess of porridge, made with the broth and blood of the animal.

“ Our hunting friend seemed quite a wealthy fellow. This is the summer farm for his cows and horses ; his goats and sheep and a herd of reindeer are in the Hurungerne, on the other side of the great valley. We were not very early in taking our departure on the morrow. The morning was not very clear, and toasting choice morsels of our goat’s-flesh on sweet-scented juniper-skewers, we made our breakfast a long affair. Although Svaleim actually lay about seven miles below us in this valley, we should make our journey twenty-five, by the route we wished to take by Koldedal and Vettie. We left the rifle at the sæter ; our knapsack and the remainder of our goat’s flesh we sent direct to Svaleim ; and were thus in light order for our march. It was a snowy walk of ten or twelve miles to Koldedal, into which we slid from the fjeld at a frightful velocity down a snow-drift. Some fine tinds* rise over Koldedal, which holds a small glacier. But the view from the foot of the first descent was inconceivably grand. The clouds occasionally concealed the whole horizon, and

* “ *Tinds*” answer to the *Aiguilles* of Swiss scenery. The “ *Braen*” are *Domes*.

then breaking revealed the jagged peaks of Hurungerne rising above them in wild fantastic confusion; —Skagtols-Tind, the highest mountain in Norway, reaching the height of 7670 English feet. Beneath a bell-shaped snowy valley penetrated into the mountains, and was closed by a vast glacier. Almost all



the points were black and bare, rising like *aiguilles* from the masses of snow which overspread the lower ranges of the fjelds; the summits themselves, though they are from 7000 to 8000 feet high, being too steep to hold snow on their surface, and attracting powerfully the sun's rays, the slight coating of snow is soon melted. We were disposed to linger long in view of this glorious spectacle, and it was with difficulty our

guide drew us away. Our path lay down the *Kolddedal* (cold valley), soon coming among birch-woods, and afterwards entering the most splendid fir-forest I have yet met with. Gigantic trees lay about in all stages of decay; some stood scathed with naked arms bleaching in the weather; others were vigorous and of enormous growth. One we measured was nearly four feet in diameter. To increase the grandeur of the forest scene, the peaks of the Hurungerne were seen rising above the pines in the background.

“ We halted at the sæter of Vettie — our last call at the sæters, and prepared for the descent from the fjelds to the valley on our return to Svaleim. A steep zigzag led down the declivity of 2500 feet. The scenery of the *Mörke-Kold-Däl* (the *dark cold valley*) had every feature of grandeur which its profound depth, the narrowness of the defile, the frowning precipices which overhang it, snowy fjelds and falling waters can give. The path was very rugged, and after the soft tread of the snow was extremely painful to our feet; the higher temperature too of the valley, of which we were sensible after the severe cold of the mountains, made us perspire profusely. In one part of the defile the path leads close in the face of a prodigious waterfall, from which rushed a stream of cold air and damp mist, which would soon have chilled and wetted us, had we not materially quickened our pace. The guide pointed out to us the gable of a little farm at the entrance of a lateral valley, from which this torrent flowed, at least 1000



L. M. A. Bridgman. Rav. del. W. L. Wall. sculp.

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WOODEN TOWER AND PEAKS from the FOREST OF KOLDEDAL.



feet above us. The only path to the farm led up the almost perpendicular face of the cliff. It appeared to us almost inaccessible; but the guide merely observed that it was rather difficult to get a horse up it in the winter. However, he had taken his mare up with 200 lb. weight on her back.

“ We reached Svaleim, the home of our sturdy and good-humoured guide, from which we had taken our departure for the ascent of the fjelds, in the evening. The return to Lierdalsoren was all that remained for the morrow. It was anticipated by all the party with much satisfaction; for greatly as we had enjoyed our rambles in the Hurungerne, to have slept for six consecutive nights in our clothes, for the most part in damp exposed situations, was enough to make us look forward with pleasure to the good quarters we had left.

“ We were surprised to find an English yacht anchored at Aardal. Her taut appearance so far up these inland waters, on a coast so wild, had a pleasing effect. We called on board to offer any assistance or information which our experience might enable us to give; and obtained in return for our civility some numbers of the *Times*, which agreeably engaged our attention during the return-voyage to Lierdalsoren.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOURNAL OF ROUTE FROM LIERDAL OVER THE SOGNE-FJELD. — VOYAGE ON THE SOGNE-FJORD. — REACH FORTUN AT FOOT OF THE FJELD. — ASCENT TO MOUNTAIN SÆTER. — FALL IN WITH HERD OF REINDEER. — CROSS THE SUMMIT OF THE FJELD. — DESCEND TO THE OTTE-FOE. — IRRIGATED VALLEYS. — ARRIVE AT VAAGE.

WE now proceed with Lieut. BIDDULPH'S Journal from the time of his parting with the author at Lierdalsoren, as mentioned in a former chapter, till his arrival at Christiania, where the lines of their respective wanderings were to meet.

“ *Lierdalsoren to Skiolden.* 19th July, 1848. — Henceforth my wanderings were to be solitary. I was bent on tracing the course of the fjord to its furthest extremity; my fellow-traveller had passed his highest point of latitude and turns southward. His carriole was at the door at 6 A. M.; I assisted in packing and strapping on his baggage, and having watched him amble out of sight in the direction of the Fille-fjeld, I hastened to effect my own departure on the Sogne-Fjord. Buckling up my knapsack and finishing a delicious basin of wild raspberries and cream, I complete my preparations. A boat was ordered over-night: two men who make themselves known to me as my boatmen present themselves, and carry my traps to the boat, which they say is *gang*

ferdig, 'quite ready.' Following them through the winding street of this curious conglomeration of wooden huts and cattle-pens, I find myself on the little wooden jetty we had landed on at midnight a few hours before. It is about seven when we shove off; my boatmen are two civil young fellows; and the promise of *schnaps*, if they pull well, makes them settle to their work in earnest.

"Several boats are on the fjord, breaking the stillness of the morning with measured stroke; some in-shore are only to be distinguished, in the deep reflection of the mountains, by the track of light caused by the ripple of their wake. It is indeed a lovely morning; and to-day, reclining in luxury on a bed of birch-boughs, travelling is quite a different thing to what it was yesterday, cramped as we then were between the wheels of the carriole, with scarcely room to sit in comfort, much less to recline at full length.

"Stern and grand as the shores of this fjord are, they appear less interesting after having seen the Hardanger. There is less wood, and for many miles of continuous bare and ragged cliff scarcely a farm or patch of corn appears. Shortly after entering the main fjord we fall in with a boat pulled by a man and woman, making the same course as ourselves. Having progressed in company four or five miles, the customary gossip results in a proposal that I should exchange boats. No party loses by the transaction; the boatmen are spared a long pull; the

man and woman are glad of a passenger. A lusty fair one she was truly, pulling a stout oar, and at the same time chattering away like others of her sex. I manage to keep up a conversation with her, she being interested in my account of my travels.

“ Entering the Lyster-Fjord, we meet a head wind, and we creep close along shore. Boats and men, women and children, are all employed in fetching home loads of birch-boughs, grass, &c. for the winter provender of their cattle. They come long distances, and in some instances seem to stay the night; as smoke issues out of the clefts of the rocks where they are cooking their meals, and the heap of skins for bedding under a high rock points out one of their resting-places. The head wind delays us a good deal, and I take a hand at the oar, the woman at first being rather unwilling to believe me able to undertake it. We do not see Solvern till we are close to it: it lies in a bight of the fjord. It is past noon when we arrive there. The giesthuus is also a country shop, and some curious wooden houses built upon piles out in the fjord, are rude warehouses; for it is here very unusually shallow, and the boats are thus enabled to land their goods easily. There are one or two respectable houses, and the soren-scriber of the district resides here. Corn patches and small farms stretch up the slope of the mountains, which is gentle; and a pass appears to open through them with a fair road north-west to Hafslo, where there is lake and river, and excellent fishing. Changing my

boat here, I had to wait for a fresh crew, for no one is in a hurry in this country. While they are being procured, I contrive to get the good woman of the house, who is most opportunely frying pancakes, to give me *meddag's-spise*. The lovely morning had given place to a small steady rain ; but well wrapped up in the stern of the boat, I was very comfortable, and will not be positive that I did not go to sleep. Our course lay to the north-east. We pass Urnæs on the opposite shore, prettily situated on a promontory, and apparently a flourishing little place. We cross the mouth of the branch of the fjord which runs up to Vegedal, and *Justedal* (the icy valley). I had entertained the hope of visiting it, and the snowy range of Sneebraen and its glaciers. I knew that it was possible to reach the Otte-Soc by that valley, but it would take more time than I could spare. The route I intended to pursue afforded the gratification of following up the fjord to its farthest recess, and the appearance on the maps of the many peaks of Hurungerne, and above all the lofty summit of Skagtols-Tind in this direction, promised much. I had not time for both schemes ; so, not without hesitation and regret, I desire the boatmen to make for Fortun.*

“ The fjord becomes more wild and picturesque as we proceed — the ridges more lofty and broken ; but few birch and pine woods now clothe the steeps, and

* This disappointment led to the excursion into the Hurungerne in the following year, which is detailed in the preceding Chapter.

those of a stunted growth. A little below Lyster is a fine foss, with a large body of water of not less than 600 or 700 feet fall — the Teizum-Foss. I unexpectedly find a good giesthuus at the head of the fjord, and I accept the recommendation of the boatmen, and halt here instead of proceeding to Fortun, half a mile or more (Norsk) up the valley. The men take their fare contentedly, and there is no grumbling. One sees at once that this is not a frequented track, and there seems to be quite an earnest desire in the people to assist me and to hear my adventures. The woman here is kind and obliging, understanding all I want, and relieving me from the trouble of cooking. I get supper over, and have a long evening to finish a sketch or two and make notes in my journal. It is my first solitary evening: I am in one of the wildest parts of Norway alone. This very spot I put my finger on as to be visited, when tracing my intended route on the map. I sit gazing in wonder at the fjord: there is a distant roar of waters, as of the surf; but the coast is more than 100 miles off, and yet we have here the salt, blue, and almost unfathomable sea pent in within these mighty barriers.

“ *Fortun to Vaage*. Thursday, 20th July. — I was full of hope last night that the morning would prove fair; but the first glance down the fjord led me to expect louring and stormy weather. Had it been favourable, I should have been off by sunrise to have spent the day in rambling upon the fjeld in the

direction of Skagtols-Tind, if not in ascending its summit. But I knew that it was no day for the fjeld, and did not hurry myself, as I could not cross it in the direction of Lomb, without first arranging with a guide overnight. At Skjolden two valleys meet: one, desolate and wild, runs to the north; my road lay up the other in a north-eastern direction. A little girl ferried me across the river, and conducted me to a house where I was to procure a guide. The path was a rough horse-road, rising at first over a small lake, the waters of which as well as those of the river were of a light blue. Though I was nearly approaching the highest mountains of Norway, there were no points of any remarkable elevation, that is to say, more than 3000 feet, which was about the height of the sides of the valley. There were woods of pine, birch, and alder, the river rushing among islands covered with the latter. I saw several weirs in the eddies of the river; and from them and what my guide said, I fancy there are abundance of salmon here. About four miles brought me to corn-fields, and beyond them lay the remote village of Fortun. Seeing a saw-mill perched a little above the road, turned by a mountain torrent, I went to examine its machinery — simple and rude enough, but very effective. The shaft from the crank was of wood, the wheel merely ten or twelve paddles or blades set on a spindle, the force of rapidly descending water being tremendous.

“ Arrived at Fortun, which lies at the base of the

range, I had to find out how far across the fjeld it was to the first habitations, and whether it were possible to lessen the work of the actual passage by making a short march this afternoon. I learnt that it was about five Norsk miles (thirty-five English) to the first sæter on the other side of the fjeld, and that I could go one mile to Fortun-sæter, on the way, this evening. I might hire a horse for seven marks; however, I preferred walking to scrambling along on the back of a small pony. This was all clear; and I should start for the sæter about three o'clock. In the mean time I spent an hour in trying the river for fish, but without success. On leaving Skjolden in the morning, a dog had rushed out and barked at me; and being rather a handsome black shaggy fellow, I held out my hand to him, and he came and licked it, and afterwards followed us. I supposed he would have gone back with the guide, and took no further notice of him; but I afterwards found that we were not soon to part company. At three I set forth, leaving the little rude wooden village with its church, by a path which, ascending rapidly, wound up the almost perpendicular face of a cliff to the valley above, perhaps more than 1000 feet above the village. It was a well-worn track, evidently the one used as a general thoroughfare to all the sæters from the farms below. Still the valley ascended rapidly, and the course of the path up and down was most harassing. In the bottom a furious torrent roared, dashing over rugged ledges through deep narrow chasms, and worked into

a state of snowy whiteness. There were several farms at the entrance of the valley and quite a little hamlet of them on the opposite side. The corn was very green here, scarcely in ear, and much beaten down by the heavy rains:—rain indeed! it has rained almost every day since we crossed the Hardanger. When I get over the mountains there are hopes of finer weather, as much less rain falls on the eastern side of the range.

“Happening to mention reindeer to my guide, he tells me there is a large herd of them on the fjeld about half a Norsk mile to the southward. This is quite unexpected, and puts me on the alert. I ask if we shall go at once up the steep side of the valley to find them, but he gives me to understand that we should go to the sæter first. One hour and a half brings us past the growth of birches and grass, and indeed all vegetation but the mosses and lichens, and we turn to the southwards up a still steeper ascent. At five we reached the sæter, one of half a dozen rude huts situated on a grassy slope. All around rise stern snowy ranges of the fjelds, and rugged peaks wreathed with heavy masses of clouds that at times completely envelope them. The summit of Skagtols-Tind, which I only saw bare for a few seconds, towers over them all.

“It was refreshing after my walk to taste again the delicious sæter milk. With this restorative and a few minutes' rest, the evening having cleared a little, I was quite prepared for a start to the fjelds in search

of the reindeer. We turned at once towards the highest ranges, rising rapidly through low brush of a green myrtle-leaved plant and dwarf willow, over moss and lichen, a carpet of most varied hues. Advancing up a valley we approached a glen of peculiarly wild and picturesque character, backed at its far end by a rugged peak, and on its sides lay immense masses of snow and apparently a glacier. We passed it, and rose yet more, coming soon to a higher level over-spread with fields of snow. Here the guides seemed to expect to find the deer, looking about for them in every direction. My friend from the lower valley still accompanied me, having got one of his relations, a hardy mountaineer, to give us the assistance of his better knowledge of these wilds. We had been about an hour in the ascent. The view from hence backwards, over the wild valley winding upwards, and the region of fjelds beyond, was magnificent. The sæter looked like a speck far below. The guides pointed out to me my course to the north-east for to-morrow. Again we mount for another hour, and we are in full possession of a most splendid panorama. We cannot be less than 5000 feet high. Close above us is a rocky summit, bare and pointed, in the clefts of which lie masses of snow and ice. To the south and south-west are distant views of fjelds far away, the northern extremity of the Hardanger glowing pink in the evening light. To the westward, fold after fold of the snowy ridges of Sneebraen, between which and us intervenes, unseen, the deep valley of

the Sogne-Fjord — a spectacle of indescribable grandeur. It is here one sees the true character of the fjelds of Norway.

“ My attendants seemed much puzzled to find the deer. There were traces of them on the snow which appeared quite fresh, and handfuls of their winter fur lay on the moss here and there, showing how they frequented this elevated region. I sat down to rest, while the guides made a short round, returning without success. It was now time to retrace our steps, and I was anxious to get some good rest, to prepare myself for the fatigues of crossing the wilds to-morrow, which I saw would be of no ordinary kind ; but we still kept a sharp look out, and separated to cover a greater breadth of country. The mountaineer and myself, finding ourselves at last near the brink of the deep glen we had first seen, were mutually bending our steps that way. He was a little in advance below me, and I saw him come to a stand, looking right down into the valley and shading his eyes. A wild shout intimated that he had discovered the deer. Upon my joining him, he pointed them out to me, but they were scarcely visible, and I am not quite sure that I saw them at all, so great was the height we were above the valley ; and yet, from the vastness of the scale of the scenery, the distance appeared but small. To descend was now the difficulty, the fall of the ground being almost perpendicular. A little beyond, a broken line of huge stones and rocks promised a rugged path,

such as few would have been able to descend as we did, by leaping down from rock to rock, and striding from one point to another; it needed a good eye and sure foot, such as my scrambling days of old had inured me to the practice of. To have gently eased oneself from stone to stone would have taken half a day; but, as we dashed onwards at the risk of dislocated bones, or at least of broken shins, it was the work of a very short time to reach the bottom of the glen.

“ A few minutes' walk up the valley brought us in sight of the herd, about 200 yards off. They were standing on a slight eminence close to the glacier and an immense field of snow which filled up the end of the valley. The glimmer of these white masses in the growing dusk formed a fine relief to the outline of their heads and branching horns. The deer were grouped in all positions, with their heads turned towards us, keenly alive to our approach, presenting a spectacle singularly picturesque, heightened as it was by the grandeur of the background. I had promised myself no small pleasure in meeting with them; the whole of our search had been full of interest, and I was not disappointed. I lingered for some minutes in contemplation of the scene, but the guide was soon among them, and almost lost behind their tall heads and branching antlers. They were so tame, though suffered to roam at large in these boundless wastes, that they not only allowed him to approach them,

but crowded round to receive handfuls of salt, which he doled out to them. Our coming had been announced by a wild and not unmusical call, with which they seemed familiar; but they were somewhat alarmed at the approach of a stranger, and stared at me with their bright full eyes, and with heads erect, presenting a show of antlers truly formidable. However, they were soon re-assured, and, finding that I had salt to give them, pressed round me to receive it. I had not imagined that the reindeer were such noble animals as I found them. I could not cease admiring their beautiful eyes, their wide and branching horns of varied shape, covered at this season with skin and a soft down — their sleek bodies and fine clean limbs. There were at least 200, of all sizes, from the little fawns, and the neatly shaped young does, to the majestic-antlered bucks, some of whose horns were not less than five or six feet across. One or two of the older ones had flat projecting branches over the eyes and forehead; and none were exactly alike. A curious cracking noise was produced by the joints of their legs and feet as they moved about. Some of them were yet partially covered with their winter coat, presenting a singular appearance, as the fur is about two inches longer than the summer coat, and of a much lighter colour. I pulled off handfuls of it. The perpetual changes of attitude and position of these graceful animals, some lying on the ground, some breaking into groups, gave endless variety to a scene which I scarcely knew

how to quit. At last we leave them in full possession of their romantic resting-place; and, as I gaze back, I see them fast settling themselves for the night on the mossy ground. I learned that the herd is shared among the farmers of Fortun, who purchased it from a party of Finmarkers. I think the value of a reindeer is about ten or twelve dollars.

“Returned to the hut there was more than usual satisfaction, after such a day’s work, in changing damp shoes and socks by a blazing fire, cooking soup of rice and the never-failing *bouilli*, and finally in devouring a supper for which there is no preparation equal to a mountain ramble. The women who had the care of the dairy were much amused with the expedition of my cookery, and well pleased also with the taste of English beef. I was now in some anxiety about my resting-place. There was a bed in one corner of the hut, in which reposed the women and a few children besides, but for certain reasons it was a place to be avoided. A stone bench ran along one side, the lowest of a range of shelves which held the bowls of milk. On its being very innocently proposed that I should share the bed with the women, I gave them to understand that I would sleep on the bench, but of this they would not hear. So the sheep-skin blankets were smoothed and the straw arranged, and the women having disappeared, there was nothing to be done but to take to the bed. Carefully wrapped in my coat of mail, I invaded the enemy’s country.

In the morning I found myself with two bed-fellows — they were both masculine.

“ It was somewhat before five when I turned out : my hopes of a fine day vanished ; it blew a hurricane, with torrents of rain. However I prepared myself for proceeding. My guide for crossing the fjeld was introduced to me last night — a handsome fresh-coloured young fellow wearing a slouched red cap. On his appearing this morning, I asked him if he was ready. He shook his head, and replied, ‘ We cannot go to the fjeld to-day.’ The women and all present protested against my making the attempt. I represented to them that I had a long way to go, and must be in London by a certain time. At length, seeing me in earnest, it was settled that we should start at seven o’clock. I did not know whether there was any real danger to be apprehended, though I confess that I thought of the *Aasgaards rija**, and the disastrous crossing of the fjeld described by Miss Bremer. The distance to the first sæter was four miles by their account—a good seven hours’ walk.

“ It blew rather less, and the rain and sleet drove somewhat less heavily †, when my guide led the way

* The Spirits of the storm that fatally sweep over the wastes, according to Norwegian tradition. See the tale *Strife and Peace*.

† From all that appears in these pages of the difficulties attending the passage of the fjelds, which are by no means exaggerated, future travellers may learn to be prepared for the enterprise, by being effectually, though lightly, accoutred. An amiable gentleman who walked over the Hardanger under a silk umbrella, and pre-

from the sæter, carrying the heaviest of my traps. Descending to the torrent which I followed up yesterday, we crossed it by a rude bridge of pines, and soon after commenced the ascent. I was surprised to find that the track still continued to be visible, and apparently was much used. There were well-built roadmarks in parts where the road runs near the precipice. Occasionally, when the clouds lifted, I perceived how much I lost from the state of the weather. The track led through a fjeld much grander than the Hardanger, though that is more vast in extent. Two hours brought us to a lake under a very high and precipitous point, on the sides of which lay a glacier extending into the lake, which was almost covered with ice. We waded through large tracts of snow, and crossed several snow bridges; but fortunately found no rivers to ford, as we had done in the Hardanger. Two hours more, and we halted and lunched under the shelter of a great rock, in view of a very extensive glacier.

“ We now struck the head of the valley leading down to Lomb on the Otte-Vand, which I had resolved to reach on the morrow. A river flows into it

sented the tattered relics, a mere skeleton, to the sæter girls (who must have been at some loss what to make of the adventure and the gift), seems to have been but ill-informed, and nearly perished. Properly equipped, the traveller, in his rambles in Norway, need —

“ Fear no evils —

Nor *hunger*, nor rough weather.”

— *Editor's note.*

from the glacier. We met here pack-horses straying, and saddles and goods were lying by the wayside without a human being near: strange accompaniments to the desolation of these fjelds! I learned from my guide that this is the frequented track from Gulbrandsdalen, by which all supplies, such as groceries, salt, &c., are conveyed from the head of the Sogne-Fjord. Arrived at the long-talked of sæter, whose hospitable smoke we had seen far away down the valley, I was glad to halt and obtain some milk. The poor dog who followed me yesterday, and had been tied up outside the hut all the preceding night, was also indebted to the dairy-woman for a meal. I had given him no encouragement, but he seemed resolved on attaching himself to my fortunes. There was nothing to tempt him from his home. Our acquaintance commenced with rough weather and long and weary marches. He was my companion during the rest of my rambles, and is now with me in England. I got a horse at the sæter, and *Norgé* trotted along by my side. Three hours and a half brought us to the end of the stage, but it was only six o'clock, and I would still get forward. One never thinks of stopping in this nightless land. But all my persuasions and the offer of extra *drikke penge* failed to induce my new conductor to proceed any further. 'The giesthuus was over the bridge; I could get a horse, or I could sleep there.' But I well knew what it was to wait till a horse could be procured; so shouldering my now rather weighty pack, though I

felt stiff from a cold ride after a laborious march in a strong gale in the morning, I walked on. Here the atmosphere was calm and clear, as I was now on the eastern side of the fjelds. As I plodded down the valley, which seemed interminable — point after point, and still another bend—I called at several places to get some one to carry my knapsack, but without success. I was very glad when, having hailed some men in a field above me, one of them came to my assistance. However, he did not go far with me; and finding from him that there was a giest-giver at Hoft, one ‘fierding’ onward — having accomplished altogether forty-seven English miles, I sought quarters there, obtaining the promise of a horse to Lomb in the morning.

“ The morning was lovely; no cloud obscured the clear sky of that northern latitude. The valley was less striking than many I had seen. Its bounds are high and rocky, and sometimes a snow-capped fjeld reared itself at the head of some branch glen. The whole valley is irrigated from the streams which descend from the mountains, conveyed in troughs made of hollowed pines, which are carried along the sides of the hills for miles, forming a picturesque aqueduct. The farms are numerous, and inclosures of corn and grass abound. I find that there is no boat to be procured at Lomb, and a horse must be taken as I am too stiff to walk to the next station — eleven miles. Rather than wait I leave my knapsack to be brought on by the postboy, and saunter along the shore of the

lake. The Otte-Vand is less grand than the Miös, which I had expected to find it resemble. The church at Lomb stands on a promontory above the mouth of the river which forms a small delta. It comes in well, with its gables and spire, in the view up the lake, which I stop to sketch. The mountains descend to the edge of the water in the beautiful sweeps peculiar, I think, to Norwegian scenery. This time yesterday I was among ice and snow, now I find the heat excessive. I plunge into the cool waters of the lake, and then again sauntering on for some time, I resolve to sit by the way-side till the horse comes up. The *hund*, my now faithful companion, stretches himself at length, and is soon asleep. I follow his example. How long I might have remained in this happy state I cannot tell; certain it is that it was late in the afternoon when I was awoke by a hearty shake from the postboy. I find the arrangement of stirrups and saddle rather more uncomfortable than walking. I was wondering yesterday where the pines were obtained for the houses and troughs in the valleys I have left. I find them here in abundance. Leaving the shore of the lake, the road crosses into another valley, and descending it returns to the lake at Gardmö. This valley is irrigated in the same way; the long lines of troughs give a pleasing effect to the view, and speak the industry of the people. Another delay of not less than an hour and a half—during which I am impatient for my supper—and a boat appears from the opposite

shore. A pleasant cruise of ten miles and a walk of one mile bring me, about half-past eleven o'clock, to a most substantial giest-giver's, where I am well entertained.

“*Vaage*. Sunday, July 23. — I thoroughly enjoy a day of rest, and all the comforts attending it. There is a fine old church of timber here, with a lofty spire, the roof covered with shingles in the form of scales, with encircled crosses surmounting each gable. The church I saw yesterday had curiously carved dragons' heads similarly placed. This had a detached belfry, which shook to the ground with the tolling of a good bell. There were stone crosses at the graves in the churchyard, but no flowers, as we had seen at Sillejord. I watched the picturesque groups of country people approaching the church from a distance, and sitting and standing about waiting the commencement of the service; the sombre colour of their dress gaily relieved by the white kerchiefs of the women and the red slouched caps of the men. I attended the service, and was much impressed by the grave ceremonial of the worship, and the devout and earnest attention of the congregation. Afterwards I wrote out the forbud tickets for the morrow's journey, and sent them forward; somewhat anxious about it, as these are cross roads, and the people seem but little familiar with the requisitions of travellers who wish for despatch.”

CHAPTER XIX.

CONTINUATION OF JOURNAL. — VALLEY OF THE LAAGEN-ELV. — ASCEND THE DOVRE-FJELD — ITS WILD SCENERY. — STATION AT JERKIN, NEAR THE SUMMIT. — VALLEY OF THE FOLDA. — TOWN OF RÖRAAS. — EXCURSION OVER THE FRONTIER INTO SWEDEN. — SCENERY OF THE BORDER. — VISIT TO AN ENCAMPMENT OF LAPPS — THEIR MODE OF LIVING. — HERD OF REIN-DEER. — RETURN TO RÖRAAS. — JOURNEY BY POST TO CHRISTIANIA.

“*VAAGE to Röraas.* July 24th. — Five o'clock this morning found me, breakfast completed — my knapsack strapped to the foot-board of a carriole which was standing in the courtyard — and prepared to test the accuracy of yesterday's calculations and the arrangement of the forbud. It matters little in walking whether the intended point be reached. A night's lodging is found somewhere, and to the weary traveller his wallet should furnish a supper, with the addition of milk, which is to be found everywhere; and six feet of clean board, with a mattress of birch or spruce spray, is often preferable to a bed apparently more inviting. On the present occasion seventy miles, over cross and mountain roads, was an undertaking which caused me some anxiety.

“ I am fortunate in my first driver; he is chatty,

and anxious that I should be in good time at the next station. The road from Vaage, after following the bottom for about a mile, commences a gradual ascent along the side of the valley; and as I trudge up the hill I have leisure repeatedly to turn back and drink in the beauties of the fair scene I am leaving. Vaage stands in the level plain at the foot of the Otte-Soe, where also another valley pours its tributary stream into the river, which here sweeps among islets green with alder-copse. High fjelds rise to the westward — their snowy tops tinted with the morning sun. The dog trots along in front, occasionally returning to bark out his delight at our new mode of travelling. At length — the summit of the ridge gained in one Norsk mile — we rattle down a lateral valley to the great däl of the Laagen-Elv. The skyds-karl, pleased with my having walked up four or five miles of the hill, is not satisfied with my driving, but, taking the reins into his own hands, makes us rush down into the valley with incredible rapidity. If a strap or a pin were to give way, the consequences must be tremendous; but of these one learns to think nothing, in the pleasurable excitement of thus dashing onwards. The fourteen miles (English) are got over in two hours, being a quarter of an hour within the time allowed. On driving up to the station at Laurgaard I find a car and horse standing ready for me. I enter my name in the road-book, pay the *tilsegelse* and am off in three minutes. We are now on the great road from Christiania to Drontheim, which

is not inferior to any of our own post-roads. The valley of the Laagen-Elv here begins to enter the Dovre-Fjeld. Below Laurgaard it is open and flat, and the farms appeared rich. It is in fact the commencement of the fine vale of Gulbrandsdal, the most fertile in Norway; which is watered by the Laagen till, very far below, that river discharges its waters into the Miosen-Vand.

“ Here I have come again to the pine forests, which I have scarcely seen since I crossed the Hardanger. The valley soon contracts, and the road, leading over a shoulder of the mountain, leaves the river roaring through a rocky channel many hundred feet below. The scenery is very beautiful, and such fine views of the fjelds on the right are obtained, that I could not help stopping to take a hasty sketch. After passing the next station the valley again opens, and the road follows the river, though occasionally rising over considerable limbs of the mountain. The village of Dovre lies above the road, prettily clustered with its church on the side of the valley. The farms become smaller and less fertile, and every thing betokens the approach of the fjelds. Already the bare masses rise nobly immediately above the right side of the valley of the Laagen. The road through Romsdalen to Molde is seen still winding up it to the north-west. Near Tofte we turn to the right, and at once facing the side of the valley through pine forests, commence the ascent of the Dovre-Fjeld in right earnest. All the usual indications of increased elevation appeared.

The pine gradually became more stunted and thinly scattered, birch was the only wood; grass disappeared, and the mosses, lichens, and the fjeld plants covered the wastes.

“ I find I am losing time, and the day is wearing on; and unfortunately, before coming to Fogstuen, the road being for some distance impassable, we are obliged to make a considerable *détour*, and pick our way across streams and over the rocky surface of the fjeld. The station is somewhat off the road to the left, a wild-looking place. There is a little inclosure for hay; the height, 3000 feet, being far above that at which corn will grow. But the farm has a large herd of cows, which must be supported in the house for many months on hay at this inhospitable elevation, unless, indeed, there is a farm attached in the valley below, this being used as its sæter. It is one of the *fjeld stuer*, or mountain-huts originally built for the accommodation of the early kings of Norway in their journeys over the Dovre-Fjeld to Drontheim. There was some unusual delay, as the horse was not ready, but it gave me the opportunity to refresh myself with a little of the mountain-milk, which at any rate one gets good here.

“ The road continues at the same elevation, following a hollow in the fjeld. A stream flowing to the eastward, and forming a chain of tarns, is the commencement of the Folda-Elv, my future companion to the Glommen, the banks of which I ascend to Röraas. The rugged tops of Sneehattan are seen to

the left over folds of the brown moor. The scene was deeply solemn ; the silence of nature broken only by the cries of the plover, or the whirr of an occasional ptarmigan. High poles along the track inform you that in winter the whole face of the country is covered with deep snow. How much more solemn must these wastes be then ! These high unbounded solitudes have a charm for me, and I longed to be rambling over them gun in hand, instead of hurrying along a post-road. My companion, an immensely powerful mountaineer, informed me that there were reindeer on the fjeld on each side. He was at first rather sulky, especially when I told him to get down and walk up the hills. I thought it as well to conciliate him with a view to both my objects — one being to get on, and the other to escape a drubbing at his hands, which I should not at all have relished. So I offered him some corn-brandy, and his eye brightened, and he became a communicative pleasant fellow.

“ Approaching the station of Jerkin, herds of mixed sheep, goats, and cows are passed, tended by young girls, a subject fit for an artist of Landseer’s ability. Jerkin stands on the fjeld’s side — by no means an inhospitable collection of buildings, with one or two inclosures. I was surprised to find a station so remote offering very superior accommodation. One could stop here for any length of time in the very heart of the Dovre-Fjeld. There can be no lack of sport, and consequently of good cheer ;

and no one can be more desirous to please than the station-master. He was anxious that I should stay the night, and I should have been very glad to have spent a day there, but my horses onward were bespoken, and I told him that I must be in Röraas the following night. He shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'it was too much.' He provided me with a carriage—a great luxury; for I was beginning to feel the effects of the jolting of the cars.

“The road to Drontheim is seen winding up the steep, and shortly after attains an elevation said to be upwards of 4000 feet, the highest point in the road being not far from this station. I had yet upwards of twenty miles before me. Striking into the valley of the Folda, we soon rattled down to the region of the birch. Some hours are required to get over twenty miles on a cross road in a sandy soil. The valley is not remarkable for beauty: it is barren; but I notice that the forests of Scotch firs have the surface of the soil uniformly clothed with the yellow moss which is the same in appearance with the rein-moss, but which is here called the cow-moss; and they gather it for winter fodder. Wearied with a long day's work, the latter part of it in a thick rain, I at length found myself pulled up at the station in Grimsbö in Folda, where I had appointed to sup and sleep. A fine benevolent looking old man, of not much less than seven feet stature, welcomed me to his house, and a most good-natured old woman proceeded to administer to my wants.

“*Röraas*. Tuesday, July 25th. — I was carefully roused by my handsome host, who, with regimental salute, informed me that it was past four, and time to be stirring. My few hours of rest had been undisturbed, and I found myself fresh and up to another day’s jolting. The good dame had been moving some time, and prepared my coffee, which was brought into my room before I was half dressed. A bowl of rice and milk, which I had ordered the night before, completed my repast. Few things are more suitable than rice and milk for an early and hasty breakfast. To make a meal on the crisp flad-bröd is a work of time and no little labour.

“It was five o’clock when I and my host fixed ourselves in a little low four-wheeled car, a magnified child’s toy in appearance. I may well say fixed, for its lateral dimensions were so small that, I believe, it might have been toppled over and over without shaking us out. With this affair, drawn by his good mare, than which perhaps nothing on earth was more dear to him, save the good old dame his mother, who bade us *lykkelig reise* at the door, my host looked peculiarly proud at being my guide. I thought we should have probably followed the Folda-Elv to its confluence with the Glommen, but I found that crossing the river by one of those picturesque wooden bridges the road strikes at once in a direct line over the fjeld, avoiding the immense circuit of the river. From the bridge there is one of the finest views of a

range of fjelds, the Rundane, I have yet seen in Norway.

“ One does not go to Norway to find views of distant Alpine ranges of long mountain chains. There is scarcely a mile of level ground in the country, or a lake or fjord that does not wind so as to shut out all but very narrow glimpses of the mountains. Skagtols-Tind, within ten or twelve miles of the Sogne-Fjord, is not seen from the water; nor the point of Gousta-Fjeld (6000 feet high) from the Tind-Soe. The dalens of Norway are its sweetest attractions; of the fjelds you can know nothing of their immensity and solitude without crossing them. I sketched from the bridge, and, quickening my pace, regained my guide, commencing what promised to be a long ascent; winding through a forest of Scotch fir, no sound broke the stillness, save our voices and the bark of the dog. I found the old fellow communicative, and anxious to hear of England and of my journey. Again, as we rise into the birch district, there is another splendid view of the Rundane. When I regain the car, I find that we are on the open fjeld, moss only covering the bold sweeps; with a view looking back over the forest of Folda valley, and away in the distance fold after fold, the blue points of Sneehattan in the Dovre-Fjeld, fifty miles off. One stops at a sæter for a bowl of milk as naturally as one looks for a glass of ale at a road-side inn.

“ The views descending were excellent, and this morning without a cloud. Few things are more

interesting in a view of open country than the winding road occasionally seen far onward.

“ But this admiration of scenery, and sketching, and drinking milk at the sæters, sadly runs away with the time, and my companion is uncommonly fond of his horse, and does no more than coax him on ; so that at half-past ten I am vexed to find myself on the wrong side of a broad river, which we have to ford. The horse had to be taken out of the car and saddled, and the baggage strapped on, and finally we both mounted—a weight which made no unnecessary ballast, for the current was very strong. The dog failed to get over at the first attempt, but succeeded upon having sagaciously made another a long way up the stream. I find I am an hour behind my time at Stie ; but I get a carriole and good horse, and, as the road promises well, I hope to fetch it up. The valley is wide, the pine forests stretching up each side. There seems to be a large population, and the farms are good. There are corn and grass in abundance, though the crops are late, and the soil inferior, being of a loamy sand.

“ Tonsæt is a large village, and the posting-house quite an inn. It was curious to see a number of men drinking coffee at two o'clock in the day. I here join the high road from Christiania to Röraas, following the right bank of the Glommen, the longest river in Norway, which I shall trace nearly to its source before I turn southward. At Tonsæt it is about the size of the Towy at Carmarthen. The

pinces are fine here, and the roads lead through the forest where their tall naked stems run up without branches, but not straight as in some of the forests we have passed through, but at all angles. The poor dog gets tired; seventy-seven miles yesterday was a long trot for him, but I cannot persuade him to ride in the carriage unless he is held in. After Tolgen the pine becomes scarce, and soon after ceases altogether. We have changed our climate both by latitude and elevation, though not much by the latter, as the country gets more level and open and lies in long sweeps of moor-land, the sides of the hills being well covered with birch woods, which are finer than any I have seen.

“ We got a distant view of Röraas, when about six or seven miles off, lying on the side of one of these long slopes; a cheering prospect after two long days' work. We cross the river here, running still and deep; and the road to the town leads over a regular Irish bog, from which turf is being cut. The suburb of the town at first puzzled me much. It consists of little sheds, each in a small inclosure, well fenced, of excellent grass. Probably the inhabitants of the town keep their cows in them. My last skyds-karl was a merry fellow, rattling away more like an Irishman than a Norwegian. It is nine o'clock when he pulls up at the house of the landsman, where he says is the best *logis* in Röraas. I thought it singular to go to the magistrate's for a hotel; but I found it was all right. Fire and supper

are quickly prepared, wheaten cakes, sliced beef, and tea, with the landsman himself to talk to in broken Norsk the while — I am tolerably comfortable in this outlandish place. We get on famously in our chat, and it is 11 o'clock, when, having told my tale and explained my wants, the landsman wished me *sove godt*, 'sleep well.'

“ I have determined to rest a day, and then set forth on my last expedition to the fjeld. The post for Christiania leaves to-morrow; and I must arrange my forbud for the south. Homewards;— home! there is a charm in the thought, and interesting as this tour has been, it will be not the least of its pleasures to be travelling with one's face towards it.

“ *Roraas*. July 26th. — If a man wants to enjoy rest, let him travel 150 miles in two days in these little cars; for if he is not sore in every limb, he must have been bred to be a carter. I find there is little to interest me here, independent of my intention of crossing the Swedish border to the encampment of Lapps, said to be somewhere in that quarter. The town is 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and in 62°30' North latitude. The landsman finds me at breakfast; and entering into my plans, renders me much assistance in making out my forbud tickets to Christiania, a distance of 210 miles. I determine to start on Monday; and having assured him that I have travelled 70 miles a day for the last two days,

he agrees to divide the distance into three days work, though he says he generally makes four of it. That accomplished, I had further to ask for information respecting my intended excursion. I learned from him that the border was about three or four miles off, in the direction I wished to proceed; and it was finally arranged that a man named Eric, who every week carries the mail over the border into Sweden, should accompany me, for which I was to give him 2 spec. dollars. I promised him a third if he brought me to the Lapps, or Fins as they here call them. The landsman is also the station-master, and a man of no little importance. He is the first person in Norway who has asked me for my passport. He seems, however, quite satisfied on my telling him that I have parted from my friend, and that he has taken it with him to Christiania. My commission, with the queen of England's signature, is quite satisfactory to him, and he does not rest till he has taken it, as well as many other English novelties, to show to his wife.

“27th. — Eric, holding a strong little pony the property of the landsman, was at my service at six this morning. I took with me a supply of wheaten bread, a luxury I had been without since I left Bergen. From Røraas, a tolerable road leads to the north, to the copper mines on that side of the town, about one Norsk mile, crossing extensive brown moors of an immensity and heaviness of outline strange to me. All the usual accompaniments to the

works of a mine were to be noticed here: water-wheels, used in pumping the water from a depth of 1500 feet; sheds, and huge banks of rubbish, and the ore itself in heaps by the road side. Having passed the mines, our track leaves the road, and striking over the moors, soon enters a birch forest on the shores of Oresund-Soe. The trees of great age, apparently uncut, are most grotesque in their growth. A winding path in a birch forest I should imagine to be the crookedest of all crooked things. After journeying parallel to the south shore of the lake, we at length halt on a grassy glade on the lake side. Occasionally in the forest we had come on a small flock of sheep; but though a little farm was sometimes passed, the population is very small in this district, the whole country being at a great elevation. Corn does not grow, and the farmer's operations are confined to tending his herds, and cutting hay on scraps of ground in the forest and on the grassy bogs of the fjelds. We made a halt by the lake side. It was solitude itself, but far from being a desert; the wooded shores run softly down to the lake, and now fresh in all the leaf of midsummer, appeared even rich. The lazy splash of the trout in the water, and the hum of myriads of mosquitos, were the only creature sounds one heard. A hail from Eric brought a light skiff from the other shore. The horse was leg-tethered (hobbled), and left to his own pleasure, and we crossed.

“ A short pull brought us to the opposite shore, and

we halted for mid-day's meal at a little farm called Klokkervold. Here Eric seemed quite at home. He was a jovial fellow, and his weekly rounds as postman made him quite familiar in the few scattered households of this frontier district. I found here a poor woman suffering from an ulcerated wound. She would believe that I could afford her some relief, and her gratitude was profuse when I applied some adhesive plaster to it. Our course now lay to the N.E. up a high valley watered by one of the tributaries to the Glommen. Occasionally we fell in with small pasture farms, but there were no signs of cultivation. After a great deal of rugged walking, we halted towards evening at a farm called Vauldalen, a little on this side the Swedish border. To my repeated inquiries whereabouts the Lapps were to be found, I could only hear in reply that they were in the mountains three or four Norsk miles off. The guide, after having held a long consultation with the people of the farm, rather unwillingly started afresh; for he was reluctant to leave good quarters late in the afternoon, there being no other habitation this side of the border. The country was now an upland tract of moor-land, full of swamps and marshy pools. These fed the streams which, on one side, swelled the waters which discharged themselves into the North Atlantic Ocean, and on the other into the Gulf of Bothnia. The line of the watershed marks the frontier between the kingdoms of Sweden and Norway. Presently Eric stopped suddenly on crossing the line, pointing

right and left. There was formerly a trench drawn the whole length of the boundary line, like our own Wandslike. Nothing was to be seen now but a nick in the mountain, and one of the boundary-stones or pillars, which he pointed out at some distance. They are all numbered and fixed, as appears by Forsell's map, at intervals of from a half to one Norsk mile the whole extent of the frontier.

“I was now in Sweden, and began to follow the waters which run to the eastward. Leaving the swampy moors we gradually descended to birch-woods, and finally halted at a sæter about a Norsk mile from the farm we last left, having met with no other signs of habitation, nor indeed of life, except a brood of young grouse and some plover. It was now eight o'clock. Eric thundered at the door of the hut, but, gaining no admittance, we sat down to wait patiently the arrival of the inmates, and in the mean time I sketched the view some distance down the valley into Sweden. Presently they came with the herds trooping through the birch underwood from their pasture to the sæter. They told us that the party of Lapps were expected to move that very day to fresh ground for the pasturage of their deer in the neighbourhood of the sæter. The general level of the country was now so high, that the slightest elevation brought us to the mossy fjeld. I rather wished to have spent the night in the encampment, and a young girl (*pige*) was despatched to endeavour to cross their track, and ascertain whether they had moved.

Meanwhile Eric and I amused ourselves with flogging the stream, and caught some trout for our supper, but we were annoyed by clouds of mosquitos, which were so troublesome that I could hardly take the fish off the hook.

“The sæter, though only a summer residence, was very superior to any place of the kind we had met with in Norway. It consisted of two small but clean apartments with boarded floors. Nothing could exceed the civility and hospitality of the people, and as *pige* returned without any intelligence of the Lapps, I was prepared to make myself comfortable for the night. There was abundance of *milk-mad*, as they call butter and cheese and all the produce of the dairy; and the family and ourselves were soon at supper by a blazing fire of birch logs, which enabled me to examine more particularly the features of the inmates of this frontier farm. There was an air of great kindness about the farmer and his wife, and one of the girls, of which there were several, was very pretty. The father was a Norwegian, the mother a Fin, and this girl, who was short of stature, inherited the slender and delicate form and small feet and hands of her mother's race. It showed how the bringing up in the comparative comfort of a farmer's life had developed the natural beauties; for the Lapps or Fins are delicately formed, and only acquire their haggard and shrivelled appearance from the life of exposure and hardship they lead.

“At two o'clock in the morning, the farmer, who

was to be our guide to the encampment of the Lapps, roused us from our slumbers. We left the cattle sleeping round the sæter, and made our way over moor and swamp in a northerly direction towards some high fjelds which we had seen the day before. We had proceeded about seven miles without seeing road or track, house or sæter, when we fell in with some people employed in cutting grass on a bog. This is done, when the ground admits, at a long distance from the farms. The hay is stacked round a pole, firmly planted and stayed, to prevent its being overthrown by the winds, and it is sledged home in the winter when the whole surface is covered with snow. These people gave us some tidings of the objects of our search; but it was not till eight o'clock, after a walk little short of eighteen miles, that we came on fresh tracks of the reindeer. A short search now brought us in sight of the Lapland huts, in a little valley just beneath. Close by was a rude inclosure, formed by branches of birch, for herding the deer. The hut was a circular conical structure, sixteen or eighteen feet in diameter, formed of stout poles inclined together in the centre, and covered with sods and birch bark. A deer-skin, stretched on a frame, served for a door. On entering, I found the party to consist of a very old woman, the grandmother (for there were three generations), the master, who was about forty, his wife, and three younger women, with a number of children. They were all dressed exclusively in skins. I did not see even a single article of

woollen among them. The garments they now wore were made of the summer coat of the reindeer, but they have much warmer ones made of the skins taken in the winter, when the fur is thicker. They all wore girdles made of leather thongs, and tight buskins on their legs. One of the women was making a pair of shoes, and the old grandmother was drawing out with her teeth sinews of the deer into threads for sewing.

“ The Lapps were all short of stature ; none of the men, I think, exceeding five feet in height, and the women being about four feet eight inches. They were slender in all their proportions, and I remarked that their hands and feet were particularly small. The cheek-bones were high, and their foreheads low and projecting ; the skin of a dusky yellow. Their appearance altogether conveyed at once the impression of their being an original and distinct race, but whence derived is, I believe, undetermined. I was received with the greatest civility ; a fresh deer-skin was spread for me on the floor, in the middle of which a fire of large birch logs was burning, the smoke escaping through a vent in the roof. A camp-kettle, hung from hooks fixed in the poles above, was suspended over the fire. From pegs in the roof were also hung several coffer-like cradles, in which the babies of the good wives were lashed, and when they became querulous, these machines were set swinging, and kept oscillating in the smoky atmosphere above.

“ Coffee was prepared for me ; and reclining on our

soft couches of reindeer hides round the fire, I had, by the aid of Eric, some interesting conversation with the master of the family, who was very intelligent, and could speak Norsk as well as the language which is peculiar to the Lappish race. He told me that a party of Englishmen from Sweden had visited his encampment three or four summers before. His winter quarters were four or five Norwegian miles to the north of their present station. His herd consisted of 250 or 300 reindeer. The family subsists almost entirely on the milk, and its produce in cheese. In the winter they sell the flesh of those they kill at Röraas and other towns, and from the produce of the sale of the venison and the skins and horns obtain meal and the very few luxuries they require. They carry them to market on their pulks or sledges, which the reindeer will draw eight Norsk miles in a day. These they had left at their winter-quarters, having brought their baggage here in packs on the backs of the deer.

“The barking of the dogs lying round the fire announced the approach of the reins; and presently the men who had been herding them on the fjeld during the night made their appearance in their warm dresses of the thickest skins; and the reindeer came at a trot from the heights, and were easily driven into the inclosure. They were of all ages; some steers for fattening, some fine old bucks with noble antlers. The process of milking then commenced.

The men singling out the milch does, threw a kind of lasso with wonderful dexterity over their heads, and leading them to one of the birch trees which were purposely enclosed in the fold, lashed them to it. The herd were extremely docile. The quantity of milk yielded by a single doe is small, compared with that of a cow, but it is infinitely richer. The dairy was in a place excavated under ground. Their deer-skins and other moveable property were stored on a platform raised on poles in the open air, and well covered with hides lashed down with thongs and loaded with stones to prevent their being swept off by the violence of the winds. Before my departure I purchased a fine winter skin, for which I paid five dollars.

“ Altogether I was much interested in these good people. They seem happy and contented in their simple and primitive manner of living, in which probably there has been little change from the earliest times. I understand that there is a great number of these families scattered over the whole range of the high lands forming the frontier of Norway from about the lat. $62^{\circ} 30'$, in which I now was, to the North Cape.* They wander on the *plateau* of the

* Mr. Laing estimates the number on the Norwegian side of the border at about 6000. They wander, at their convenience, between the Norwegian, Swedish, and Russian territories; the whole of the Lappish people probably does not exceed 12,000. He considers them a distinct race from the Fins or Quans, who form the greater part of the population of the provinces of Finmark and Nordland.

fjelds in summer, shifting their encampments as often as fresh pasturage is wanted for the reindeer; their winter habitations being fixed in some of the higher valleys. Though leading this nomadic life, and adhering to the customs of their forefathers, they are not to be considered as altogether an uncivilised race. They learn reading and writing, and receive religious instruction, being members of the Lutheran Church; and in winter attend the services of the parish which lies nearest to their settlement.

“ Their herds of reindeer constitute the whole of their wealth; indeed, their very existence depends upon them. Such a herd as I now saw, affords a sufficient maintenance for a family, but some of the more opulent Lapps possess much more numerous ones. The milk and the flesh provide them with food, and, in the way of barter, as I have before said, with all the extra comforts they need, to which the skins and horns contribute; the former also supplying them with summer and winter clothing, and furnishing the soft and warm couches on which they lie in their huts. Add to these various uses the service which the reindeer render to their masters in their frequent migrations, loaded with the burthens of their movable property, or drawing them on pulks or sledges in the snow, and it will be perceived that their value has not been overrated.

“ I had now repeatedly seen herds of those beautiful and useful animals, so shy and so free in their wild

state, ranging over the vast solitudes, and climbing the highest peaks of the fjelds, and living among their eternal snows — so patient and docile in their habits when domiciled and subject to the control of man: yet, even then, true to their nature, they languish unless they breathe the fresh mountain air; and no herbage more rank than the delicate mosses and lichens of the mountain tops can long preserve them in health.

“Noon was past when, having taken leave of the friendly Lapps, and dismissed the farmer who had been our guide from the sæter at which we slept, Eric and myself struck across the country in a direct line on our return to Röraas. We pursued our march across moor and fjeld, mountain and morass — a complete wilderness — for several hours, till at last we struck our track of the day before, and stopped at a house not far distant from the frontier farm at which we had halted the preceding evening. There was nothing to be got for our refreshment, as Eric, who seemed to have a perfect acquaintance with the means for good cheer of every house within his weekly circuit, had predicted with melancholy anticipation. So we speedily resumed our march, and about five o'clock in the afternoon struck the north branch of the lake, on the shore of which we had left our horse the day before. It was ten miles to that point, but Eric undertook to pull me to it in a cobbler which he procured; and, after a walk of between thirty and forty miles, I was not disinclined to the

change. But the cold at that great elevation was severe, and a cutting wind blowing from the northward obliged us to keep to the line of shore. I suffered so much that I was glad to take the paddles, and endeavour by violent exercise to restore the circulation. It was eight o'clock in the evening when we reached the farm at which the pony had been left. Eric had to start the following morning from Røraas with the mail, and it was yet fourteen miles distant. However, Eric was fertile in expedients; and after busying himself in brewing a kettle of hot coffee, he harnessed the little nag to a car which he borrowed, and conducted me safe, though late, to the door of the hospitable landsman."

"I rested the next day, and on the following morning was early on my route for Christiania. I pursued the great post-road, having horses bespoke by the forbud tickets which I had forwarded by the post which left Røraas two days before. The distance is about 220 English miles, it was divided into three days' journeys, and having the use of a carriole, which it was wished to forward to Christiania, I accomplished the journey with facility, though not without the fatigue inseparable from such a mode of travelling performed by hasty journeys, as I was seldom in bed more than four or five hours. For two-thirds of the distance I followed the course of the Glommen, and

then leaving it and the road which still follows it southward to Konsvingen, I crossed to the Miosen-Vand, and coasting its eastern shore to Minde, late in the night of the third day I reached Christiania, which had been arranged between the companion of the earlier part of my travels and myself to be the terminus of our Rambles in Norway."

CHAPTER XX.

CHRISTIANIA — CITY AND NEIGHBOURHOOD. — THE NEW PALACE.
 — HALL OF THE STORTHING. — SITTINGS. — STATE OF POLITICAL
 PARTIES. — CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY AND PROSPECTS.

NORWAY boasts its three capitals — Drontheim, the most ancient, its cathedral, in which the kings are still crowned, being the seat of the oldest bishopric; Bergen, yet the chief place of trade; and Christiania, the seat of government and the modern metropolis. The population of the three cities is respectively somewhere about 15,000, 25,000, and 30,000; that of Christiania having greatly increased since the census of 1835.

I consider it to be a less interesting city than Bergen, wanting both the bold features of the surrounding scenery, and the picturesque appearance of its old buildings, and of the mixed population that throngs its streets. Those of Christiania are broad and well laid out, but have little to distinguish it from other modern towns. Pipes for lighting the city with gas were being laid down; an improvement which has found its way here under English auspices, the contractor for the works being an Englishman. The houses are mostly built of brick, since an ordinance, rendered expedient by the frequent fires, pro-

hibited buildings of wood. Some new mansions, of handsome elevation, have been recently erected at the "west-end," which is here, also, considered the fashionable quarter. At its extremity, on a gentle elevation, stands a new palace, which has been long building, and is not yet completed. It is a massive, square building, without any pretensions to architectural ornament, except a lofty pillared portico. Its appearance is naked, no "ancestral trees" relieving its bright colour and sharp outline. Altogether it looks a thing of yesterday, like the royalty of which it is the type. When completed, it is to be inhabited by the crown prince, as viceroy of Norway. It commands, however, charming views of the fjord, which, with its winding shores and fine expanse of smooth water, more like a freshwater lake than an arm of the sea, and broken by wooded islands, together with the great beauty of the environs, redeem the somewhat dull and monotonous character of the city.

The only picturesque building is the old castle of Aggershuus, with its church and citadel crowning a point jutting out into the fjord. It is surrounded by a deep moat, and commands the entrance of the harbour. Within the exterior works is a spacious *place d'armes*, with some fine avenues of trees, and a delightful promenade on the ramparts overlooking the fjord.

The hall in which the Storthing holds its sittings has a very plain and unadorned appearance. It is

a small oblong apartment, with windows on one side, in the centre of which the president sits on a platform slightly elevated. The members are seated on the other side, in long rows, before desks furnished with writing materials. At the time when Mr. Inglis was at Christiania, some of them wore the distinguishing costume of their several districts. The assembly must then, as he represents, have exhibited "a very motley and almost ludicrous appearance." . . . "Several of the deputies," he says, "wore jackets and girdles." These he recognised as the natives of Tellemarken, through which district he had recently passed; "others, whose coats were as much beyond the length of an ordinary coat, as the jackets of the former were shorter, and who might be seen walking to the hall, their heads covered with something of the shape and colour of a Kilmarnock nightcap," he was informed, "were the deputies of Gulbrandsdalen. The appearance of the assembly altogether was not superior to that collected at a second-rate cattle-show in England, but infinitely more grotesque."

Things are now changed; there is nothing remarkable in the appearance or dress of the members, though great part of them are farmers. The decorum and temper with which they are described as conducting their deliberations, are still exemplary, and might be imitated with advantage by assemblies of higher pretensions. Lounging on the benches, wearing of hats, and unseemly interruptions of the speakers, are unknown in the Storting. There is an

air of business, and a dignified simplicity, in its proceedings, which are very characteristic. The tone of debate is frequently almost conversational, the effect of which is aided by the small dimensions of the apartment and the limited number of the representatives. Long and set speeches are seldom made, but I have heard addresses of considerable warmth and fluency.

A gallery running the whole length of the hall is open to strangers. I had several opportunities of attending the sittings. The first time I did so, the subject of discussion was a proposal to increase the workings of the silver mines of Kongsberg. The government derives a revenue of about 100,000 spec. dollars from them. The amount is limited by the number of men employed in the works. In the present depressed state of trade, and the dearth of ways and means, which had induced the government to propose having recourse to a loan, some member had brought forward a resolution for pushing the workings beyond the usual average. When I took my place in the gallery, Professor Sweigaard, one of the most able men in Norway, was speaking against the proposal. A farmer succeeded, and then a merchant. I regretted that I could not follow their speeches. As far as I could understand and they were explained to me, the argument against the proposition was to the effect that to overwork the mines would be "killing the goose." It was a resource to be reserved for a rainy day. I believe the

resolution was ultimately negatived; a determination accordant with the good sense and frugal habits of the people.

There is one singularity in the constitution of the Storting, which must be of great practical inconvenience. Not only are members of the government excluded from the representation, but they are not even admitted to sit and speak in the assembly. When a government bill or royal message is to be presented, it is brought in by a counsellor of state, who lays it on the table and retires. On such occasions there is no want of respectful courtesy. He is received with great ceremony; a deputation of members is sent out to usher in the royal messenger; he enters the folding-doors in full court dress, is received by the president and members standing, and walks up to a table placed for him on the floor of the house. After a bow to the president, and another to the members, he reads an open letter under the royal signature, with the great seal attached to it, authorising him to appear before the Norwegian Storting and deliver this special proposition, which he lays upon the table. He then retires through the folding-doors, repeating his bows.

There can hardly be said to be a government party in the house to take up and carry forward its measures. So great is the jealousy of any interference with the exercise of the franchise, that I was given to understand the very suspicion of it would be fatal to the pretensions of any candidate. The advantage,

for the despatch of business, of having a member of the government who could explain its views, and give official information, has been admitted; and in a former Storthing, a proposition was made to allow the ministers of state the right of sitting and speaking, without voting, in the assembly. But it was preferred to submit to the inconvenience of the present arrangement rather than admit of an innovation which would in some degree increase the influence of the Crown; and the motion was rejected, and has not, I think, been renewed. Not to change the *Grund-lov* of Norway has been the resolute determination of the representatives of the people.

The short annals of its constitutional history have been distinguished by successive struggles to maintain its principles and carry out its provisions. The earliest of these began in the first Storthing, that of 1815, to which, as we have already stated, the question of the abolition of hereditary titles was referred. The assembly passed a resolution affirming the proposition; but as the royal assent was withheld, it failed to become law. The resolution was renewed in the session of 1818 with the same result. In the third Storthing, in 1821, if again passed, it would, according to the constitutional act, become law, even without the royal assent. Every means were used to induce this Storthing to abandon the measure. The king repaired in person to Christiania and sent a message to the assembly, professing his readiness to abolish such of the privileges of the aristocracy as were inconsistent

with the public welfare. It is even said that Swedish troops were marched into the neighbourhood to overawe the proceedings of the Storthing. The nobles themselves could offer but little resistance to the popular feeling. Their number was small; few of them possessed any great territorial wealth or influence; no ancient historical *prestige* dignified their order. Its fate was sealed. The resolution for the abolition of titles of nobility passed the third Storthing with only three dissentient votes, and thereupon became, *ipso facto*, law. A reservation was made in favour of "vested rights;" and the present holders of titles and their children were to retain them during their respective lives. I understand the number is already reduced to two or three.

In the ensuing Storthing, in 1824, counter resolutions were offered, which, amongst others, proposed to allow the king an absolute *veto* on all acts of the legislature; to give the minister the sole right of initiating laws; and to limit the business of the Storthing to such acts as the king should submit to it, before other business could be taken up. In the prevailing temper of the Storthing and the nation, such important modifications of the fundamental law could have no chance of being urged with success, though the king ushered them in with the pregnant observation (the truth of which recent events in other countries have fully confirmed), that "Liberty cannot be durable unless the government be strong."

In still later Storthings the great subject of dis-

pute was the national flag. The constitutional act declared that Norway should have her own. The enactment had been disregarded. "Europe," said the representatives in 1836, "do not look upon our commerce as independently and exclusively Norwegian. She grows accustomed to think that the Norwegian flag and insignia are only to be recognised, inasmuch and so far as they may be Swedish. Foreign consuls have gone so far as to enjoin our vessels to hoist Swedish colours. Norwegian vessels are to be entered as Swedish in the shipping lists. All this is an encroachment on our national equality. Pray we then the king to interpose in obtaining a full recognition, in all foreign ports and harbours, of a separate Norwegian mercantile flag; pray we also that the arms of Norway may be used, as well as those of Sweden, in the coinage and on public seals." The king professed ignorance of any national flag of Norway, and somewhat ungraciously reminded the deputies, that for nearly three hundred years their country had been a province of Denmark. But renewed remonstrances on the subject were not to be disregarded. It touched the feelings, perhaps more than the interests, of the nation. The claim was recognised, and Norway has now her own flag, and the ancient arms of the kingdom are impressed on her coinage and all public documents.*

* The national flag of Norway is a red ensign, with a cross of blue and white on a canton of the same. The ancient arms of Norway, now restored, are a lion, crowned and rampant, holding a battle-axe in the dexter paw.

There is reason to think that, throughout these struggles, jealousy of Swedish ascendancy animated the Norwegian Storting quite as much as opposition to the royal authority. I can easily conceive that, as king of Norway alone, Carl Johan might have obtained those modifications of the constitution which were rejected under the suspicion that they had been suggested by the Swedish cabinet, and that amalgamation with Sweden was the ultimate design. It might, I should think, have been easy to satisfy reasonable men that the provisions of the *Grund-lov*, which virtually vested the whole powers of the state in a popular assembly, were dangerous to the stability of the institutions on which the security of their liberties depend; and that a system, hastily adopted, was open to reconsideration in more settled times. The king, Carl Johan, was personally popular; he was moderate and sagacious; and had he been constantly resident, and free from the influence of a foreign ministry, his own authority in Norwegian affairs would have been greater; and it might have been thought safe to entrust to a native monarch powers which, in the hands of a king of Sweden, seemed liable to abuse. As it is, so far from "bearing in its provisions the mark of profound deliberation, and the most careful considerations of every possible circumstance which might affect its stability; so that the hand of power may overturn it violently, but it is not to be shaken by any action within itself which human foresight could have provided

against" * — the Norwegian constitution owes its existence thus far, and its prospects of permanence, to the good sense and moderation of the people, rather than to any safeguards provided by its fundamental law. So imperfect are the checks on the free exercise of the popular will, that it is more likely to be subverted by demagogues, wielding the democracy for their own factious purposes, than by monarchical encroachment.

Hitherto it has been worked with great temper and in strict adherence to the letter of its enactments. Even in the first struggle, for the abolition of titles of nobility, the royal *veto*, interposed in two successive Storthings, was submitted to without exciting any clamour against the exercise of the prerogative. Biding their time, the Storthing patiently waited for nine years, till the forms of the constitution allowed their resolution to have the force of law. On this and all other occasions on which the representatives of the people have been at variance with the government, the constitutional principle prevailed, that the king can do no wrong, and that his ministers alone are responsible for all the acts of the government.

These contests have now for some time been at an end. The national independence has been established and vindicated, the constitutional rights acknowledged and uninterruptedly exercised, and successive Storthings have been mainly occupied with measures

* Laing.

of national utility. The discharge of the public debt, reduction of taxes, the establishment of a national bank, the restoration of the currency, the encouragement of mines and fisheries, and the construction of new public roads — measures of the utmost importance to the prosperity of the country — have from time to time engaged their attention and received their sanction. There is no doubt that its prosperity has materially advanced since the union with Sweden, and under the new system of self-government.

Thus far all has gone well; and so long as this material prosperity prevails among all classes, and the powers of the constitution are exercised with the same moderation and good sense, its forms may remain unchanged. Compared with other newly created constitutional states, — Spain, Portugal, Naples, — Norway stands out in highly favourable contrast.* The revolutionary spirit which has recently convulsed almost the whole of Europe, has found no echo there. Standing in this position, and pointed to as a model for other countries, it might be wondered from what quarter arising, and founded on

* Since these observations were written, another batch of Constitutions, the fruits of the general movement in 1848, has been added to the catalogue of these political experiments. It would be a waste of time to speculate on the probabilities of their success. May it be better than has been the fate of those mentioned in the text! That depends, I am inclined to think, upon the question, whether, as in Norway, the new institutions are suited to the genius of the people, and are likely to be worked with temper and discretion.

what grounds, any apprehensions can be entertained of the stability of her constitutional system.

It must not, however, be concealed that the democratic spirit in Norway is yet unsatisfied; that it prevails among great numbers of the people and a large section of the students of the University, and that it counts among its leaders individuals of great talent and intelligence. One of the most enlightened men in Christiania said to me, "The farmers are all *radicals*, and they have a majority in the Storthing." In the present session they carried an address to the king to dismiss his ministers. With us, the majority must have prevailed; but the king did not dismiss his ministers, and the Storthing did not press ulterior measures. But what must be the position of a government having to carry on its administration in the face of a powerful majority which has recorded a vote of want of confidence in the ministers? The Haugerites, though essentially a religious party, have strong opinions in politics, and are well represented in the Storthing; and though they conform to the national Church, their principles are adverse to an establishment. On the whole, I was given to understand that a considerable section, comprising some of the most active spirits of the country, is imbued with republican principles. Many of the emigrants, who annually embark for America, are as much actuated by admiration of its institutions, as by the desire of bettering their fortunes.

At present the farmers, though the majority of

them are radicals, having things their own way, are satisfied with matters as they are; and the other classes, being in the minority, and the administration of affairs being on the whole satisfactory, submit.

No one can examine the Norwegian constitution with any degree of care, without perceiving that its main drift is to centre all power in the owners of land. The royal authority is reduced within limits which might satisfy even a republican. The privileges and even the existence of an aristocracy are swept away. The suffrage, far from approaching to universal, or even to household suffrage, is reserved to landowners and occupiers of five years' standing, and in towns to burgesses and owners of houses and lands of a certain value. Still further to limit it, and secure the permanent ascendancy of the landed interest, it is enacted that the town representatives shall be to those of the country as one is to two.

It is impossible to conceive a monopoly more exclusive. And how has it worked? In most essential points for the advantage of those to whom it is secured. The establishments of the country cost somewhat more than two and a half millions of dollars (about 600,000*l.*) a year. Of this sum nearly two millions are raised by customs duties. As the peasants live almost entirely on the produce of their farms, and make use of articles of home manufacture, consuming very few imported luxuries, the great burthen of taxation falls on the higher classes, and those who live in towns. The land-tax for the whole

of Norway is only 5000 dollars—1000*l*. The government is anxious to reduce some of the import-duties; but to enable them so to do, it would be necessary to provide a substitute in an increase of the land-tax, which there is little probability that, with a legislature so constituted, they will be able to effect.

Thus it works with respect to the independent and commercial classes. Take that of the lower orders employed in the towns and in the fisheries along the coasts, to whom bread is the staff of life. Norway does not produce corn sufficient for the consumption of its population: a million barrels of rye and barley are imported annually. There are duties on the import. The consul may have been right in saying that they are “more for the purpose of revenue than of protection;” but in a country where tillage on any considerable scale is confined to some of the most fertile of the valleys, and the population is sometimes on the brink of starvation, surely an import duty on corn is the last mode of taxation that should be resorted to.

The lower orders are not sufficiently enlightened to be sensible of the grievance of their entire exclusion from the suffrage; but I never met with any individual of the mercantile and trading community who did not complain of the import duties, and lament the little weight those classes had in the legislature.

A parliament of peasants is a novel and striking

object; and it is very creditable to the national character that, on the whole, things are managed so well as they are. But, as we have seen, there are causes of dissatisfaction in classes which are excluded, or are made subordinate in, the representation, and have practical grievances in consequence, that may some time or other work mischief. Will the towns, as they increase in wealth and population, always submit to the monopoly of power secured by the farmers? Were those interests cordially to second the government, as they are already disposed to do (forming almost its only support in the *Storthing*), still their joint objects could only be obtained but through alterations in the fundamental law, which would not be effected without struggles tending to dislocate the whole system and give rise to entirely new combinations.

The inadequacy of the present checks on the legislative power, should the majority be at any time disposed to wield it injuriously, we have before considered. The mischievous effect of the arrangement,—that wheel within wheel,—by which the right of nominating the representatives of the people is reserved to a small *junta* of the voters, is already apparent. The secrets of that select conclave are not so unfathomable, but that it is known to afford opportunities for jobbing and cabal; and entirely destroying all direct sympathy between the people and their representative, it has produced the result of their taking but little interest in the elections; so

that a continually decreasing number of the constituents entitled to the suffrage, have exercised their right. This still further narrows the representation, and places it more under the control of interested parties. Then comes the provision for the payment of the members of the legislature, a system with which I confess I have no sympathy under any circumstances; least of all under those where the rate of remuneration is fixed so high in proportion to the ordinary expenses of living, as is the case in Norway, that the fruits of a sessional labour may with ordinary care amount to a pretty considerable sum; and there is a direct personal interest of the most sordid kind to be served by obtaining the nomination to a seat in the legislature.

I made particular inquiries as to the state of education among the farmers, who contribute so largely to the composition of the legislative body, and regretted to find that it was very deficient; their acquirements being, for the most part, limited to such elementary knowledge as is obtained in the provincial schools. It is unusual for the wealthiest of them, unless intended for some one of the professions, to study at the University; so that having little association with highly educated persons, and seldom stirring from home, except to attend the sittings of the Storting, their minds are not enlarged, and they bring to the task of legislation little beyond their natural powers of shrewdness and good sense, and

such other qualities as may have recommended them to the choice of the electors.

A rigid economy is, as may be supposed, the cardinal virtue of the Storthing. Some one has said that "every member of it is an impersonation of Joseph Hume." A hundred thousand dollars (about 20,000*l.*) cover the allowances to the king and his family; the army and navy cost a million and a quarter (250,000*l.*); the civil administration something less. The whole budget is squared by the revenue of two millions and a half of dollars; and we have seen that at least two thirds of it is drawn from persons engaged in trade and commercé, or depending upon it for the comforts and luxuries required by their style of living. Such is the parsimony of the farmers, particularly when their own interests are concerned, that a small tax which, under the Danish laws, the government was empowered to levy on the lands for making new roads, though it only amounted, as I was informed, to two dollars on a property worth four thousand, is considered a grievance, and measures were taken in the present Storthing for getting rid of it. The farmers, indeed, repair the roads throughout the country; but as it is done somewhat after our own old fashion of "statute labour," and not by money payments, the burthen is little felt. I conclude those splendid specimens of engineering skill which we saw in the passes of the Fille-Fjeld, and the new line of road constructing between Arendal

and the Nisser-Vand form items in the general expenditure of the state.

On the whole, the constitutional system of Norway is regarded, as I have reason to know, by some of its most enlightened men as an experiment, the result of which cannot yet be calculated. I have noticed some of its defects, and, with more pleasure, have admitted that thus far, with few exceptions, it has worked well. The enthusiasm with which it was hailed by the people, as the first fruits of their long-lost and lately recovered independence, has given it a value in their eyes, which perhaps intrinsically it did not merit; and the moderation and good sense which, for the most part, have marked its administration, attended as they have been by national prosperity, have tended to consolidate its influence and give consistence to a somewhat crude and hasty code. If a certain degree of apathy has followed the first exuberance of the popular exultation, the people are the less accessible to the arts of agitators; and, averse as they are from all innovations, and thinly scattered through districts intersected by natural barriers, it would be difficult for agitation to make way among them. Still the patriotism of the Norwegians is ardent, and they would be roused by the cry of "Gamlé Norgé" to whatever its honour and welfare required; but they are too shrewd easily to mistake their true interests.

If I were to judge only from the numerous portraits of CARL JOHAN and OSCAR, which I saw orna-

menting the walls of kitchen and parlour in the farm-houses of the remotest valleys, I should have no doubt that the Norwegians are a loyal people. The Danish monarchs found them so, though their dominion was absolute, and their Norwegian subjects knew little of them but through the medium of officials from Copenhagen. They would have risen *en masse* to resist the transfer of their allegiance; and at the present moment I found throughout the country the greatest interest taken in the success of their former king in his struggle against the German powers. Many were the questions I had to answer about the progress and probable result of the war. They exulted in a division of Norwegian troops being engaged in his support, and I believe that half of the able-bodied men of Norway would have volunteered to reinforce it.

The spirit of loyalty had during ages of subjection been kept alive throughout her remotest valleys by legends of her Erics and Hakons, when Norway was powerful and free; and when the late king, Carl Johan, had in due course succeeded to the throne, and Norway was again an independent kingdom governed by a prince worthy of their homage, all the traditionary loyalty of the people burst forth. They flocked to meet him on the road from Christiania to Drontheim. The farmers assembled on horseback to escort him from station to station. They were his only guards. The king came among them without pomp or state. When the crowds pressed too closely upon him, he begged them in broken Norsk "to make

room for their old father." He appeared as a father among an affectionate and kind-hearted people, who approached him with a respectful familiarity. "How art thou, O King?" I am told, was the address of the sturdy bonder, conscious of his own higher lineage, derived from sea-kings of the heroic times, but ready to pay all manly homage to a renowned warrior, the adopted ruler of his country.

The present King, Oscar*, has succeeded to even more than his father's share of popularity. Well formed, and with a most intelligent countenance, though its swarthy hue tells of his origin far away in the sunny South, he is perhaps the most accomplished of European monarchs. Great acquirements, enlightened views, and a liberal policy, distinguish a prince of whom any nation might be proud. He commenced his reign with the graceful act of conceding to his Norwegian subjects the national flag, which his father had been induced to withhold; and he has recently instituted an order of merit, under the title of "St. Olave," the patron saint of Norway, which, with all their jealousy of rank, they know how to appreciate. The completion of the new palace at Christiania will afford opportunities for a closer and

* There was something prophetic in the name given to the son of Bernadotte, long before there was the slightest probability of its taking a distinguished place in modern Scandinavian annals. It was adopted, I have heard, from the admiration of Ossian which Frenchmen of that day, and among others Bonaparte himself, are represented to have entertained.

more frequent intercourse, tending still further to promote a mutual good understanding, and to cement the union between the king and the people of Norway.

The monarchical element in the Norwegian constitution is, I consider, safe. Whether, when all fears of Swedish ascendancy have passed away, and confidence in the personal character of the king and his freedom of action in Norwegian affairs is confirmed, the nation may not be disposed to relax somewhat of that rigorous restraint with which the constitution has limited the executive power; and whether, on the other hand, other classes than that which has monopolised the powers of government may not claim, and be admitted to, some further and more proportionate share in the representation, remains to be seen. With such modifications, if they can be safely made, the powers of the Norwegian constitution will be so nicely adjusted, and so fairly balanced, that its stability will no longer be a doubtful problem. Without them, the patriotism, the good sense, and moderation of all parties may still continue to prevent evils which, in the present day, with almost any other people of Europe, there would be reason to fear.

The majority in the Storthing, though radical in one sense — as resolutely hostile to inequality of rank, and to all power, whether monarchical or aristocratical, which is not derived from the people — must yet be conservative, as representing the great body of the landed proprietors. If the voice of the

country, and the good of the country, should ever call for some sacrifice of its exclusive privileges, I feel a strong persuasion that, with the patriotism which distinguishes Norwegians, it will not refuse its assent to such changes as time and circumstances may require.

CHAPTER XXI.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE. — MILITARY SCHOOL. — CADETS' CAMP. —
 BOTANICAL GARDEN. — MUSEUM. — M. ESSMARK'S COLLECTION. —
 CLIMATE OF NORWAY. — ENGLISH FARMERS. — PUBLIC GARDENS.
 — NATIONAL SONG. — EMBARK ON THE CHRISTIANIA FJORD. —
 CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

I WENT one morning early to an elevated plain, about two miles from Christiania, to see the artillery practice. It is the Woolwich Common of Norway, and the place where reviews and other military evolutions are enacted, for which it is well adapted. Several batteries of artillery were in daily practice. The men marched to the ground at 5 A. M. and, after two hours' drill, rested for a while; and then, resuming their practice, returned to the city about noon.

I reached the ground during the interval of the drill. The scene was very picturesque. A line of tents was pitched on the edge of the common, in some of which the officers were taking breakfast*;

* When Lieut. B. was on the ground the following year observing the drill and taking a sketch of the scene, the officers invited him to their tents; and, finding that he was in the English service, were profuse in their attentions. Early the next morning, an orderly, with a horse for his use, was at the gate of his hotel, and after witnessing the evolutions of the battalion, breakfast was served in the *marquée*. The toasts "Queen Victoria" and "Gamlé

suttlers' booths supplied refreshments for the men. The band was playing. The guns were ranged in a long line in the front, consisting of eighteen six pounders of iron. The horses, about 200, were picketed in the rear and on the flanks.

The bugles sounded; the men fell in, and were drilled at the guns for about an hour, twelve men being the complement to each gun. After standing at ease, the bugles sounded to horse, and the men were in their saddles in quick time. Six horses were attached to every gun; and, besides the drivers, there were six men mounted with each. They advanced in line, broke into divisions, advanced and retired, and performed much the same evolutions as our horse-artillery. The horses were slighter than ours, but active and in good wind, and some of the movements were executed with great rapidity. The men were rough-and-ready fellows, in uniform of blue jackets faced with red, dark blue trowsers with red stripes, leather helmets, and cross belts of orange, one supporting a small cartouch-box for the ammunition of the horse-pistols, the other a short sword. They were not over-nice as to the state of their accoutrements, but smart and handy in person; and,

Norgé" were given in turn, and all that hearty good feeling displayed which may be supposed to prevail between brothers in arms and of the same branch of the service. There was some good practice with Shrapnel-shells, and the discovery that their guest was nearly related to the inventor added to the enthusiasm of the hour.

considering that they were mostly recruits, the practice was very respectable.

Being, for the most part, young farmers, accustomed to horses from their early years, they must, in one essential particular, form excellent materials for the service. Indeed, speaking of it generally, the late king, Carl Johan, is said to have declared that it was the best artillery in Europe. I heard this from so many quarters, that there would seem to be some truth in the report; and I suppose there were few better judges than Bernadotte.

While this was going on, a party of infantry were engaged in firing at a mark with ball cartridge, on another part of the common. The target was a figure in the red uniform of a Danish soldier. Each man in succession advanced from his squad and fired; an officer sitting beside on a chair, and noting in a book his name and the range of his fire. On another part of the common there was practice of light infantry movements. The surface was irregular, broken into hollows, and skirted by straggling woods, with slopes of pine forest in the background. It was peculiarly favourable to such evolutions, and gave an unusual interest to the scene.

There is a fine view of the city and the fjord from the edge of the common. In returning I passed through a suburb which is the site of the ancient city of Opslo, which,—founded in 1058 by King Harold Ardraade (the same prince who fell in the battle fought at Stamford against Harold, the last of the

Saxon kings of England), — became, after the union with Denmark, the capital of the kingdom. It was entirely destroyed by fire in 1624, when Christian IV. removed its site to the present position, and gave his own name to the new city.

I mentioned before that there is a military school at Christiania, at which the officers of every arm receive their education. It is called the *Krig-* (or military) *school*; after passing through it, the cadets intended for the artillery and engineers are two years in another, called the “High-school,” devoted to studies connected with their particular branches of the service. The staff of the Krig-school consists of a lieutenant-colonel (the commandant), a captain, and two subalterns. All the professors are also officers. The cadets live and board in private lodgings in the town, where, as I understood, it is the duty of the subalterns to pay them frequent visits. They assemble daily at the academy, at which there is a yard for drill, a library, and apartments in which the cadets receive their lessons from the professors. They are admitted at fifteen or sixteen, and it takes from four to five or six years, according to their proficiency, to pass through the lower school.

I found that the cadets of the High-school were disbanded for the summer vacation; but hearing that those of the Krig-school were at present encamped at Sandvigen, about eight miles from the city, I felt some interest in paying them a visit.

Following the Drammen road — which winds

through an undulating and cultivated country on the banks of the fjord, studded with the gay villas and trim gardens of the merchants of Christiania, and relieved by slopes of pine forest and some bold projecting heights which bound the valley — an hour's drive brought me within sight of the camp. Gaining the summit of a gentle elevation, at a distance of about a mile below, on a meadow of the freshest verdure, stood the white tents of the encampment ; over which floated from a flag-staff the red ensign of Norway. The meadow was washed on one side by a branch of the fjord, and surrounded on the others by gently swelling hills, broken into great variety of outline, and, like the low islets and jutting promontories which indented the surface of the fjord, feathered to the base with thickets of birch, alder, and ash.

Crossing the water and landing in the meadow, I found eight tents dressed in line for the cadets ; with a guard tent at one end, and another in which they made fair copies of their rough sketches in *reconnaissance* at the other. Four *marquées* for the officers formed another line. Having an introduction to the Captain, he kindly led me to his. It was well arranged with camp-bed and stools, a writing-table and chest. The cadets sleep on mattresses spread on the ground, a dozen or more in each of the tents. They all mess in a large farm-house, which stood picturesquely shrouded in the groves in the rear of the encampment. They are served with meat twice only in the week. The cadets mount guard at night, with

regular reliefs. They clean their own arms and accoutrements, being allowed no servants. They encamp here for thirty days every summer, to inure them to field-duty, and to practise military surveying, sketching, and reconnoitring. The number of the cadets is about sixty.

I found the company drawn up in line, and practising battalion drill. The lieutenant-colonel on horseback gave the word of command. Two drummers were beating a march. The cadets were a manly-looking set of fellows, smartly, but rather coarsely, dressed in blue jackets with red facings, white trousers, and foraging caps. They wore black cross-belts, and very short blunt-pointed (Roman) swords. Their parade dress is a blue coat, with the same facings and trousers (exchanged for gray with red stripes in winter), and a shako with white plume. Their rifles are excellent pieces, ingeniously contrived to load at the breech, which turns upon a pivot for that purpose, and when the charge is inserted is shut down and firmly secured. With these they practice at a mark — distance 200 or 300 yards. This rifle is also the arms of a portion of the regular troops. Gymnastics and swimming are not considered merely as recreations; but are taught, so to speak, as part of the drill, under the inspection of the officers.

On my inquiring, whether there were many officers' sons in the academy, the reply was "not many;" their finances did not permit them to afford the expense. It amounts to about 200 spec. dollars a year.

The officers had been led to suppose that the pay in our army is much larger than is actually the case; and seemed painfully to contrast their position with that of the English officer. Though (considering the difference in the style of living) they were not altogether correctly informed, one could not but regret to see men of finished education and gentlemanly bearing so inadequately endowed. But if the "Ordnance" and "Army Estimates" in this country are a frequent source of cavil and debate, what can be expected in a country where the Storting is so parsimonious, and the executive power so circumscribed? The officers of the cadet-company spoke French; they treated us with the most polite attention, obligingly entering into all the details in which we felt an interest.

The camp was on the point of being broken up, after the company had undergone its annual inspection by a General Officer. My fellow-traveller saw it on the march to Christiania, fully accoutred with knapsacks, great coats, and pouches, in heavy marching order; a baggage-waggon following with the camp implements, &c.

Captain Petersen recommended my returning from Sandvigen by a *détour* which would enable me to visit Bogstad, the seat of the Countess Wedel-Jarlsberg, who inherited it, I believe from her father, M. Anker, one of the greatest statesmen Norway has produced. It was no object of my "Rambles" to visit show-houses; but the name, as here pronounced, reminded

me of Boxted, the Earl of Liverpool's place in Sussex; and I felt an inclination to compare the seat of a Norwegian, with that of an English prime minister, as well as to see an object of rare occurrence in Norway, a lordly residence, the seat of one of the last of her nobles. The chief place of the family is at Jarlsberg, near Drammen. It was a most lovely day, and just the sort of sky and temperature to be in unison with the placid scenery of the Christiania-Fjord, over which we had at some points of the road, from a considerable elevation, the finest views of the kind I had met with. Bogstad is situated on a *plateau* of high land, amongst well-cultivated farms. The mansion stands on the bank of a small lake, to which lawns intersected by shady walks extend from the house; but there was wanting, as in most Continental places, that air of finished neatness and high keeping which are the distinguishing features of English country-places. In Norway smooth lawns are to be sought on the slopes of the mountain-farms, where, with the short and slightly curved scythes used by the peasants, the grass is closely shorn with an economy that speaks its value. The kitchen-gardens were extensive and in excellent order; and, with the forcing-houses, which were on a large scale, abounded with every description of fruit. The mansion contains a fine *suite* of apartments, particularly a saloon of noble proportions. The walls are hung in profusion with a collection of paintings, many of them being of great merit, and, I conclude, acquired by the Count while he was ambassador at Naples.

As I am not writing a guide-book, and the objects that usually attract attention at Christiania have been often described, my notices of them will be brief. I thought the plants at the Botanic Garden, the site of which is finely placed about a mile from the city, particularly healthy. The connection of the Danish government with Iceland and Greenland enriched it with a large collection of Arctic plants. The exotics looked sickly, though there were double sashes to the houses, as a precaution against the severity of a northern winter. It is to be hoped that the Storting, which has been liberal in its grants to the University, may be induced, ere long, to provide funds for buildings on improved principles as to light and heat.

The museum attached to the University contains a fine collection of antiquities, similar to those which we saw at Bergen. Here are deposited the gold ornaments described as of Eastern origin in my notices of the museum of that city. The most interesting exhibition in Christiania, as it struck me, is Mr. Essmark's fine collection of indigenous birds, fishes, and insects. The specimens have almost all been obtained by himself, and his exact knowledge of the character and habits of the different tribes, acquired during his wanderings through every part of the country in his favourite pursuit, has enabled him to give a spirit and animation to the preserved specimens, an air of real life, as far above the ordinary effect of zoological preparations, as the statue of an

artist surpasses the work of a merely mechanical imitator. Mr. Essmark kindly opens his museum to gentlemen desirous of examining its treasures; and his conversation, full of information on all subjects connected with natural history, together with the charming position of his residence, close to the astronomical and magnetical observatories, and commanding an enchanting view of the fjord, its straits and islands, will make hours passed in his society, among so many objects of interest, by those who have the good fortune to obtain an introduction to so distinguished and amiable a man, not easily forgotten.

Report speaks highly of the society of Christiania, but a winter residence is required for its enjoyment with true zest. At present many of the residents of the higher classes, including most of the professors, were absent; and, but for the sitting of the Storthing, the city would at this season have been still more deserted. Nothing, I was assured, can exceed the charms of the climate in the neighbourhood of Christiania, which, for so high a latitude, appears to be singularly temperate. It is screened from violent winds; and even in winter, though the cold is severe, the weather is seldom variable, but bright and settled, and free from damp and fog. In summer, as I can testify, the climate is delicious; warm, but not sultry, so light and buoyant is the atmosphere; and most of the fruits of more southern climes ripen in the open air.

According to Professor Hanstein's observations, in a series of years the mean temperature at Christiania

in July, the warmest month, has been 105° ; and in February the coldest, $18^{\circ}6'$. The thermometer there has sometimes fallen in the winter as low as 31° below zero; while at Bergen, lying nearly in the same latitude, it is seldom below zero, so that snow and ice are not very common. In the interior the frost is far more severe than along the coast; and it is a general rule in Norway that an elevation of 500 feet above the level of the sea has the same influence on the temperature as 2° of latitude, and that the thermometer under both circumstances falls 1° . The air is generally throughout the southern districts serene and clear;—fog very seldom occurs, perhaps not more than three days in the whole year. The weather is not in general very rainy, except at Bergen, where a great deal more rain falls than in any other part of the country, occasioned, it is probable, by the clouds gathering on the summits of the high surrounding mountains.

According to many observations, the mean temperature is at the North Cape, in $71^{\circ} 10' N.$ lat., $32^{\circ}2'$; on the sea shore at Salten, in $67^{\circ} N.$ lat., $34^{\circ}2'$; at Drontheim, in $63^{\circ}30' N.$ lat., $39^{\circ}6'$; at Ullensvang, in $60^{\circ} N.$ lat. (about the same as Bergen), 48° ; at Christiania, which also lies in about $60^{\circ} N.$ lat., the mean temperature is $41^{\circ}8'$. In the Hardanger, the mean temperature in the three coldest months is $31^{\circ}3'$; in the three warmest months, $61^{\circ}2'$.*

* These observations, originally made on the scale of Reaumur, have been calculated on that of Fahrenheit.

In some of the southern districts, particularly about Drobak on the eastern, and from Drammen to Laurvig on the western side of the Christiania-Fjord, there are tracts of level country, on which farming operations are carried on upon a better system than that which prevails generally in Norway. There are also good districts beyond Ringerike, on the Tyri-Fjord,—in the Heidemarken, and in some parts of the Drontheim-Stift; and I have remarked, in passing, on the fine farms on the banks of the Rands-Fjord. In the localities first mentioned, their being at so great a distance from the fjelds as to have no sæters for summer pasturage appurtenant to the farms, may be one reason for soiling, and such improved methods of managing the live stock. Difference of climate and the occupation of extended levels favourable to cultivation, is another. The introduction of improved modes of cultivation may also have been encouraged by the example of farmers from Scotland, who occupy estates in some of the districts enumerated.

I have been often asked the question whether an Englishman, who wished to engage in agricultural pursuits with a view to profit, would do well to emigrate to Norway? The distance is so trifling, and (as it must have already appeared in the course of these pages) the state of things socially is so far favourable to such an undertaking, that it may be worth while, before I bring my somewhat desultory notices of Norwegian affairs to a conclusion, to give

some answer to this inquiry. It is a question not devoid of interest in the present condition of our own country, when outlets are eagerly sought in all directions, and by all classes of persons wishing to find relief from the straightened and burthened position in which a crowded and highly artificial state of society has placed them.

The subject has been treated by Mr. Laing with his usual practical good sense; and I cannot do better than refer the inquirer to the very judicious observations he has made upon it. The result amounts to this — that a person whose means and whose wishes were alike moderate, who could reconcile himself to the degree of seclusion, not without its share of sport and recreation, which a country life in Norway involves, and who would adopt for the most part the habits and style of living of a Norwegian bonder of the higher class, may find in Norway most of the advantages he would propose to himself by colonial emigration, without the expense and inconvenience of a long voyage, and unaccompanied by the evils attendant on a new and unsettled condition of society. In a word, he might go farther and fare worse. If the emigrant will be thus content and, instead of carrying with him English notions of expense, will learn thoroughly to comprehend the value of money in his adopted country, he will find, to use Mr. Laing's significant remark, that a specie dollar of Norwegian currency, expended as a native counts it, will go as

far, for most purposes, as the pound sterling of his English income or capital.*

* Mr. Laing occupied for some time a small udal estate of about sixty acres, the stock on which was three horses, eight cows, and a score of sheep. There was a sæter on the fjeld attached. About eleven acres were under tillage. There were two *housemen* on the property. Their wages were eight skillings per day and their food. The rent paid for the farm was forty-one dollars per annum; but deducting eleven dollars allowed in their work by the *housemen* for their holdings, the clear rent was thirty dollars. The taxes were twelve.—*Residence in Norway*, pp. 299, &c.

Mr. Laing extracts from the *Morgen-blad* newspaper an advertisement for the sale of an estate, which may give some idea of the value of landed property.

It consisted of a two-story house with numerous outbuildings, a good kitchen-garden, a fishery, and a considerable wood, with the right of cutting timber in the forest. Also a sæter on the fjeld, and a *houseman's* farm, which would keep two cows and six sheep; and arable land to sow one barrel and a half of grain and six barrels of potatoes.

The estate would keep two horses, eight cows, and forty sheep. There was arable land to sow eight barrels of grain and twenty-five or thirty of potatoes.

The property adjoined a good high-road, within four Norsk (28 English) miles of Christiania.

The estate was offered in the advertisement at the price of 4000 dollars. It should be observed that, within thirty miles of Christiania, land and stock are from twenty to thirty per cent dearer than in more remote districts.

I have letters before me, of recent date, one of which says—“Generally, land is to be bought in any part you like, and at this time there are many farms for sale. For 800*l.* or 1000*l.* you can very easily get a place in a good neighbourhood, where you can keep two or three horses and twelve or fourteen cows.”

These letters contain so much useful information on the rural economy of the southern districts of Norway, that I propose making further extracts from them in the Appendix.

But I am warned that I have already exceeded the limits assigned to my task, and must be brief in what remains. The few days I spent at Christiania were agreeably and satisfactorily employed. Besides visiting its public establishments, I had much information to gain, many points to clear up, which had suggested themselves in the course of my rambles as requiring explanations. The assistance which, now as well as on other occasions, I received from persons well qualified to give me valuable information, has enabled me to arrive, I think, at safe and trustworthy conclusions on a variety of topics connected with Norway and her institutions, and therefore I venture to submit them to the reader with some degree of confidence.

I had free access, as a stranger, to the Athenæum, where there is a good collection of French and English newspapers, which could not fail of interest, after being for many weeks out of the way of any regular intelligence. The table was well served, and I experienced great civility at the *Hôtel de Scandinavie*, to which I had been introduced by my fellow-traveller from Lillehammer, though that *du Nord* I found is most frequented by Englishmen, and offers superior accommodations. In the immediate neighbourhood is the great square, where a daily market is held, through which it was pleasant to saunter among the country people, who bring in a profusion of flowers and ripe fruit. I spent my last evening at the public gardens near the palace, which are

kept by an Italian. Refreshments are served in the saloon, and at tables set in the open air under the shade of trees. The ground was prettily planted and well laid out. A band of German performers attends, and in the fine season the gardens are much frequented. I found it crowded with a throng of well-dressed persons. In the intervals of the music the promenade was the only amusement. But when my friends visited it in 1849, there had been an addition made to the attractions of the place. A train of imitative railway carriages had been constructed, to which a miniature locomotive was attached. These revolved on a platform, something after the fashion of a roundabout at a country fair. But the engine was innocent of fire or smoke, except such as proceeded from the pipes of some of the worthy citizens who selected it as their favourite post, and appeared to perform the functions of stoker and engineer, the train being really propelled by machinery under the platform. The fair *Froken* and *Jom-frue* crowded train after train, happy in being so easily amused. The whole affair seemed to give unmingled satisfaction. It will be long, I fear, before the good people of Norway will have a more practical acquaintance with railway travelling, unless the project for the line from Christiania to Minde, almost the only forty miles of practicable ground in the kingdom, should be carried into effect.

But on the evening I visited the gardens the music was the principal attraction; and well did the soft

melody of some of those German airs harmonise with the peculiar character of a Norwegian twilight. It was late before the sun sunk below the horizon; and the sky still retained the glow of its setting rays, melting away so gradually, that it seemed as though it would scarcely disappear before the east should give token of its re-appearance. There was none of that raw chilly feeling which so frequently follows sunset even in the best climates. The atmosphere between ten and eleven o'clock was warm and genial. The music floated voluptuously on that clear serene air. But the strain changed, and, most unexpectedly, the notes of our own national anthem broke upon my ear, and put an end to the *rêverie* into which I had fallen;—spirit-stirring sounds to an Englishman wandering in a foreign land, or in any of the far-away dominions of his native sovereign. I believe I was the only representative of my country present; and I could not but feel proud of belonging to it, with all its faults, even amongst that happy, well ordered, and high-spirited people. But their turn was to come next. The music ceased for a while, and then burst out again into the full swell of the national air of Norway. It is never heard without the most lively enthusiasm, and the whole population is ready to join in the chorus.

The song, though it breathes the spirit of the old times, is a modern composition by a living poet, Bjerregaard, written since the recovery of the national independence. The following stanzas from

it will show how well adapted it is to rouse the patriotic feeling. I take them from a translation given in Mr. Latham's Book.

I.

Minstrel, awaken the harp from its slumbers,
 Strike for Old Norway, the land of the free!
 High and heroic, in soul-stirring numbers,
 Clime of our fathers! we strike it for thee.
 Old recollections
 Awake our affections;
 They hallow the name of the land of our birth:
 Each heart beats its loudest, each cheek glows its proudest,
 For Norway the ancient, the throne of the earth.

II.

Spirit! look back on her far flashing glory,
 The far flashing meteor that bursts on thy glance;
 On chieftain and hero, immortal in story,
 They press to the battle like maids to the dance.
 The blood flows before them;
 The wave dashes o'er them;
 They reap with the sword what they plough with the keel.
 Enough that they leave to the country that bore them,
 Bosoms to bleed for her freedom and weal.

III.

The shrine of the Northman, the temple of freedom,
 Stands like a rock, where the stormy wind breaks:
 The tempests howl round it, but little he'll heed them;
 Freely he thinks, and as freely he speaks.
 The bird in its motion,
 The wave in its ocean,
 Scantly can rival his liberty's voice;
 Yet he obeys, with a willing devotion,
 Laws of his making, and kings of his choice.

IV.

Land of the forest, the fell, and the fountain !
 Blest with the wealth of the field and the flood !
 Steady and trustful, the sons of thy mountain
 Pay the glad price of thy rights with their blood.
 Ocean hath bound thee !
 Freedom hath found thee !

Then flourish Old Norway ! thy flag be unfurl'd !
 As free as the breezes and breakers around thee,
 The pride of thy children, the front of the world.

The following afternoon saw me embarked in the steamer which once a week makes the passage to Travemunde, a small seaport in the Baltic, whence there is easy communication to Lubeck and Hamburgh. These vessels, which accomplish the trip in about forty-eight or fifty hours, belong to the Royal Navy, and are commanded by naval officers. They are fine boats and their accommodations are excellent. In the society of the captain and of an English gentleman who is engaged in a large mining speculation in the interior of Norway, there was no danger of *ennui*, even if the scenery of the Christiania-Fjord were less enchanting than it is. We threaded our way down its long channel, among islands clothed with verdure, and ran along shores wooded or cultivated, and broken by promontory and bay into the greatest variety of outline ; calling at Drobak, Moss, and other stations to receive and disembark passengers, a never-failing source of amusement. At a late hour we made our last call off Frederikstad, the principal arsenal of Norway, and

then bid adieu to its shores. I watched the lights twinkling on the land till they finally disappeared as the vessel rapidly ploughed her way into the broad sea which divides the coast of Norway from that of Jutland.

No one, I am inclined to think, has ever returned from wandering amongst the romantic scenery of Norway, without feeling that his anticipations have been more than realised. The features of other Alpine countries may be on a wider and bolder scale; but the combination of forest, lake, cataract, däl, fjeld, and fjord is certainly unrivalled; and of these, at least the last two are exclusively her own.

No traveller can have familiarly associated with the inhabitants of this romantic land, without returning favourably impressed by the frequent proofs he will have received in the course of his rambles — among whatever classes he may chance to have been thrown — of their frank, kindly, and hospitable disposition; nor have failed to mark the manly but well controlled spirit of independence which distinguishes the national character.

Nor is it possible for any one to have investigated, with any degree of care, the institutions and the social system of this ancient people, and not to feel satisfied that, with slight exceptions, they are well calculated to foster and perpetuate the happy state of affairs, both public and private, which it has been his good fortune to witness.

Norway, in truth, besides her great natural beauties, presents at this moment a moral picture of extreme interest. It offers to the world the spectacle of a poor, comparatively insignificant, and recently disenthralled people, who, by not abusing their new constitutional privileges, even where abuse might have been apprehended, have consolidated their freedom; and, by enlisting the sympathies and commanding the respect of other nations, have acquired for their country a moral strength far greater than its limited territory, population, and means could have created. It exhibits a state of society in which the means of subsistence and the common comforts of life are very equally diffused, and the connection between the different classes is harmoniously maintained. In short, it presents the spectacle of a free, a high-spirited, a self-governed, but a united and contented people. And of what other country, without any single exception — however great its wealth, and improved its civilisation, and superior its power, and whatever be the character of its political institutions — can as much be truly affirmed?

The crisis through which Norway passed in 1814 has terminated far better than was anticipated. Her advance in general prosperity has been already great, and she has entered on a career which promises every success consistent with her position and natural resources. To improve these has been one of the first cares of a native government and a national legislature. Nothing, perhaps, can better aid

this design than the encouragement given to the ablest of her students, the professors of her University, and the engineer-officers of her military school, to travel in foreign countries. Norway has to recover from the effects of ages of neglect; and in the schools of England, France, and Germany she wisely seeks to acquire a knowledge of all those improvements in science and in art which are essential to her own future progress.

If a stranger (speaking however, he believes, the sentiments of the most intelligent natives) may be permitted to make a passing observation on each of the two great branches of national wealth, agriculture and commerce; he would say that, in both, the present systems are susceptible of great amelioration. With respect to the former, things cannot be in a sound state when so large a proportion of the corn required for the subsistence of the people is imported, while the exports in return are so limited. Nor can it be right that, under such circumstances, duties should be levied on the importation of foreign corn. It would be preposterous to expect that with a climate so severe as that of a considerable part of Norway, and with the land so generally divided into small farms, agricultural operations and improvements can be conducted on a great scale. But still there is abundant room for draining and irrigation; large tracts of straggling forest-land call for clearance and cultivation; and with the sæter-dairies scattered among the pasturages

of her boundless fields, the produce should form no inconsiderable item in the exports of the country. The opening of markets and communications with the interior, and some slight change in the diet of the population, would lead to this improvement in its rural economy.

With respect to commerce, it is generally felt that the trade is too much in the hands of the Hamburg merchants, the remains of the system by which it was enthralled in the times of the old Hanseatic league. It is obvious that native enterprise and improved capital are the best remedies for this state of things. But perhaps these might be aided by a revision of the import duties, which press heavily on the people, and, moreover, are said to give rise to a great deal of smuggling. The feelings and the interests of the commercial classes in Norway point to a more intimate connection with England*, and they are sensible of the superiority of her fabrics to those of the German manufacturers. But of the two staple exports of Norway, France takes eight-tenths of the timber, and Spain, Portugal, and the ports of the Mediterranean receive the greater portion of the produce of her fisheries. Norway imports from England the materials for constructing her iron steam-

* This would be greatly promoted by the establishment of direct steam communication between the two countries, arrangements for which are now in progress ; and it is to be hoped that private enterprise will here be assisted by the governments of *both* countries. Vacation tourists will have much reason to hail its establishment.

boats and her gas-works, the coals consumed in them, and machinery of all descriptions; besides manufactured fabrics and colonial produce.

The greatly disproportionate duty levied in England on Norwegian timber (it being 20s. per load on deals, and 15s. per load on square timber, whereas Canadian timber is admitted at 1s. and 2s. per load), is the principal obstacle to the increase of this commercial intercourse. Should parliament be induced to relax these duties, and English capital, now that the navigation laws are repealed, should give employment to the shipbuilders of the Norwegian yards, and an additional share in the carrying trade to her vessels, the result would be an increased demand for our manufactured goods; and the government of Norway* would have their hands strengthened in urging on the Storting a reduction of the import duties on our cotton and woollen manufactures. An intercourse so beneficial to both parties it is our interest to encourage.

But while Norway looks to England, the wealthier, the more powerful, the more intelligent community, for the furtherance of her material prosperity—perhaps, in time of need, for the guarantee of her

* It appears that the government of Sweden and Norway takes an enlightened view of commercial questions, for it has been one of the first to meet the advances of this country in a spirit of reciprocity. While these sheets are passing through the press a proclamation of King Oscar's has appeared, placing British vessels in the ports of his kingdom on the same footing as Swedish ships are admitted into those of Great Britain.

political independence—England may learn from Norway the great moral lesson which her social condition teaches. The absence of any very marked disparity in wealth or position among the people of Norway is not only the source of her social welfare, but the basis on which the permanence of her political institutions rests. The literal adoption of the leading features of the Norwegian polity is, indeed, impracticable in a country very differently circumstanced, and whose system, though founded on principles the very reverse, has, like her own, become in the course of ages interwoven with the very frame of society. A radical change could not be effected but through a revolution of the most fearful character, and the results of such experiments have hitherto been any thing but encouraging.

But the contemplation of the social state of Norway may do more than awaken those feelings of admiration, perhaps of envy, which it is calculated to excite. It may afford us a clue to the solution of the difficulties of our own position; and its pervading spirit, duly comprehended, and influencing our own acts, both individual and collective, may at least tend to alleviate the evils under which we labour. In a free country, property cannot be accumulated in a few hands and political power confined to certain privileged classes, without exciting envy in the masses daily growing in intelligence, and coveting material and political advancement. Nor can a state of society be considered healthy, in which the upper and middle

ranks are enjoying, in the fruits of wealth, an exuberance of luxury and comfort such as perhaps has never before fallen to the lot of any nation, while large sections of the population are either entirely destitute of the means of subsistence, or earn them by a degree of unremitting toil to which probably no other race of freemen has ever submitted.

If the rights of property are to be preserved, and the claims of station respected, if the dangers that threaten our social and political organisation are to be averted, the crisis must be met by timely and voluntary concessions. The selfish and exclusive tone too prevalent among many of the higher and wealthier classes, must be abated; a feeling of mutual good-will must be sedulously nourished, and efforts, both public and private, must be made on a much larger scale than any that have been yet originated, to ameliorate the condition of the great mass of the population, to foster well-regulated habits of independence, and to extend the benefits of sound moral and intellectual training; in short, to give to those large sections of the people, which seem now excluded from its pale, a real membership in the body corporate. There must ever be, in every human society, inequalities of means, of station, of intelligence. But the vital Christian principle of the equality of all men before God being recognised, it involves a distinct right in every well conditioned member of the community to due personal consideration, and to such substantial benefits as will prove to him that his interests are not neg-

lected, and that his individual welfare forms a unit in the sum of the national prosperity.

Should the author have contributed in ever so small a degree to further the objects he has had in view in these concluding observations, the moral he would draw from his Rambles in Norway, and his notices of the social condition of the people of that country, will be of far greater importance than any amusement which may be derived from his sketches of its romantic scenery.

P O S T S C R I P T.

SINCE the preceding pages were in the press, Lieut. Biddulph has communicated to the author some interesting observations on the field sports of Norway, accompanied by practical suggestions for persons contemplating a sporting tour in that country. As they were not received in time to form a Chapter in the body of the work, a place is here assigned them distinct from the extracts which form the Appendix.

“ Norway, being a wild country, is deficient in the immense numbers of small birds we are used to in our own ; though, as I afterwards learned from an examination of the excellent collections at Christiania, there are many more varieties to be found than I should have imagined from my own observations while passing through the country. The birds of passage, which migrate to the south for the sake of our milder winters, return in the spring to their secluded haunts for the breeding season. Fieldfares and starlings are constantly to be met with during the summer, in the course of a day’s ramble in the valleys of Norway. The swallows arrive at the beginning of summer, and depart at the same season as they leave the coasts of England. The woodcock and snipe, more

shy in their habits, are not to be seen without being sought for. They abound most, I believe, about the fjords of the western coast and in the northern districts. Wild ducks are to be met with occasionally in pairs throughout the country, but they too are to be found in greater numbers in the Drontheim-Stift and the districts approaching the northern coast. The rocky islets on these shores are tenanted by innumerable flocks of the eider duck, the down of which forms a considerable article of commerce. I noticed the snow bunting and mountain finch on the high fjelds.

“Of the grouse, the birds most interesting to a sportsman, there are several varieties, and they are found in great abundance. The wood-grouse, or capercaillie (*Tiur*), *Tetrao urogallus*, a noble bird, attaining to the size of a turkey and the weight of twelve to fourteen pounds, is met with in all the pine forests, though it is less common on the western side of the fjelds. It is not to be found without dogs (setters or spaniels) except in the spring, when, contrary to the game laws, it is shot, in a most un-sportsmanlike manner, in the trees while calling its mate. In winter it draws towards the neighbourhood of the farms. The blackcock (*Urhane*), *Tetrao Tetrix*, lies in the higher pine forests and the birch woods, to the verge of the open fjelds. The white grouse, *Tetrao Lagopus subalpinus*, is found in the upper birch woods, at the height of from three to four thousand feet. This variety is distinct from the red grouse of the British Isles, *Tetrao Scoticus*, which is unknown in Norway. It is larger than the ptar-

migan, and, as I believe it lies close, would afford good sport with setters.

“ The ptarmigan (*Ryper*), *Tetrao Lagopus Alpinus*, confines itself to the open fjeld, where it subsists on the berries of the Alpine plants. It is a stupid bird, flying but a short distance, and perching among the grey rocks of the high fjelds. They are abundant in all parts of the mountains, and the deer-hunter, in default of venison, would have no difficulty in providing himself with a supper of ptarmigan.

“ The western districts of Norway abound in noble birds of prey,—the golden eagle, the sea eagle, the osprey, the Jer-falcon, or Icelandic falcon, so famous in olden time. Several of these, no later than the summer before last, were taken in the Dovre-Fjeld, and carried to Holland or Belgium, hooded and jessed, as I was informed by Mr. Essmark, at Christiania. The Peregrine falcon is common throughout the country.

“ Of wild beasts the wolf and the bear, long extinct in our islands, are here still abundant. The *gaupe*, a species of lynx (*Felis Lynx*), is found in the wild forest districts. Standing about two feet high and five feet long, and strongly made, it is a far more formidable animal than the wolf. The marten (*Martis sylvatica*) is found, but the wild cat of the wilder districts of our own country is unknown in Norway. It may be added, that the beaver, which is still sometimes met with on the Swedish frontier, is becoming extinct; and the glutton, an animal of strange, uncouth appearance, allied to the marten by

the teeth and head, but with feet approaching in character those of the bear, is to be found generally throughout the country.

“ The white hare (*Lepus Borealis*) is, I understand, common enough, though I had not the good fortune to see one. The elk is occasionally found in Osterdalen; red deer, chiefly confined to the islands lying off the western coast, are yet to be found near Rosendal, on the Hardanger-Fjord. Reindeer abound on the whole length of the central range; during summer they frequent the *plateau* of the fjelds, at an elevation of not less than 4000 feet. They are most abundant in the districts lying north of the Fille-Fjeld, and extending thence to the Dovre-Fjeld.

“ The capabilities of Norway for affording sport must not be overrated; and I should not wish to delude the reader with the idea that he can go to Norway, and find, readily at his command, such good shooting as he may get on the moors of Scotland. However, it is certain that for a sportsman, whose destructive propensities are confined within moderate bounds, the sport would be good enough; and the pursuit of it would lead him by many an arduous walk, calculated to try the vigour of his sinews, into scenes of wonderful wildness and magnificence, on which his imagination will afterwards delight to linger, and his tongue to descant; though he will feel, with me, that no one can describe these scenes satisfactorily. Let the sportsman who is fond of the grand and beautiful, as well as eager in his pursuit, follow the advice which I shall presently give him,

and should he some day meet me in the wilds, he will tell me that my suggestions have not issued in disappointment.

“ Salmon fishing in Norway has already been made familiar by the published accounts of several English gentlemen, and a useful abstract of one of the best of these by Mr. Belton, in his “*Two Summers in Norway*,” is furnished in Mr. Murray’s Hand-book. But no one, as far as I am aware, has given any hints of a sufficiently practical kind for the guidance of the sportsman. In default of more able assistance, I will make an attempt to supply the deficiency, though I feel my own inability to deal with the subject as it deserves to be treated. Mr. Lloyd has written with spirit on the sport of bear-shooting in Scandinavia. There are few who, like him, sometimes single-handed, and generally with one attendant, would not only attack a bear, but kill him too; though I do not say that some of those for whom I write may not rival his achievements; and a bear-skin to bring home will be no mean trophy.

“ What then are the qualifications for a sportsman in Norway? To be active, wiry, and strong (nay, I need not say strong, for if he has spirit, and can sleep and fare hard, he will get strong), with two or three months, say July, August, September, a moderate sum of money — say fifty pounds at the outside — at his disposal, and, if possible, a companion similarly qualified and of congenial disposition. A voyage of seven days, — it may be four, it may be ten at the most, — will land them at Bergen, Stavanger, or some port

on the south coast: vocabulary in hand, let them take no interpreter or guide, who, in the mountains, would be utterly useless, but, pursuing one of the great post-roads or of the long fjords, proceed at once to Lierdalsoren, Vaage, Jerkin, or some such place, where comfortable quarters are to be found at which they can complete their arrangements, and make their start. At Lierdalsoren, they may buy two or three horses at from 5*l.* to 7*l.* each, for the very best, and guides and attendants, if any are wanted, can be hired. A good guide, as he gives up the superintendence of his farm, and would have to supply his own place there, would ask from three to five orts or marks a day. A mere attendant on the pack-horses would not require more than one or two. A pack-horse will carry, day after day, through the most difficult country, 150 lbs., which will allow more than sufficient for every item of the equipment, of which the following suggestions may give some idea. If the traveller intends to ride, it will be best for him to bring his own saddle and bridle (snaffle) for a horse of about thirteen hands high: the country contrivances of pack-saddles, &c. are the best, and are cheap enough. His clothing, which (where starching and ironing are little known) need not consist of a superfluity of articles, may include a respectable suit for use in the towns, if his views should render it necessary. He should be provided with woollen socks, and shoes, *not* iron-shod as for shooting at home, for the extreme slipperiness of the rocks occasions unavoidable falls. For the fjeld and walking on snow, the moccasin sort of

shoe, used by the country people, should, if possible, be adopted: it is thin, and well fitted to the foot; those used by the Lapps, I observed, have an upper leather reaching some way up the leg. They defend the foot from being bruised on rocky ground by thick padded stockings or inner soles. Warm woollen gaiters are recommended; and the trowsers should be of Scotch or Welsh shepherds' plaid homespun, strapped on the seat and knees with pliable leather after the Norsk fashion. Warm mits or gloves will be necessary. As it will frequently be necessary to sleep for nights on the fjeld, far away from human habitations, a small tent will be required for each person, and these should be just large enough to admit of sleeping in them; indeed, I, for my part, should wish to be entirely independent of the wretched accommodation of the sæters and remote farms. A thin air mattress $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, with a pillow, would weigh about six to eight lbs., and would cost about 2*l.* 10*s.* There should be a sheet sewn up in the shape of a bag, which the traveller will do well to use on all occasions, except where the accommodations are known to be good. This, tied round at the neck, and met by a long nightcap, for those whose skins are not proof against the attacks of fleas, will form a complete armour. Of blankets, there might be two, and these also are best sewn into long bags; and one, for sleeping on the open fjeld, should be covered with waterproof canvas, and into this, if it be made long enough, one may creep, and weather a cold night comfortably. For making hunting excursions from the

camp, a wallet or light knapsack for provisions will be necessary. This must be strong, to stand knocking about, and well stiffened, as otherwise the *grab* will not travel well in it. The slings will carry the rifle, according to the Norwegian fashion, horizontally, by having a slip for it on each. The arm should be a double-barrel gun, of No. 14-bore, with spare rifle-barrels, packed for travelling, powder-horn and all et ceteras, in a waterproof canvas case. There should be a salmon rod and tackle among the party, but if neither of them have practised angling, it might be well to be provided with a small seine, which for the smaller lakes and tarns might be of very moderate size. The setting nets used by the country people for catching trout in the lakes would perhaps be more useful. They are netted of very fine twine scarcely thicker than packthread, with a mesh large enough to admit four fingers; sixty to seventy feet long, and four feet deep. They are set, like herring nets, perpendicularly in the water at the bottom, where the water is not very deep, and at right angles to the shore. They require no leads, as slings may be fitted to them to use stones for the purpose of sinking them. As there is no current they do not require any mooring, one end coming to the shore. Boats may be found on many of the lakes, and some makeshift could be obtained on others, when the sportsman wishes a change from venison or ptarmigan. One or two of these nets would not weigh much, and they might be found very serviceable.

“A few culinary articles, tin cup, and canteen, pewter

plate, spoons, &c., are necessary, and a coffee pot must not be forgotten; — a small axe, and a hunting knife, should form part of the equipment. Meal may be carried in a waterproof bag; biscuits travel best in tin cases. Brandy, preserved beef, and a little rice and sugar should be added to the stock. Two cases should contain all these articles and the clothes required by each person. They must be of some waterproof material, defended at the corners by stout leather, as they are intended to be carried one in each of the panniers on a pack-horse; and each should be furnished with a long plain strap, which will be found always useful. The only dogs required for the party will be two first-rate setters, used to feed on barley bread. They will do all the work required in wood or on fjeld; couples and chains must not be forgotten.

“The sportsman thus fitted out, with a trusty follower, and with *Munch's* Map to consult, may trust himself independently to the open plateau of the fjeld, and wander where he will, in pursuit of reindeer and ptarmigan. Sneehattan may be ascended; the Hurungerne explored; the Justedal glaciers visited, far more comfortably and satisfactorily in this way than any other. The rambles may be occasionally diversified by a halt near some hamlet, where the people may be about to assemble to destroy some huge bear that has been committing his ravages on their herds. As soon as the traveller has had enough of it, and the cold nights of the end of September bid him leave the fjelds, — journeying down to Bergen or

Trondjem, carriages may be bought, and his own horses will take him, at the rate of forty miles a day, through the fine scenery of Gullbrandsdalen or the Little Miosen and Rands-Fjord to Christiania, where most probably he may sell his horses for more than they cost him.

“The map should be uncut, but varnished and rolled on a roller, with a waterproof case; convenient slips being provided on one of the panniers to carry it, so that it may at any time be easily referred to. *Munch's* map can be obtained of Mr. Saunders at No. 6. Charing Cross. A good telescope will of course be invaluable. Pocket compasses should be taken; and I should also recommend, as an interesting adjunct, one or two of the aneroid barometers, by which very accurate ideas of the difference of altitude travelled over during the day may be readily gained.

“The following sketch will give an idea of the tent I have suggested. The head should be round,

stretched between two circular boards which form the tops of both the ends of the tent, which then appears triangular, only with



the upper angle rounded off. Poles screw into these boards passed through slips in the canvas, to complete the form of the ends. These shod with iron may easily be driven into the ground, and the tent will require little staying besides. The poles need

not be longer than 4 feet 6 in., or so; perhaps less, as it is not necessary to be able to stand up in the tent. An area of 6 feet 6 in. long, by 6 feet wide, would be space large enough to hold the sportsman and his packages. On a day's deer-stalking, the burden to be borne by the sportsman or his guide will be the rifle, telescope, ammunition, axe, knife, wallet with two or three days' provisions, the waterproof blanket bag, and a light over coat (also waterproof), and weighing, if of proper material, 1 lb. at most.

“It is unnecessary that I should enter into any further details, as a sufficient idea of what deer-stalking on the fjeld is, may be gathered from the account of my excursion into the Hurungerne, communicated in a former Chapter. The experience which I then gained gave rise to the present suggestions, as to the best mode of taking the field.”

“I take the present opportunity of making a few additional remarks on the great ridges of *débris* which are found throughout the whole of Norway, completely crossing the valleys, and other effects of glacial action, to which I have already referred in a former Chapter.

“Geologists have concluded that the temperature of Northern Europe was at one period much lower than it is at present, which accounts for the great glaciers that appear to have poured down the Norwegian valleys. It has also long been a favourite conjecture with those who have speculated on the boulder deposit, that it was produced by a violent

flood or great oceanic wave from the North; the course of the Scandinavian blocks to Germany, and those of Canada to the United States, showing that they have travelled from higher to lower latitudes in distant parts of the Northern hemisphere. This conjecture accords with the theory that floating ice has been mainly instrumental in the transport of erratics, inasmuch as the prevailing direction both of icebergs and coast ice is from polar to temperate latitudes. The deposit of boulders of gneiss, syenite, and other primary rocks on the low, and formerly submerged, lands of Jutland, Sleswick, and Holstein, accompanied by sand and gravel of the same formation, is thus accounted for. I observed them this summer on the shores of the Baltic in Holstein. They are identical in character with the rocks of the mountains of Norway; and deposits of the same origin are said to be found even as low as the borders of Holland and the eastern coast of England. The glaciers, as I have remarked, come down at present to within a thousand feet of the sea, and it is not difficult to conceive that immense masses must have been occasionally detached, and that these *Icebergs* bore their freight of rocks and gravel to be deposited during their passage, and left in still greater quantities on the banks on which they ultimately grounded.

“ I observe that Mr. Chambers, in the ‘ *Tracings of Northern Europe,*’ lately published in his ‘ *Journal,*’ and which have particular reference to this subject, describes a mass of *detritus* at Laurgaard, which attracted my particular attention, and which is un-

doubtedly the moraine of the glacier of that valley, now no more. These old moraines are frequently to be met with throughout Norway, appearing as mounds of unstratified earth and stones, often divided by subsequent floods into hillocks, and crossing the valleys like ancient earthworks or embankments made to dam up the rivers. The mass at Odde, crossing the valley below the lake, is one. I remarked its peculiar character,—unlike the delta created by some lateral torrent, which is generally formed with some degree of regularity as to the position of rocks, stones, gravel, or sand of different sizes. Here huge boulders, of thirty or forty feet cube, lie in connection with other boulders or masses of smaller stones, gravel, and sand or mud, such as I noticed at the foot of the Jordal's glacier; only in so much greater quantity as is proportionate to the difference in the size of a glacier of a few hundred yards and that of more than a mile in breadth. The polished or grooved appearance of the surface of the rocks which I observed on the sides of the valley above the lake is also another mark of the former action of glaciers in situations where they no longer exist. It is the result of the grinding action of the glacier in its progressive motion down the valley. The masses forming the dams of lakes close to the heads of the branches of the fjord at Eidfiord, Aardal, and Fortun, are also undoubted moraines. The summit of all these is about 100 feet above the level of the fjord.

M. S. B.”

“*Jan. 8. 1850.*”

APPENDIX.

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THE LEMMING.

ACCOUNT of the *Lemming*, from Captain De Capell Brooke's *Travels to the North Cape*.

“That very singular creature, the Lemming,” he says, “about which so many endless conjectures are formed, though in other countries it is I believe unknown, is a small animal about the size of a rat, and is supposed to inhabit the long chain of mountains called the Lapland Alps, running between Sweden and Norway. In length it is five and a half inches; its ears are round and small; it has long black whiskers; the belly is of a whitish yellow; the back and sides are tawny, variegated with black; the tail is half an inch in length; the feet are five-toed; the upper lip is divided, and in each jaw there are two teeth.

“Their appearance is sudden and uncertain, sometimes not being seen for twenty years, and at other times observed in some parts generally every three or four. When, however, they commence their migrations, it is in such inconceivable numbers that the country is literally covered with them; marching in these bodies always, as it is said, in a straight direction, and never suffering themselves to be diverted from their course by any opposing obstacles, even crossing rivers” (as it is elsewhere observed) “on the floating bodies of the foremost, which form a bridge for the passage of the main body of the column in the line of march.

“I confess,” continues Captain Brooke, “that I never heard any satisfactory opinion respecting the causes of their extraordinary migrations, which generally happen about once in four or five years, and not a Lemming is ever said to be seen between them. This, I think, a little attention would prove not to be the case, as,

during the subsequent winter, I saw numerous marks of them in the snow on the mountains of Qualoen or Whale Island, where I resided. Their appearance, however, is always partial, or the country would be overrun. They are supposed always to come from the mountains, which at least is correct; and it is probable that they choose the highest grounds from a natural instinct, as in the lower situations their burrows would be liable to continual inundations from the melting of the snow.

“The universal opinion of the lower orders respecting them is that they fall from the clouds; and many old men have affirmed that they have seen them drop. The superstition of the country-people leads them to suppose that the appearance of these swarms forebodes evil, and is the forerunner of war and disaster. The latter must readily be when they make their appearance in the more cultivated parts, since total destruction to the crops and vegetation in general must follow.

“At the little island of Carlsöe every blade of grass was literally alive with them; they swarmed on the sea-shores, and were running about the small garden-patch in front of the parsonage; the outhouses were filled with them. The præsten, who could not account for their appearance in these extraordinary numbers, said it was some years since they had been seen at Carlsöe.

“In former times a curious exorcism, accompanied by fasts, was used by the clergy to drive away these pests: — ‘Exorciso vos, pestiferos vermes, mures, aves, seu locustas aut animalia alia, per Deum, etc., ✕ ut confestim recedatis ab his campis, etc., nec amplius in eis habitatis, sed ad ea loca transeatis in quibus nemini nocere possitis; et ex parte Dei Omnipotentis, et totius curiæ celestis et Ecclesiæ Sanctæ Dei vos maledicens, quocunque ieritis sitis maledicti, deficientes de die in diem et decrescentes quatenus reliquiæ de vobis nullo in loco inveniantur; quod prestare dignetur qui venturus est judicare vivos et mortuos et sæculum per ignem. Amen.’ — ‘I exorcise you, pestiferous worms, mice, birds, or locusts or other animals, by God the Father, &c., ✕ that you depart immediately from these fields, or vineyards, or waters, and dwell in them no longer, but go away to those places in which you can harm no person; and on the part of the Almighty God, and the whole heavenly choir and the Holy Church of God, cursing you whithersoever you shall go, daily wasting away and decreasing

till no remains of you are found in any place. Which may He vouchsafe to do who shall come to judge the living and the dead and the world by fire. Amen.'” — *Travels to the North Cape*, pp. 154, &c.

The author has not been able to find any specimen of the Lemming among the collections at the British Museum. There are several cases containing the family of Lemurs in the *Mammalia Saloon*, from Madagascar and the islands of the Indian Archipelago; but they differ materially from the Norwegian Lemming as figured in Captain Brooke's work.

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THE SEA-SERPENT.

Captain Brooke, in his *Travels to the North Cape*, gives the following account of the result of his inquiries : —

“As I had determined, on arriving at the coast, to make every inquiry respecting the truth of the accounts which had reached England the preceding year, of the sea-serpent having recently been seen off this part of Norway, I shall simply give the different reports I received during my voyage to the North Cape, leaving others to their own conclusions, and without expressing, at least for the present, any opinion respecting them.

“The fishermen at Pêjerstad said a serpent was seen two years ago, in the Folden-Fjord, the length of which, as far as it was visible, was sixty feet.

“At Oterseen, the postmaster, Captain Schilderup, who had formerly been in the Norwegian sea-service, and seemed a quick intelligent man, stated that the serpent had actually been off the island for a considerable length of time during the preceding summer, in the narrow parts of the Sound, between this island and the continent; and the description he gave was as follows : —

“‘It made its appearance for the first time in the month of July, 1819, off Oterseen. Previous to this he had often heard of the existence of these creatures, but never before believed it. During the whole of that month the weather was excessively sultry and calm; and the serpent was seen every day nearly in the same part of the Sound. It continued there while the warm

weather lasted, lying motionless, and as if dozing, in the sunbeams.

“ ‘The number of persons living on the island, he said, was about thirty. The whole of whom, from motives of curiosity, went to look at it while it remained. This was confirmed to me by subsequent inquiries among the inhabitants, who gave a similar account of it. The first time that he saw it, he was in a boat, at the distance of about 200 yards. The length of it he supposes to have been about 300 ells or 600 feet. Of this he could not speak accurately; but it was of considerable length, and longer than it appeared, as it lay in large coils above the water, to the height of many feet. Its colour was grayish. At the distance at which he was, he could not ascertain whether it were covered with scales; but when it moved it made a loud crackling noise, which he distinctly heard. Its head was shaped like that of a serpent; but he could not tell whether it had teeth or not. He said it emitted a very strong odour; and that the boatmen were afraid to approach near it, and looked on its coming as a bad sign, as the fish left the coast in consequence.’ Such were the particulars he related to me.”

“ The merchant at Krogöen confirmed in every particular the account of Captain Schilderup, and said that many of the people at Krogöen had witnessed it.

“ On the island of Lekoe I obtained from the son of Peter Greger, the merchant, a young man who was employed in the fishery, still further information respecting the sea-serpent. It was in August of the preceding year, while fishing with others in the Viig or Veg-Fjord, that he saw it. At that time they were on shore, hauling in their nets, and it appeared about sixty yards distant from them, at which they were not a little alarmed, and immediately retreated. What was seen of it above water, he said, appeared six times the length of their boat, of a gray colour, and lying in coils a great height above the surface. Their fright prevented them from attending more accurately to other particulars. In fact, they all fairly took to their heels when they found the monster so near them.

“ At Alstahoug I found the bishop of the Nordlands. The worthy prelate was a sensible and well-informed man, between fifty and sixty years of age. To the testimony of others respect-

ing the existence of the sea-serpent, I shall now add that of the bishop himself, who was an eye-witness to the appearance of two in the bay of Shuresund or Sorsund, on the Drontheim-Fjord, about eight Norwegian miles from Drontheim. He was but a short distance from them, and saw them plainly. They were swimming in large folds, part of which were seen above the water, and the length of what appeared the largest he judged to be about 100 feet. They were of a darkish gray colour; the heads hardly discernible, from their being almost under water, and they were visible for only a short time. Before that period he had treated the account of them as fabulous; but it was now impossible, he said, to doubt their existence, as such numbers of respectable people, since that time, had likewise seen them on several occasions. He had never met with any person who had seen the kraken, and was inclined to think it a fable.

“During the time that I remained at Hundholm, a curious circumstance occurred. One day, when at dinner at Mr. Blackhall’s house, and thinking little of the sea-serpent, concerning which I had heard nothing for some time, a young man, the master of a small fishing-yacht which had just come in from Drontheim, joined our party. In the course of conversation he mentioned that a few hours before, whilst close to Hundholm, and previous to his entering the harbour, two sea-snakes passed immediately under his yacht. When he saw them he was on the deck, and seizing a handspike, he struck at them as they came up close to the vessel, upon which they disappeared. Their length was very great, and their colour grayish; but from the very short time they were visible, he could not notice any further particulars. He had no doubt of their being snakes, as he called them, and the circumstance was related entirely of his own accord.”

Captain Brooke sums up the reports he received, with the following general observations:—

“Taking, upon the whole, a fair view of the different accounts related in the foregoing pages, respecting the sea-serpent, no reasonable person can doubt the fact of some marine animal of extraordinary dimensions, and in all probability of the serpent tribe, having been repeatedly seen by various persons along the Norway and Finmark coasts. These accounts, for the most part, have been given verbally from the mouths of the fishermen, a

honest and artless class of men, who, having no motive for misrepresentation, cannot be suspected of a wish to deceive; could this idea, however, be entertained, the circumstances of their assertions having been so fully confirmed by others in more distant parts, would be sufficient to free them from any imputation of this kind.

“The simple facts are these: in traversing a space of full 700 miles of coast, extending to the most northern point, accounts have been received from numerous persons respecting the appearance of an animal called by them a sea-serpent. This of itself would induce some degree of credit to be given to it; but when these several relations as to the general appearance of the animal, its dimensions, the state of the weather when it has been seen, and other particulars, are so fully confirmed, one by the other, at such considerable intervening distances, every reasonable man will feel satisfied of the truth of the main fact. Many of the informants, besides, were of superior rank and education; and the opinions of such men as the Amptman (governor) of Finmark, Mr. Steen, the clergyman of Carlsoe, Præsten (Dean) Deinbolt*, of Vadsoe, and the Bishop of Nordland and Finmark, who was even an eyewitness, ought not to be disregarded. There does not appear the least probability, or even possibility, that any other marine animal, at present known on the northern coast, could have been confounded with the sea-serpent. The finners, a species of whale already mentioned, are too well known to occasion any mistake; and the total want of similarity in shape, appearance, and size, if they were even rare, would be sufficiently obvious. Ideas of the existence of some marine animal, far exceeding in bulk every other, have been entertained from the earliest times. The mention made of the monster in the Book of Job † is unquestionably the most curious and interesting. There the animal itself is minutely described in language terribly sublime, and from which every one is enabled without difficulty to judge whether this description be applicable to any of those creatures inhabiting the

* “He is well known for his literary attainments, and has a pleasing collection of subjects relating to natural history. The account of the Serpent received by him from several persons on that part of the coast agreed with those which have been already given.”

† Job, chap. xli.

deep, with the forms and appearance of which we are yet familiar. Many attempts have been made by naturalists to soften down in some measure this description of the Leviathan, and to render it applicable to some of those animals at present existing and known. While these, however, have failed in rendering the comparison at all adequate, it has been supposed by others, with more reason, to refer to some monster the race of which has been long since extinct. The probability that the abyss of the great deep contains at the present age so fearful an animal as the former, seems never to have been contemplated; and the numerous relations concerning the existence and appearance of the sea-serpent have invariably been treated as fabulous and unworthy of the least credit. Admitting, however, that what has been mentioned in these pages concerning it is deserving of some attention, it will be found in some respects singularly to accord with part of the chapter of Job just referred to.

“The missionary Egede, to whose worth and persevering benevolence Crantz pays so just a tribute, gives a remarkable account of his having met with a sea-serpent on the 6th of July, 1734, when on his second voyage to Greenland, in the lat. 64° and off the colony. The veracity of Egede, in his interesting description of Greenland and his mission there, has never been impugned; and every one must admire the courage and fortitude with which this good man endured the numerous hardships and difficulties that attended his arduous undertaking to propagate Christianity in that country, after he had voluntarily given up all he hoped in his own for the object he had at heart.”—*Travels through Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, to the North Cape, in the Summer of 1820, by A. de Capell Brooke.*

Page 300.

OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.

The following observations, referred to in the text, are extracted from Mr. Laing's *Residence in Norway*:—

“The progress of education in Britain will probably make it necessary to unite the two plans, and at no distant time, to make the half of Saturday a period of rest by political institution, as

well as the whole of Sunday, by divine institution. The educated working man in Britain is, at present, in a worse condition, in consequence of his education, than the untaught labourer, who has only his animal wants to supply. Take the most simple case. The educated working man generally wishes to read a portion of the Scriptures daily in his family. This is surely the most simple and immediate result of education. He must occupy some portion of time in doing so, over and above the time which his family, in common with the families of all the ignorant and uneducated of his fellow-labourers, must take for the ordinary business of life, for sleeping, cooking, eating, washing, marketing, and such household occupations. But this time will cost him money or money's worth. It cannot well be less than half an hour, including the assembling of the family, if he is to read at all. Now half an hour a day comes to three hours a week; and in half a year of twenty-five working weeks, it comes to no less than one week of six working days of twelve hours; and by so much, by one week's work in twenty-five, can the untaught labourer undersell the educated one in the labour market. It is this advantage of uneducated labour which it seems to be the object of trades-unions and combinations to exclude.

“The educated labouring man of the present day is, in fact, well entitled to say to the rest of the community, ‘You have educated me, you have given me the wants, and tastes, and habits of a moral, religious, thinking being; you must give me leisure to use those endowments without prejudice to my means of subsistence; otherwise, you have sunk my condition below that of my fellow-labourer, who requires only what is absolutely necessary for existence.’

“It is very possible that when the formation of trades-unions, for raising the rate of wages, lessening the number of working hours, and such objects as are scarcely compatible with the unrestrained productive power of capital employed in manufactories, is traced to its causes, these will be found to be intimately connected with the wants and habits of a people advancing in mental culture. It is very possible that a day may come when it will be necessary to decide whether the education of the people of Great Britain shall be abandoned, as incompatible with the utmost productive powers of labour; or those powers, as called into action by capital, be regulated by laws. The uneducated man can work

fourteen hours a day, having no demands upon his time but for food and rest ; while the other cannot exceed twelve hours, if he is to enjoy any benefit or gratification as an educated man. This dilemma, in fact, exists now, although Lord Brougham, Mr. Hume, and the other friends of the education of the people are afraid to look it in the face. The uneducated labourer reduces the educated labourer to work the same hours of day that he works, in every trade ; and that number is not compatible with any of the purposes or uses of education, not even that of giving religious or moral instruction to his own family. If the Church of England were to make good a claim on the half of Saturday, preserving at the same time the whole of Sunday, as at present, and make it a period of rest from all work, it would be a remedy for the hard fate of the educated working man." — *Laing's Residence in Norway*, pp. 191, &c.

Page 446.

FARMING AND VALUE OF LAND.

Extracts from Letters recently received.

A correspondent, who resides in a southern district, says : —

“ There is generally land to be bought in any part of the country you like ; but it is seldom any large farms are sold by public auction. The prices vary considerably, depending upon whether there are any waterfalls, fisheries, or woods belonging to the property. In this part of the country, there are very few farms that could feed a family, the land being in general divided in very small lots. Our labourers are paid very poorly here, the daily wages being from one shilling to one and sixpence English money. A man-servant (in the house) has generally from twenty-four to thirty-six specie dollars a year (*5l.* to *8l.*), a female servant from *2l.* to *3l.*”

He then gives some agricultural statistics. “ The whole produce of Norway was, in 1835, 1836, after deducting the seed, 4273 quarters of wheat, 33,530 quarters of rye, 203,752 quarters of barley, 134,508 quarters of barley and oats mixed, 508,588 quarters of peas, and 1,012,472 quarters of potatoes. The reason so much oats are raised, though it does not pay so well as other sorts of grain, especially rye, is that in many parts of the country

the ground is too poor to raise the heavier sorts of grain, and that the straw of oats is far better for winter food for the cattle than that of wheat and rye. The quantities are given by the farmers themselves, and therefore less than they actually are, because they are afraid of returning the full produce, apprehending it may have an influence on their taxes. The production of Nordland and Findland is a mere trifle in proportion to the whole. The number of horses, cattle, &c. kept in the whole country, in 1835, was 113,163 horses, 644,414 oxen and cows, 1,028,945 sheep, 184,518 goats, 79,874 pigs, and 82,225 reindeer; the latter, with few exceptions, in the provinces of Drontheim, Nordland, and Finmarken."

The following Extract is interesting, inasmuch it gives the actual details of a young farmer's recent establishment and his mode of farming; which, as it includes "summer soiling" of the cattle, and the introduction of "green crops," indicates an enlightened advance on the ordinary routine of the country. The writer's property is situated in a very good district on the eastern side of the Christiania Fjord, about thirty miles from the capital.

"I have bought a farm," he says, "near this town. It contains about 500 or 600 Norwegian maal, or 300 English acres; but it has not been correctly measured or mapped. All this land is cultivated; but in addition I have some bogs which can be cultivated, and a good little forest of different kinds of wood. I bought it for about 12,000 Norwegian specie dollars, or about 2200*l.* sterling. I am allowed twenty years to discharge the purchase-money; in the meantime paying a rent of 4*l.* per cent. In good years I hope to pay off a larger sum than I am bound by the contract to do, and thus discharge the whole in a shorter time than that allowed. Regarding the proportion of cattle I can feed, you must remember that in England the farmers keep not many cows, but bulls and oxen, for their meat; but with us it is necessary to keep a large stock of cows for the milk, which we boil *to sup*, and for making butter and cheese. I think to keep at first thirty cows, and eight working horses, with pigs, and some sheep.

"I propose to feed the cattle in the house, for the sake of the manure, the whole year round, except two or three hours daily in the summer, when they will have the run of a field. In regard

to the system of farming, I seek to follow the Scottish method as much as possible. I mean to grow wheat (in small quantities), rye, barley, and oats, with all the usual green crops. There had been sown here last year $11\frac{7}{8}$ tönde of barley, and the return was 194. That is a fine crop; is it not?

“As there were not any buildings on the estate which would serve me for a residence, I was obliged to begin building one. My dwelling-house will be under roof the first days of April next, and, two months after that, the other erections. They are all being built of timber, which I partly cut in my own forest, and partly buy; wishing to spare my own timber, and the prices in the beginning of winter having been very low. I calculate on 6000 dollars for all the buildings, with the dwelling-house, in complete order.

“Regarding the superabundance of stock you have seen in the mountains; the farmers drive the cattle down to the lower countries and the neighbourhood of the towns in the months of September and October, and then the butchers buy them. The price of a good cow is generally 4*l.* to 6*l.*, and of a good horse from 15*l.* to 20*l.* From the milk of the large herds of goats you saw in Tellemarken in the summer, the people make cheese, which we call *mjjs-ost*.

“Generally, land is to be bought in any part you like, and at this time there are many farms for sale. For 800*l.* or 1000*l.* you can very easily get a place in this environ, where you can keep two or three horses and twelve or fourteen cows.”

THE END.

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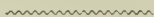
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